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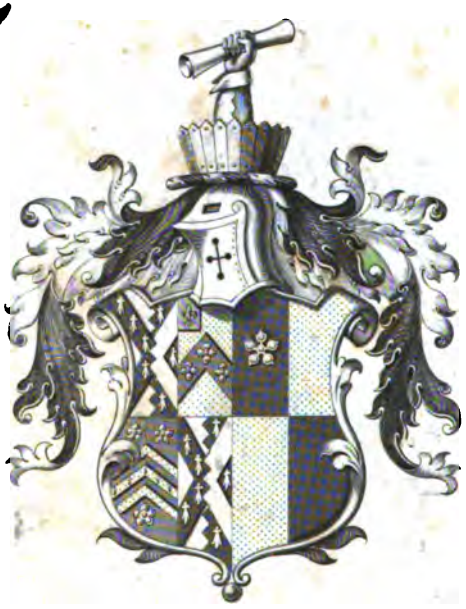

EDWARD HENRY SCOTT.

V. 8

Samuel Scott

V. S

THE

WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D.,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN NINETEEN VOLUMES;

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A LIBEL

A LIBEL ON THE REVEREND DR. DELANY, AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

1729.

DELUDED mortals, whom the great
Choose for companions *tête-à-tête*;
Who at their dinners, *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke;
And how you laugh'd at every joke:
Swear he 's a most facetious man;
That you and he are cup and can:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
Suppose my lord and you alone;
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or, mention but a vacant post,
He 'll turn it off with "Name your toast:"

Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
For, as their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;
So men of wit, are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind;
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then, shall you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design,
For which he summon'd you to dine.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days:
While Montague, who claim'd the station
To be Mæcenas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy, though they wanted shoes;
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair:
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his later scene,
Took proper principles to thrive;
And so might every dunce alive *.

* This picture is unfair and overcharged; for the honour of government, Congreve had several good places conferred on him, and, in the latter part of his days, enjoyed an affluent fortune; but it was when he had disclaimed authorship, and chose to be considered as a private gentleman, as he told Voltaire.

Thus

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,
From perils of a hundred jails,
Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.
Thus Gay, the hare with many friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends:
Who, under tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth *:
Who paid his courtship with the crowd,
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
Thus Addison, by lords carest,
Was left in foreign lands distrest;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a squire:
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shap'd the poet's quill,
Let all his barren laurels fade,
Took up himself the courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesman kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit:

* William duke of Cumberland, son to George II.

His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd:
By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play:
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forg'd up in colleges and schools.
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you:
At table you can Horace quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story;
But they can manage whig and tory:
You, as a critick, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
But, reverend doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend;

Nor

Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He 'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
This may be true—submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us England is our master:
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distrest;
A hungry vicarage at best;
Or some remote inferiour post,
With forty pounds a year at most?
But here again you interpose—
Your favourite lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For, keep him in, or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Phillips writ.
I own, he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;

Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the viceroy, love the man.
But you, who, till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweetener by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill;
We suffer sore against his will;
That, if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part:
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey, or lose his place.
Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again:
And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse:
"So to destroy a guilty land
"An * angel sent by Heaven's command,
"While he obeys almighty will,
"Perhaps may feel compassion still;
"And wish the task had been assign'd
"To spirits of less gentle kind."
But I, in politicks grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould,
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both kings and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise;
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:

* So when an angel by divine command," &c.
ADDISON'S Campaign.

Fresh

Fresh from the tripod of Apollo,
I had it in the words that follow;
Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his excellence:
" So, to effect his monarch's ends,
" From Hell a viceroy devil ascends;
" His budget with corruptions cramm'd,
" The contributions of the damn'd;
" Which with unsparing hand he strows
" Through courts and senates as he goes;
" And then at Beelzebub's black hall,
" Complains his budget was too small."
Your simile may better shine
In verse; but there is truth in mine.
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and kings:
And statesmen, by ten thousand odds,
Are angels, just as kings are gods.

TO DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

" ——Tanti tibi non sit opaci
" Omnis arena Tagi." Juv.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,

Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terrour of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame;
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critick's quill contains,
Is destin'd to beat out his brains:
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot.
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critick in the face.

Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows in the dark,
Yet, in yourself when smooth and round,
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How pain they might from pleasure part:
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail;
Thus fame and censure, with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd;
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd,
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis

'Tis eminence makes envy rise:
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers' jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.
You say, the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the publick good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots, up to shoeboys;
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, may toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
While every critick can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.

How

How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes,
Point out the surest men to rise;
That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendow'd,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob;
Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academick dull ale-drinkers,
Pronounce all men of wit, freethinkers.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For, though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt:
And let not faction come betwixt;

By

By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying in
For afterbirth a sooterkin;
Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critick vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue;
Who fatten on poetick scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks.
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame;
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, 'did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numerick flea,
That bit your neck but yesterday:

You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub street poets' nest;
What spunging house, in dread of jail,
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to day.
Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call them rogues, or get them kickt?
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige them so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd in Grub street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till criticks blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satirick,
I take it for a panegyrick.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.

DI-

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING A BIRTHDAY SONG. 1725.

TO form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best:
And, should it be your hero's case,
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern;
Because they might have heard of one,
Who often long'd to eat his son:
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove:
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire;
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose;
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrupulous than a Heathen!
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s.
Behold his glittering faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow;
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head;
His milkwhite steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches:
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse fire.
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls:
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes.
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
Sweet poet, hir'd for birthday rhymes,
To sing of wars, choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus has lock'd his temple door;
Though not a coffeehouse we read in
Has mention'd arms on this side Sweden;
Nor London Journals, nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full:
For, must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he 's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You 'd know him by Apollo's prints.

Old

Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can ſhine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetick rage;
Your Phœbus Royal, every day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.
  Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
" How from his altitude he stoops
" To raise up Virtue when she droops;
" On Learning how his bounty flows,
" And with what juſtice he bestows:
" Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam!
" Be witness if I tell a flam.
" What prodigies in arts we drain,
" From both your streams, in George's reign.
" As from the flowery bed of Nile"—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad inuendoes, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss:
For, when you bring your song in print,
He 'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolick strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains:
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
  Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in 't;

And,

And, if provok'd, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late;
And in their very ports besiege them,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white;
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satyrick wit.
But you some white lead ink muſt get,
And write on paper black as jet;
Your intereſt lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays:
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn;
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes:
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;

I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then, your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent;
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false, and partly true:
And, take it right, it means no more
Than George and William claim'd before.
Should some obscure inferiour fellow,
Like Julius, or the Youth of Pella,
When all your list of Gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a Deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdu'd;
O, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.—
Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
Now, birthday bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam:
Six thousand years has liv'd the Goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she has Graces of her own:

Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter;
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes, they come by dozens
To court their English German cousins:
Beside a pair of princely babies,
That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.
Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre, all her own;
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light;
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct.
But Carolina shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her;
And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though George is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race;
And sees a son in every God,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.
Now sing his little highness Freddy,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede!
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk:
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.

But,

But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little duke behind;
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer:
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput:
A skilful critick justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony:
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail, queen of Britain, queen of rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poets' crew,
If their own happiness they knew:
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet:
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.

May Caroline continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.
What though the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust;
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
Though Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And Patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgick lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul:
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:

'Tis

'Tis grown the choiceſt wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport.
For, since they talk'd with doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth has spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, Hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune:
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

HELTER SKELTER;

OR, THE HUE AND CRY AFTER THE ATTORNIES, UPON THEIR RIDING THE CIRCUIT.

NOW the active young attornies
Briskly travel on their journies,
Looking big as any giants,
On the horses of their clients;
Like so many little Mars's
With their tilters at their a—s,
Brazen-hilted, lately burnish'd,
And with harness-buckles furnish'd,
And with whips and spurs so neat,
And with jockey coats complete,

And with boots so very greasy,
And with saddles eke so easy,
And with bridles fine and gay,
Bridles borrow'd for a day,
Bridles destin'd far to roam,
Ah! never, never to come home.
And with hats so very big, sir,
And with powder'd caps and wigs, sir,
And with ruffles to be shown,
Cambrick ruffles not their own;
And with Holland shirts so white,
Shirts becoming to the sight,
Shirts bewrought with different letters,
As belonging to their betters.
With their pretty tinsel'd boxes,
Gotten from their dainty doxies,
And with rings so very trim,
Lately taken out of lim— *
And with very little pence,
And as very little sense;
With some law, but little justice,
Having stolen from my hostess,
From the barber and the cutler,
Like the soldier from the sutler;
From the vintner and the tailor,
Like the felon from the jailor;
Into this and t'other county,
Living on the publick bounty;
Thorough town and thorough village,
All to plunder, all to pillage;
Thorough mountains, thorough vallies,
Thorough stinking lanes and alleys,

* A cant word for pawning.

Some

Some to —kiss with farmers spouses,
And make merry in their houses;
Some to tumble country wenches
On their rushy beds and benches;
And if they begin a fray,
Draw their swords, and —— run away;
All to murder equity,
And to take a double fee;
Till the people all are quiet,
And forget to broil and riot,
Low in pocket, cow'd in courage,
Safely glad to sup their porridge,
And vacation's over—then,
Hey, for London town again.

THE PUPPETSHOW.

THE life of man to represent,
And turn it all to ridicule,
Wit did a puppetshow invent,
Where the chief actor is a fool.

The gods of old were logs of wood,
And worship was to puppets paid;
In antick dress the idol stood,
And priest and people bow'd the head.

No wonder then, if art began
The simple votaries to frame,
To shape in timber foolish man,
And consecrate the block to fame.

From hence poetick fancy learn'd
That trees might rise from human forms;

The body to a trunk be turn'd,
And branches issue from the arms.

Thus Dædalus and Ovid too,
That man 's a blockhead, have confest:
Powel * and Stretch * the hint pursue;
Life is a farce, the world a jest.

The same great truth South Sea has prov'd
On that fam'd theatre, the alley;
Where thousands, by directors mov'd,
Are now sad monuments of folly.

What Momus was of old to Jove,
The same a Harlequin is now;
The former was buffoon above,
The latter as a Punch below.

This fleeting scene is but a stage,
Where various images appear;
In different parts of youth and age,
Alike the prince and peasant share.

Some draw our eyes by being great,
False pomp conceals mere wood within;
And legislators, rang'd in state,
Are oft but wisdom in machine.

* Two famous puppetshow-men. — In the year 1715 was published, "A second Tale of a Tub; or, the History of *Robert* "*Powel*, the Puppetshow-man," written by *Thomas Burnet*, esq., youngest son to bishop *Burnet*: who was bred to the law, and, beside the piece here mentioned, was the author of many other political pamphlets against the ministry of the four last years of queen *Anne*, for some of which he was taken into custody by the messengers; and was suspected of being one of the Mohocks that attacked *young Davenant*. See Journal to Stella, March 8, 1711-12.

A stock

A stock may chance to wear a crown,
And timber as a lord take place;
A statue may put on a frown,
And cheat us with a thinking face.

Others are blindly led away,
And made to act for ends unknown;
By the mere spring of wires they play,
And speak in language not their own.

Too oft, alas! a scolding wife
Usurps a jolly fellow's throne;
And many drink the cup of life,
Mix'd and embitter'd by a Joan.

In short, whatever men pursue,
Of pleasure, folly, war, or love;
This mimick race brings all to view:
Alike they dress, they talk, they move.

Go on, great Stretch, with artful hand,
Mortals to please and to deride;
And, when death breaks thy vital band,
Thou shalt put on a puppet's pride.

Thou shalt in puny wood be shown,
Thy image shall preserve thy fame;
Ages to come thy worth shall own,
Point at thy limbs, and tell thy name.

Tell Tom, he draws a farce in vain,
Before he looks in Nature's glass;
Puns cannot form a witty scene,
Nor pedantry for humour pass.

To make men act as senseless wood,
And chatter in a mystick strain,
Is a mere force on flesh and blood,
And shows some errour in the brain.

He that would thus refine on thee,
And turn thy stage into a school,
The jest of Punch will ever be,
And stand confest the greater fool.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED:
WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN
SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR A MALT HOUSE. 1729.

THUS spoke to my lady the knight * full of care,
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
"This Hamilton's bawn †, while it sticks in my hand,
"I lose by the house what I get by the land;
"But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
"For a barrack ‡ or malthouse, we now must con-
"sider.
"First, let me suppose I make it a malthouse,
"Here I have computed the profit will fall t' us;
"There 's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
"I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
"A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
"Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year;
"With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd;
"No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
"And you and the dean no more shall combine
"To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;

* Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat this was written.

† A large old house, two miles from sir Arthur's seat.

‡ The army in Ireland was lodged in strong buildings, called barracks, which have lately been introduced into this country likewise.

"Nor

"Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin,
"A stone and a quarter of beef from my sir-loin.
"If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
"My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't:
"In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
"Whatever they give me, I must be content,
"Or join with the court in every debate;
"And rather than that, I would lose my estate."
Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife:
"It must, and it shall be a barrack, my life.
"I'm grown a mere *mopus*; no company comes,
"But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull rums *.
"With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
"I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the dean.
"But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
"The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
"I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
"For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
"Or, should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
"Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
"That men of his coat should be minding their
"prayers,
"And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah †, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress,
Cry'd, "Madam, why surely my master 's possest.
"Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
"I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.

* A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.
† My lady's waiting woman.

"But,

" But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
" When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood*.
" And now my dream 's out; for I was a-dream'd
" That I saw a huge rat—O dear, how I scream'd!
" And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
" And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.
" Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
" You might have a barrack whenever you please:
" And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
" That for twenty denials you would not give out.
" If I had a husband like him, I *purteſt*,
" Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
" And, rather than come in the same pair of sheets
" With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
" But, madam, I beg you, contrive and invent,
" And worry him out, till he gives his consent.
" Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
" An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink:
" For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
" I can't get it out, though I 'd never so fain.
" I fancy already a barrack contriv'd
" At Hamilton's bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
" Of this to be sure sir Arthur has warning,
" And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
" Now see, when they meet, how their honours
" behave;
" Noble captain, your servant'—' Sir Arthur, your
" slave;
" You honour me much'—' The honour is mine.'—
" 'Twas a sad rainy night'—' But the morning is
" fine.'

* Two of sir Arthur's managers.

" Pray,

" Pray, how does my lady?'—' My wife 's at your
" service.'—
" I think I have seen her picture by Jervas.'—
" Goodmorrow, good captain.' ' I 'll wait on you
" down.'—
" You sha'n't stir a foot.'—' You 'll think me a
" clown.'
" For all the world, captain' ' Not half an inch
" farther.'—
" You must be obey'd!'—' Your servant, sir
" Arthur!
" My humble respects to my lady unknown.'—
" I hope you will use my house as your own.'
" Go bring me my smock, and leave off your
" prate,
" Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
" Pray, madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
" You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
" Next day, to be sure, the captain will come,
" At the head of his troops, with trumpet and drum.
" Now, madam, observe how he marches in state:
" The man with the kettledrum enters the gate:
" Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
" Tantara, tantara; while all the boys holla.
" See now comes the captain all daub'd with gold
" lace:
" O la! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
" And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
" With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his
" hand;
" And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and
" rears;
" With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears:

" At

" At last comes the troop, by word of command,
" Drawn up in our court; when the captain cries,
" STAND!
" Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
" For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen.
" The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
" Looks up to your window, and cocks up his
" beaver;
" (His beaver is cock'd; pray, madam, mark that,
" For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
" Because he has never a hand that is idle,
" For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
" the bridle.)
" Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
" As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
" (How I tremble to think of the blood it has spilt!)
" Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the
" hilt.
" Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
" Pray, captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in."
" The captain salutes you with congée profound,
" And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
" Kit, run to your master, and bid him come
" to us,
" I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us,
" And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
" And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
" You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
" You come in the very worst time of the year;
" If I had expected so worthy a guest—"
" Lord! madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
" You banter me, madam; the kingdom must
" grant—"
" You officers, captain, are so complaisant!"

" Hist,

" Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming,—"
" No, madam; 'tis only sir Arthur a-humming.
" To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
" The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
" The dean and the doctor * have humbled their
" pride,
" For the captain's entreated to sit by your side;
" And, because he's their betters, you carve for
" him first;
" The parsons for envy are ready to burst.
" The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
" To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
" And Molly and I have thrust in our nose,
" To peep at the captain in all his fine *clo'es*.
" Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
" Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue
" ran;
" And, 'madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
" You 'll ne'er want for parsons as long as you live.
" I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose:
" But the Devil 's as welcome wherever he goes:
" G—d d—n me! they bid us reform and repent,
" But, z—s! by their looks they never keep Lent:
" Mister curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
" You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid:
" I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
" In mending your cassock, and smoothing your
" band,'
" (For the dean was so shabby, and look'd like a
" ninny,
" That the captain suppos'd he was curate to Jinny)

* Doctor Jinny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

" Whenever

" Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
" A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
" Observe how a parson comes into a room;
" G—d d—n me! he hobbles as bad as my groom;
" A *scholard*, when just from his college broke
" loose,
" Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose;
" Your Noveds *, and Bluturcks, and Omurs, and
" stuff,
" By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
" To give a young gentleman right education,
" The army 's the only good school in the nation:
" My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
" But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
" I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
" And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o' me.
" He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
" But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my
" life:
" So I took to the road, and, what 's very odd,
" The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
" Now, madam, you 'll think it a strange thing
" to say,
" But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day."
" Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,"
" And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
" So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the dean,
" As who should say, 'Now, am I skinny † and
" lean?'
" But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
" And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.
† Nicknames for my lady.

Thus

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call, " Will your ladyship
" walk ?"
Her ladyship answers, " I 'm just coming down :"
Then, turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cry'd, " Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad!
" How could these chimeras get into your brains ?—
" Come hither, and take this old gown for your
" pains.
" But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
" Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
" For your life, not a word of the matter I charge ye:
" Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy."

TO DEAN SWIFT

BY SIR ARTHUR ACHESON.

1728.

GOOD cause have I to sing and vapour,
For I am landlord to the drapier:
He, that of every ear 's the charmer,
Now condescends to be my farmer,
And grace my villa with his strains;
Lives such a bard on British plains?
No; not in all the British court;
For none but witlings there resort,
Whose names and works (though dead) are made
Immortal by the Dunciad;
And, sure as monument of brass,
Their fame to future time shall pass;

How, with a weakly warbling tongue,
Of brazen knight they vainly sung:
A subject for their genius fit;
He dares defy both sense and wit.
What dares he not? He can, we know it,
A laureat make that is no poet;
A judge, without the least pretence
To common law, or common sense;
A bishop that is no divine;
And coxcombs in red ribbons shine:
Nay, he can make, what 's greater far,
A middle state 'twixt peace and war;
And say, there shall, for years together,
Be peace and war, and both, and neither.
Happy, O Market-hill! at least,
That court and courtiers have no taste:
You never else had known the dean,
But as of old, obscurely lain;
All things gone on the same dull track,
And Drapier's-hill * been still Drumlack;
But now your name with Penshurst vies,
And wing'd with fame shall reach the skies.

* The dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he rented of sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-hill; and intended to build a house upon it, but afterward changed his mind.

DRA-

DRAPIER'S-HILL. 1730.

WE give the world to understand,
Our thriving dean has purchas'd land;
A purchase, which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a year;
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And, from his endless hoarded store,
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur too shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's Hill:
That, when a nation, long enslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd;
When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing,
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs * are rotten,
His famous letters made waste paper,
This hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In spite of envy, flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's hill.

* Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made with devices, in honour of the dean, under the name of M. B. drapier.

THE DEAN'S REASONS
FOR NOT BUILDING AT DRAPIER'S HILL.

I WILL not build on yonder mount:
And, should you call me to account,
Consulting with myself, I find,
It was no levity of mind.
Whate'er I promis'd or intended,
No fault of mine, the scheme is ended:
Nor can you tax me as unsteady,
I have a hundred causes ready:
All risen since that flattering time,
When Drapier's hill appear'd in rhyme.
I am, as now too late I find,
The greatest cully of mankind:
The lowest boy in Martin's school
May turn and wind me like a fool.
How could I form so wild a vision,
To seek, in deserts, Fields Elysian?
To live in fear, suspicion, variance,
With thieves, fanaticks, and barbarians?
But here my lady will object;
Your deanship ought to recollect,
That, near the knight of Gosford plac'd,
Whom you allow a man of taste,
Your intervals of time to spend
With so conversable a friend,
It would not signify a pin
Whatever climate you were in.
'Tis true, but what advantage comes
To me from all a usurer's plumbs;

Though

Though I should see him twice a day,
And am his neighbour cross the way;
If all my rhetorick must fail
To strike him for a pot of ale?
Thus, when the learned and the wise
Conceal their talents from our eyes,
And from deserving friends withhold
Their gifts, as misers do their gold;
Their knowledge to themselves confin'd
Is the same avarice of mind;
Nor makes their conversation better,
Than if they never knew a letter.
Such is the fate of Gosford's knight,
Who keeps his wisdom out of sight;
Whose uncommunicative heart
Will scarce one precious word impart:
Still rapt in speculations deep,
His outward senses fast asleep;
Who, while I talk, a song will hum,
Or, with his fingers, beat the drum;
Beyond the skies transports his mind,
And leaves a lifeless corpse behind.
But, as for me, who ne'er could clamber high,
To understand Malebranche or Cambray;
Who send my mind (as I believe) less
Than others do, on errands sleeveless;
Can listen to a tale humdrum,
And with attention read Tom Thumb;
My spirits with my body progging,
Both hand in hand together jogging;
Sunk over head and ears in matter,
Nor can of metaphysicks smatter;
Am more diverted with a quibble
Than dream of words intelligible;

And think all notions too abstracted
Are like the ravings of a crackt head;
What intercourse of minds can be
Betwixt the knight sublime and me,
If when I talk, as talk I must,
It is but prating to a bust?
Where friendship is by Fate design'd,
It forms a union in the mind:
But here I differ from the knight
In every point, like black and white;
For none can say that ever yet
We both in one opinion met;
Not in philosophy, or ale;
In state affairs, or planting cale;
In rhetorick, or picking straws;
In roasting larks, or making laws;
In publick schemes, or catching flies;
In parliaments, or pudding pies.
The neighbours wonder why the knight
Should in a country life delight,
Who not one pleasure entertains
To cheer the solitary scenes:
His guests are few, his visits rare;
Nor uses time, nor time will spare;
Nor rides, nor walks, nor hunts, nor fowls,
Nor plays at cards, or dice, or bowls;
But, seated in an easy chair,
Despises exercise and air.
His rural walks he ne'er adorns;
Here poor Pomona sits on thorns:
And there neglected Flora settles
Her bum upon a bed of nettles.
Those thankless and officious cares
I us'd to take in friends' affairs,

From

From which I never could refrain,
And have been often chid in vain:
From these I am recover'd quite,
At least in what regards the knight.
Preserve his health, his store increase;
May nothing interrupt his peace!
But now let all his tenants round
First milk his cows, and after, pound:
Let every cottager conspire
To cut his hedges down for fire:
The naughty boys about the village
His crabs and sloes may freely pillage:
He still may keep a pack of knaves
To spoil his work, and work by halves:
His meadows may be dug by swine,
It shall be no concern of mine:
For why should I continue still
To serve a friend against his will?

A PANEGYRICK ON THE DEAN,

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH*.

1730.

RESOLV'D my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend dean, for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.

* The lady of sir Arthur Acheson.

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind:
Nine more such champions as the dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign;
How well, to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame,
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air;
Let others match it, if they dare.
Impatient to be out of debt,
O, may I never once forget
The bard, who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse!
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:
My gratitude the world shall know:
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all, your voices lift;
"A Panegyrick on dean Swift!"
And then to mend the matter still,
"By lady Anne of Market-hill!"
I thus begin: My grateful Muse
Salutes the dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's * coadjutor;

* The names of two overseers.

And,

And, as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit *;
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And first as dean:
Envy must own, you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur:
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!
By your example and assistance,
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me snipe and slattern;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
Proceed we to your preaching † next;
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superiour learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera not so full pit
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.
Consider now your conversation:
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er were known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word:
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:

* My lady's footman.
† The author preached but once while he was there.

Your

Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then, a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's dean,
Such reverential awe express,
That cowboys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shows you bred at court!
Now raise your spirits, Mr. dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.
When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's mate;
You next to Dennis * bear the sway:
To you we often trust the key:
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well, what bottle holds a quart:
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass;
When proper to produce the best;
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine;
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink sir Arthur's health and mine:
Your master's honour to maintain;
And get the like returns again.

* The butler.

Your

Your usher's post must next be handled;
How blest am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round, I scorn to fret:
From you my chamber damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
Now as a jester I accost you;
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair,
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size;
There 's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak.
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot, or his grace;
With Teague O'Murphey, or an earl;
A duchess, or a kitchen girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan* take every joke.
I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor.
Poor I, a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improv'd so well,
That I have almost learnt to spell:
The neighbours who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine.

* The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-hill.

How

How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And sure as they 're alive at night
As soon as gone will show their spite:
Good lord! what can my lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty dean!
She 's grown so nice, and so penurious,
With Socrates and Epicurius!
How could she sit the livelong day,
Yet never ask us once to play?
But I admire your patience most;
That when I 'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily:
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, baily.
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive:
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes;
Or ponder long with anxious thought
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean;
To sweep the mansion house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavoury smelling.
Now enter as the dairy handmaid:
Such charming butter * never man made.

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

Let

Let others with fanatick face
Talk of their milk for babes of grace;
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter;
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it *,
But with his hand the dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning hours you toss and shake
The bottle till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part:
Behold a frothy substance rise;
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd;
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
Your reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon;
Which, in its jumblings round the skull,
Dilates and makes the vessel full:
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But, squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.

* It is a common saying, when the milk burns to, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it.

Two

Two temples of magnifick size
Attract the curious traveller's eyes,
That might be envy'd by the Greeks;
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks:
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine.
In separate cells, the hes and shes,
Here pay their vows with bended knees:
For 'tis prophane when sexes mingle,
And every nymph must enter single;
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
Ye, who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the dean;
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb!
Yet, when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.
Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fixt beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown)

This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round
Were built to thee with offerings crown'd:
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;
Though sometimes thou wert please to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink:
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were, wafted by a gentle gale,
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue;
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove;
Then gluttony, with greasy paws,
Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priests in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our homebred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caviare.

This bloated harpy, sprung from Hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell:
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First, lolling Sloth in woollen cap
Taking her after-dinner nap:
Pale Dropsy with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace:
And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur:
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir:
Voluptuous Ease, the child of wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth.
None seek thee now in open air,
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But, in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean;
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who, in our degenerate days,
As nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches side;
When from the homeliest earthen ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar box?
Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks;

Nor

Nor seldom grace the flowery downs,
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
Hither, by luckless errour led,
The crude consistence oft I tread:
Here, when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here, by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
Be witness for me, nymph divine,
I never robb'd thee with design:
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd offering out.
But stop, ambitious muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head:
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accosting said, "Go shake your cream *."
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style:
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile †:
With Peggy Dixon ‡ thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.

* In the bottle, to make butter.
† The quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.
‡ Mrs. Dixon, the housekeeper.

Take down thy proudly swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely carving show thy wit;
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts; nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.
But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right:
And Smedley, flower of all divines,
Shall sing the dean in Smedley's lines.

TWELVE ARTICLES.

I. LEST it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By disputing, I will never,
To convince you once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk, and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you furious argue wrong,
I will grieve, and hold my tongue.

VII.

VII. Not a jest or humourous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose,
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach, and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder,
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice,
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

Thus we both shall have our ends,
And continue special friends.

THE REVOLUTION AT MARKET-HILL. 1730.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends;
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd:

Hither the frantick goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite,
A dean *, a Spaniard †, and a knight ‡;
Unite, but on conditions cruel;
The dean and Spaniard find it too well,
Condemn'd to live in service hard;
On either side his honour's guard:
The dean to guard his honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack;
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market-hill.
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted sentry;
While, in his lordly castle fixt,
The knight triumphant reigns betwixt:
And, what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves, must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
O, Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud baronet of Nova Scotia!
The dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings:
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?

* Dr. Swift.
† Col. Harry Lesley, who served and lived long in Spain.
‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

What

What if, among the courtly tribe,
You lost a place, and sav'd a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,
And fierce against the whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right;
From Market-hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's-mount descend,
And to the south my squadrons bend.
New-river-walk with friendly shade
Shall keep my host in ambuscade;
While you, from where the basin stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And we of all our hopes depriv'd;
I have a stratagem contriv'd.
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught as in a noose;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She 'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah place
Direct before her lady's face

The shoes put on, our faithful portress
Admits us in, to storm the fortress;
While tortur'd madam bound remains,
Like Montezume, in golden chains;
Or like a cat with walnuts shod
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile,
The mimick animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes;
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault:
The valiant Dennis * you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon †:
Then, if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion;
And, soon as we have gain'd possession,
We 'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two:
Then (let me see) we'll make the knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer ‡ to wear his hat:
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We 'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Lesley;

* The butler. † The housekeeper.
‡ The agent.

But,

But, lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,
To mortify the creature more,
We 'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her:
And, when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise
Despatch the rogues by whom they rise.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

TOM AND ROBIN*. 1730.

THE FIRST PART.

TOM. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus† mean
By bellowing thus against the dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and jacobite, and libeller:
Yet cannot prove a single fact?
ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom: his head is crackt.
T. What mischief can the dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?

* Sons of Rev. Charles Lesley. See the next poem, p. 60.
† Lord Allen.

Revile that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the dean the name of Drapier?
R. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.
T. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
R. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.
T. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And, though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence;
Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
But turns aside like mad Ulysses:
While Traulus all his ordure scatters
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence comes these inconsistent fits?
R. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
T. Agreed: and yet, when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he 's mad will not avail;
The neighbours all cry, "Shoot him dead,
"Hang, drown, or knock him on the head."
So Traulus, when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer 's the less offensive brute.

R. Tom,

R. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-er,
He barks as fast as he can utter.
He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue; there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
" Begs leave to rail, but, d—n his blood!
" He only meant it for your good:
" His friendship was exactly tim'd,
" He shot before your foes were prim'd.
" By this contrivance, Mr. dean;
" By G—! I'll bring you off as clean—"
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
" 'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
But, though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

T. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own, his madness is a jest,
If that were all. But he's possest,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps;
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide;
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the Devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him legion.

Of brethren he 's a false accuser;
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar;
The marks peculiar of his sire.
Or, grant him but a drone at best;
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The dean had felt their stings before;
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buzz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes.
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounc'd, he never would,
And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet still the dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves.
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

TRAULUS.

THE SECOND PART.

TRAULUS, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungrel seed;
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung:

Think

Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View them on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and overbearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong,
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves, or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head;
Wishes it were all unsaid.
Let me now the vices trace,
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well:
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen;
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learnt the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;

Like

Like a butcher, doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants vital blood.
Lastly, let his gifts be try'd,
Borrow'd from the mason's side:
Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel;
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation.
True indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter end
Mount alive, and dead descend!
In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd him, can you tell?
Human race, or imps of Hell?

ROBIN AND HARRY*.

1730.

ROBIN to beggars with a curse,
Throws the last shilling in his purse;
And, when the coachman comes for pay,
The rogue must call another day.
Grave Harry, when the poor are pressing,
Gives them a penny, and God's blessing;

* Sons of Dr. Lesley. Harry was a colonel in the Spanish service.

But,

But, always careful of the main,
With twopence left, walks home in rain.
Robin from noon to night will prate,
Run out in tongue, as in estate:
And, ere a twelvemonth and a day,
Will not have one new thing to say.
Much talking is not Harry's vice:
He need not tell a story twice:
And, if he always be so thrifty,
His fund may last to five and fifty.
It so fell out, that cautious Harry,
As soldiers use, for love must marry,
And, with his dame, the ocean cross'd;
(All for Love, or the World well Lost!)
Repairs a cabin gone to ruin,
Just big enough to shelter two in;
And in his house, if any body come,
Will make them welcome to his modicum.
Where Goody Julia milks the cows,
And boils potatoes for her spouse;
Or darns his hose, or mends his breeches,
While Harry 's fencing up his ditches.
Robin, who ne'er his mind could fix
To live without a coach and six,
To patch his broken fortunes, found
A mistress worth five thousand pound;
Swears he could get her in an hour,
If gaffer Harry would endow her;
And sell, to pacify his wrath,
A birth-right for a mess of broth.
Young Harry, as all Europe knows,
Was long the quintessence of beaux;
But, when espous'd, he ran the fate
That must attend the married state;

From

From gold brocade and shining armour,
Was metamorphos'd to a farmer;
His grazier's coat with dirt besmear'd;
Nor twice a week will shave his beard.
Old Robin, all his youth a sloven,
At fifty-two, when he grew loving,
Clad in a coat of paduasoy,
A flaxen wig, and waistcoat gay,
Powder'd from shoulder down to flank,
In courtly style addresses Frank;
Twice ten years older than his wife,
Is doom'd to be a beau for life;
Supplying those defects by dress,
Which I must leave the world to guess.

TO BETTY THE GRISETTE. 1730.

QUEEN of wit and beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muse forget ye:
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck, display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid;
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow;
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivel'd with a winter's keeping.
And, thy beauty thus despatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply.

And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded:
Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
Suited to all christian folks:
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing.
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse upper regions;
Where, in eighteenpenny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude;
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout;
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes.
Thus indulgent Chloe, bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

DEATH went upon a solemn day
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,

Presented

Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto, observing since the peace
The burial article decrease,
And, vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council, Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd, to rig him out a beau:
From her own head Megera takes
A periwig of twisted snakes;
Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
(Like toupets of this upper world)
With flowers of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder of the sable kind
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, a usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
But, loth his person to expose
Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows,
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment case.
No new flux'd rake show'd fairer skin;
Nor Phyllis after lying in.

With

With snuff was fill'd his ebon box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the pox.
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops,
With aconite anoint his chops;
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood! and b—d and w—ds!
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick lane:
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends:
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangued, and welcom'd him to town.
But Death had business to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match.
And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of terrours came,
Fine as a colonel of the guards,
To visit where she sate at cards:
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
And now her heart with pleasure jumps;
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket glass drew slily out;
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain.
Nothing she thought could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.

She ask'd about her friends below;
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau:
Whether some late departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still
As great as ever at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied these Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty nymph; the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee:
For, when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my lady in the suds.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please;
But the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd:
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right:
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason;
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say:
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows;
And, where she is most familiar,
Always peevisher and sillier:
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she 's most to blame.
Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles:
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconsistence,
To be easy, keep your distance:
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.

Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she 'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her:
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong;
And reprove her when she 's right;
She may then grow wise for spite.
No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed:
She 's too cunning, and too skilful,
When to yield; and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors,
One for truth, and one for errours:
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful;
This is flattering and delightful:
That she throws away as foul;
Sits by this, to dress her soul.
Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the dean and you,
Heaven forbid he should despise thee!
But will never more advise thee.

THE

THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

A FABLE. BY DR. DELANY. 1730.

" — Quis iniquæ
" Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se?"
JUV.

IN ancient times, as bards indite,
(If clerks have conn'd the records right)
A Peacock reign'd, whose glorious sway
His subjects with delight obey:
His tail was beauteous to behold,
Replete with goodly eyes and gold;
Fair emblem of that monarch's guise,
Whose train at once is rich and wise;
And princely rul'd he many regions,
And statesmen wise, and valiant legions.
A Pheasant lord *, above the rest,
With every grace and talent blest,
Was sent to sway, with all his skill,
The sceptre of a neighbouring hill †.
No science was to him unknown,
For all the arts were all his own:
In all the living learned read,
Though more delighted with the dead:
For birds, if ancient tales say true,
Had then their Popes and Homers too;
Could read and write in prose and verse,
And speak like ***, and build like Pearce ‡.

* Lord Carteret, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

† Ireland.

‡ A famous modern architect, who built the parliament house in Dublin.

He knew their voices, and their wings,
Who smoothest soars, who sweetest sings;
Who toils with ill-fledg'd pens to climb,
And who attain'd the true sublime:
Their merits he could well descry,
He had so exquisite an eye;
And when that fail'd, to show them clear,
He had as exquisite an ear.
It chanc'd, as on a day he stray'd,
Beneath an academick shade,
He lik'd, amidst a thousand throats,
The wildness of a Woodlark's * notes,
And search'd, and spy'd, and seiz'd his game,
And took him home, and made him tame;
Found him on trial true and able,
So cheer'd and fed him at his table.
Here some shrewd critick finds I'm caught,
And cries out, "Better fed than taught"—
Then jests on game and tame, and reads
And jests, and so my tale proceeds.
Long had he study'd in the wood,
Conversing with the wise and good;
His soul with harmony inspir'd,
With love of truth and virtue fir'd:
His brethren's good and Maker's praise
Were all the study of his lays;
Were all his study in retreat,
And now employ'd him with the great.
His friendship was the sure resort
Of all the wretched at the court;
But chiefly merit in distress
His greatest blessing was to bless.—

* Dr. Delany.

This

This fix'd him in his patron's breast,
But fir'd with envy all the rest:
I mean that noisy craving crew,
Who round the court incessant flew,
And prey'd like rooks, by pairs and dozens,
To fill the maws of sons and cousins:
" Unmov'd their heart, and chill'd their blood,
" To every thought of common good,
" Confining every hope and care
" To their own low contracted sphere."
These ran him down with ceaseless cry,
But found it hard to tell you why,
Till his own worth and wit supply'd
Sufficient matter to deride:
" 'Tis Envy's safest, surest rule,
" To hide her rage in ridicule:
" The vulgar eye she best beguiles,
" When all her snakes are deck'd with smiles:
" Sardonick smiles, by rancour rais'd!
" Tormented most when seeming pleas'd!"
Their spite had more than half expir'd,
Had he not wrote what all admir'd;
What morsels had their malice wanted,
But that he built, and plann'd, and planted!
How had his sense and learning griev'd them,
But that his charity reliev'd them!
" At highest worth dull Malice reaches,
" As slugs pollute the fairest peaches:
" Envy defames, as harpies vile
" Devour the food they first defile."
Now ask the fruit of all his favour —
" He was not hitherto a saver"—
What then could make their rage run mad?
" Why what he hop'd, not what he had.

"What tyrant e'er invented ropes,
"Or racks, or rods, to punish hopes?
"Th' inheritance of Hope and Fame
"Is seldom Earthly Wisdom's aim;
"Or, if it were, is not so small,
"But there is room enough for all."
If he but chance to breathe a song,
(He seldom sang, and never long)
The noisy, rude, malignant crowd,
Where it was high, pronounc'd it loud:
Plain Truth was Pride; and what was sillier,
Easy and Friendly was Familiar.
Or, if he tun'd his lofty lays,
With solemn air to Virtue's praise,
Alike abusive and erroneous,
They call'd it hoarse and unharmonious:
Yet so it was to souls like theirs,
Tuneless as Abel to the bears!
A Rook * with harsh malignant caw
Began, was follow'd by a Daw †;
(Though some, who would be thought to know,
Are positive it was a Crow)
Jack Daw was seconded by Tit,
Tom Tit ‡ could write, and so he writ;
A tribe of tuneless praters follow,
The Jay, the Magpie, and the Swallow;
And twenty more their throats let loose,
Down to the witless waddling Goose.
Some peck'd at him, some flew, some flutter'd,
Some hiss'd, some scream'd, and others mutter'd:

* Dr. T——r.
† Right hon. Rich. Tighe.
‡ Dr. Sheridan.

The

The Crow, on carrion wont to feast,
The Carrion Crow condemn'd his taste:
The Rook in earnest too, not joking,
Swore all his singing was but croaking.
Some thought they meant to show their wit,
Might think so still—" but that they writ"—
Could it be spite or envy;—" No—
" Who did no ill, could have no foe."—
So Wise Simplicity esteem'd,
Quite otherwise True Wisdom deem'd;
This question rightly understood,
" What more provokes than doing good?
" A soul ennobled and refin'd
" Reproaches every baser mind:
" As strains exalted and melodious
" Make every meaner musick odious."—
At length the Nightingale * was heard,
For voice and wisdom long rever'd,
Esteem'd of all the wise and good,
The Guardian Genius of the wood:
He long in discontent retir'd,
Yet not obscur'd, but more admir'd;
His brethren's servile souls disdaining,
He liv'd indignant and complaining:
They now afresh provoke his choler,
(It seems the Lark had been his scholar,
A favourite scholar always near him,
And oft had wak'd whole nights to hear him)
Enrag'd he canvasses the matter,
Exposes all their senseless chatter,
Shows him and them in such a light,
As more enflames, yet quells their spite.

* Dean Swift.

They

They hear his voice, and frighted fly,
For rage had rais'd it very high:
Sham'd by the wisdom of his notes,
They hide their heads, and hush their throats.

ANSWER TO DR. DELANY'S FABLE OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

IN ancient times, the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable:
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute.
The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl;
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learnt his fables to refine:
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You see him first the peacock bring,
Against all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now, pray, observe the doctor's choice,
A peacock chose for flight and voice:

Did

Did ever mortal see a peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his singing, doctor, you know,
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
He frightens all the village boys.
This peacock kept a standing force,
In regiments of foot and horse;
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;
And this was thought the highest post;
For, rule the rump, you rule the roast.
The doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a pheasant.
This pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ;
And, when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.
Birds, as he says, and I allow,
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios:
This Pheasant by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill;
And, as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to spy a clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d:
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the lark, my lord the pheasant:
A lark he is, and such a lark
As never came from Noah's ark:

And though he had no other notion,
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you muſt know,
"Who does no ill, can have no foe;"
Yet how can I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good.
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the doctor by the chin:
We all can find out what he means,
The worst of disaffected deans:
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone.
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the senate-house a cabin;
So dull, that but for spleen and spite,
We ne'er should know that he could write;
Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd:
His heart is through his libel seen,
Nor could his malice spare the queen:
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
A noble lord * has told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
O! would the senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe;
Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him starve, and vent his rage;
Or, would they but in fetters bind,
This enemy of humankind!
Harmonious Coffee †, show thy zeal,

* Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus. See p. 55.
† A Dublin garreteer.

Thou

Thou champion for the commonweal:
Nor on a theme like this repine,
For once to wet thy pen divine:
Bestow that libeller a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash:
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse, nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
Would have us lose our English friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more, and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.
Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and night in gall!
So, Nightingale and Lark adieu;
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screech'd, or ever flew.

ON THE IRISH CLUB.

YE paltry underlings of state,
Ye senators, who love to prate;
Ye rascals of inferiour note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote;
Ye pack of pensionary peers,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears;
Ye bishops, far remov'd from saints,
Why all this rage? Why these complaints?

Why

Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe,
I know a shorter way be half.
The point is plain; remove the cause;
Defend your liberties and laws.
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view:
Bravely despise champaign at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let prelates, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour;
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satirick muse
Virtue or Innocence abuse;
And 'tis against poetick rules
To rail at men, by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

ÆTATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo
A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an earl.
Her parents and her friends consent,
The couple to the temple went:
They first invite the Cyprian queen;
'Twas answer'd, "She would not be seen;"

The

The Graces next, and all the Muses,
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch;
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But show'd no more than half her face.
  Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom, drest to make a figure,
Assumes an artificial vigour;
A flourish'd nightcap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.
  And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start;
Scarce run a step before they part;
No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds:
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks:
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parsons wear!

So odd a choice how could she make!
Wish'd him a colonel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty if he be a day;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise;
You see the crow's feet round his eyes.
At one she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her evening-work so fills her head.
The dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is mawkish, and his stomach gone;
In threadbare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household;
Beholds her, from the chaplain's place,
In French brocades, and Flanders lace;
He wonders what employ her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain;
His mind is full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.
Canst thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love, to make her fine?
Hath she no other wants beside?
You raise desire, as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.

If

If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hoop is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would soil her clothes,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball:
Her chairman push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to prayers;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in;
The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon,
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.
But now, tho' scarce a twelvemonth married,
Poor lady Jane has thrice miscarried:
The cause, alas, is quickly guest;
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his reverence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath;
No other way but try the Bath.
For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolifick potion,
That mix'd with Acheloüs' spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,

Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind,
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives crowd every morn,
To drink in Acheloüs' horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.
Hither, though much against the grain,
The dean has carry'd lady Jane.
He, for a while, would not consent,
But vow'd his money all was spent:
His money spent! a clownish reason!
And must my lady slip her season?
The doctor, with a double fee,
Was brib'd to make the dean agree.
Here all diversions of the place
Are proper in my lady's case:
With which she patiently complies,
Merely because her friends advise;
His money and her time employs
In musick, raffling-rooms, and toys;
Or in the Cross-bath seeks an heir,
Since others oft' have found one there:
Where if the dean by chance appears,
It shames his cassock and his years.
He keeps his distance in the gallery,
Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery;
For 'twould his character expose
To bathe among the belles and beaux.

So

So have I seen, within a pen,
Young ducklings foster'd by a hen;
But, when let out, they run and muddle,
As instinct leads them, in a puddle:
The sober hen, not born to swim,
With mournful note clucks round the brim.
The dean, with all his best endeavour,
Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.
A victim to the last essays
Of vigour in declining days,
He dies, and leaves his mourning mate
(What could he less?) his whole estate.
The widow goes through all her forms;
New lovers now will come in swarms.
O, may I see her soon dispensing
Her favours to some broken ensign!
Him let her marry, for his face,
And only coat of tarnish'd lace;
To turn her naked out of doors,
And spend her jointure on his whores;
But, for a parting present, leave her
A rooted pox to last for ever!

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD;

OR, THE

TRUE ENGLISH DEAN*

TO BE HANGED FOR A RAPE. 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,
(A blessing upon them!) have sent us this year
For the good of our church, a true English dean.
A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape,
The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
And there he grew fond of another man's wife;
Burst into her chamber, and would have caress'd her;
But she valued her honour much more than her life.
She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The dean he pursued, to recover his game;
And now to attack her again he prepares:
But the company stood in defence of the dame,
They cudgell'd, and cuft him, and kick'd him down stairs.
His deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
And this was no time for committing a rape.

* Dr. Thomas Sawbridge, dean of Fernes.

IV. To

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
And orders the landlord to bring him a whore;
No scruple came on him his gown to expose,
'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
He had made himself drunk with the juice of the grape,
And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The dean, and his landlord, a jolly comrade,
Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight;
For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
His landlord was ready his deanship to ape
In every debauch, but committing a rape.

VI.

This protestant zealot, this English divine,
In church and in state was of principles sound;
Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
And griev'd that a tory should live above ground.
Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape,
For no other crime but committing a rape?

VII.

By old popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ*;
Who 'd be dean of Fernes without a *commendam?*
And precedents we can produce, if it please ye:
Then why should the dean, when whores are so cheap,
Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If fortune should please but to take such a crotchet
(To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor)
To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre, and rochet,
Whom wouldst thou resemble? I leave thee a guesser.
But I only behold thee in Atherton's * shape,
For sodomy hang'd; as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave colonel Chartres,
Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
To hang him, all England would lend him their garters,
Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape,
For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The dean he was vex'd that his whores were so willing:
He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;
But here was to pay the devil and all.
His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice:
Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
No devil nor dean could ravish them then.
Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape
Tied round the dean's neck for committing a rape.

* A bishop of Waterford, of infamous character.

XII. Our

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
For which all true Protestant hearts should be glad:
She sends us our bishops, our judges, and deans,
And better would give us, if better she had.
But, lord! how the rabble will stare and will gape,
When the good English dean is hang'd up for a rape.

ON STEPHEN DUCK, THE THRESHER AND FAVOURITE POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM. 1730.

THE thresher Duck could o'er the queen prevail,
The proverb says, "no fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her majesty allows him grains:
Though 'tis confest, that those, who ever saw
His poems, think them all not worth a straw!
Thrice happy Duck, employ'd in threshing stubble!
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.

THE LADY'S DRESSING ROOM *. 1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;

* A defence of "The Lady's Dressing Room," by some facetious friend of our author, is printed in Faulkner's edition; which, after a humorous travesty of ten lines only of "Horace's "Art of Poetry," decides clearly that there are ten times more slovenly expressions in those ten lines of Horace, than in the whole poem of Dr. Swift.

The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay:
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.
And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the armpits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side:
On such a point, few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears, how damnably the men lie
In calling Cælia sweet and cleanly.
Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses;
Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair;
A forehead-cloth with oil upon 't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front:
Here alum-flower, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from sour unsavoury streams;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.

Hard

Hard by a filthy basin stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands;
The basin takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums,
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits, and here she spews.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd,
With dirt, and sweat, and earwax grim'd;
No object Strephon's eye escapes;
Her petticoats in frowzy heaps;
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes *,
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Cælia slept at least a week in?
A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round;
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Cælia's magnifying-glass;
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant:
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Cælia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For, catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out, alive or dead.

* Var. "marks of stinking toes."

Why,

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner!
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise
A cabinet to vulgar eyes;
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through thick and thin.
He lifts the lid: there needs no more,
He smelt it all the time before.

As, from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus oped the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He still was comforted to find
That hope at last remain'd behind;
So Strephon, lifting up the lid,
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of hope.

O! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Cælia's chamber seen!
O! may she better learn to keep
Those "secrets of the hoary deep*!"

As mutton-cutlets, prime of meat,
Which, though with art, you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire;

* Milton.

If from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon the cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench;
So things which must not be exprest,
When plump'd into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
Thus finishing his grand survey,
Disgusted Strephon stole away;
Repeating in his amorous fits,
"Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!"
But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
When Cælia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,

(Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout;)
He soon would learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

THE POWER OF TIME. 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry:
When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows; why should I repine?

ON MR. PULTENEY'S BEING PUT OUT OF THE COUNCIL. 1731.

SIR Robert, weary'd by Will Pulteney's teazings,
Who interrupted him in all his leasings,
Resolv'd that Will and he should meet no more,
Full in his face Bob shuts the council-door;
Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench,
To punish thieves, or lash a suburb-wench.
Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
For Will to enter.—What shall I advise?

Ev'n

Ev'n quit the HOUSE, for thou too long has sat in't,
Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent;
There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
Yet still I fear your work is done but half:
For, while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.
Hear an old fable, and a dull one too;
It bears a moral, when apply'd to you.
A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds
By often shifting into distant grounds;
Till, finding all his artifices vain,
To save his life he leap'd into the main.
But there, alas! he could no safety find,
A pack of dogfish had him in the wind.
He scours away; and, to avoid the foe,
Descends for shelter to the shades below:
There Cerberus lay watching in his den,
(He had not seen a hare the lord knows when)
Out bounc'd the mastiff of the triple head;
Away the hare with double swiftness fled;
Hunted from earth, and sea, and Hell, he flies
(Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies.
How was the fearful animal distrest!
Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear:
He left his scut behind, and half an ear.
Thus was the hare pursu'd, though free from guilt;
Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt.
Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
Thou art not half so nimble as a hare:
Too ponderous is thy bulk to mount the sky;
Nor can you go to Hell, before you die.

So

So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long *.

EPITAPH

ON

FREDERICK DUKE OF SCHOMBERG †.

Hic infra situm est corpus
FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG.
ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.
DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere etiam
atque etiam petierunt,
Ut HÆREDES DUCIS monumentum
In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:
Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
diu ac sæpè orando nil profecêre;
Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,
‡ Saltem ut scias, hospes,
Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSIS cineres
delitescunt.
"Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
"Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos."
A. D. 1731.

* This hunting ended in the promotion of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but earl of Orford; and Will was no longer his opponent, but earl of Bath.

† The duke was unhappily killed, in crossing the river Boyne, July 1, 1690; and was buried in St. Patrick's cathedral; where the dean and chapter erected a small monument to his honour, at their own expense.

‡ The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with were, "Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellulâ "tanti ductoris cineres delitescunt."

CAS-

CASSINUS AND PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY. 1731.

TWO college sophs of Cambridge growth,
Both special wits, and lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet
On love, and books, and rapture sweet;
(Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
Cassinus this, and t'other Peter)
Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
To chat a while, and warm his nose:
But such a sight was never seen,
The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen.
He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
One greasy stocking round his head,
The other he sat down to darn
With threads of different colour'd yarn;
His breeches torn, exposing wide
A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown,
(A rug, for nightgown he had none)
His jordan stood in manner fitting
Between his legs to spew or spit in;
His ancient pipe, in sable dy'd,
And half unsmok'd, lay by his side.
  Him thus accoutred Peter found,
With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd;
The leavings of his last night's pot
On embers plac'd, to drink it hot.

Why,

Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate!
What makes thee lie abed so late?
The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
Their matins chant in every bush:
And I have heard thee oft salute
Aurora with thy early flute.
Heaven send thou hast not got the hyps!
How! not a word come from thy lips?
Then gave him some familiar thumps,
A college joke, to cure the dumps.
The swain at last, with grief opprest,
Cry'd, Cælia! thrice, and sigh'd the rest.
Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
Yet ask I must—Is Cælia dead?
How happy I, were that the worst,
But I was fated to be curst?
Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore?
O, Peter, would it were no more!
Why, plague confound her sandy locks!
Say, has the small or greater pox
Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face?
Be easy, 'tis a common case.
O, Peter! beauty's but a varnish,
Which time and accidents will tarnish:
But Cælia has contriv'd to blast
Those beauties that might ever last.
Nor can imagination guess,
Nor eloquence divine express,
How that ungrateful charming maid
My purest passion has betray'd:
Conceive the most envenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.
Why, hang her; though she seem so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend

Friend Peter, this I could excuse,
For every nymph has leave to choose;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But, oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime, that shocks all humankind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face:
Advice in vain you would apply—
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,
A monument to aftertimes.—
" Here Cassy lies, by Cælia slain,
" And dying never told his pain."
Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark:
And there—behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand:
Lo, Charon, from his leaky wherry
Beckoning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come! I come! Medusa see
Her serpents' hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
" Avaunt—ye cannot say 'tis I *."
Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by friendship's sacred laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the cause;
And Cælia's horrid fact relate:
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

* Macbeth.

To force it out, my heart must rend:
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend—
Think, Peter, how my soul is rack'd!
These eyes, these eyes, beheld the fact,
Now bend thine ear, since out it must;
But, when thou seest me laid in dust,
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart;
(How would her virgin soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown!)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds
The blackest of all female deeds;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and listening mocks;
Nor let the Zephyr's treacherous gale
Through Cambridge waft the direful tale;
Nor to the chattering feather'd race
Discover Cælia's foul disgrace.
But, if you fail, my spectre dread,
Attending nightly round your bed—
And yet I dare confide in you;
So take my secret, and adieu.
No wonder how I lost my wits:
Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh—!

A BEAU-

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED.

WRITTEN FOR THE HONOUR OF THE FAIR SEX.

CORINNA, pride of Drurylane,
For whom no shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did Covent-garden boast
So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
No drunken rake to pick her up;
No cellar, where on tick to sup;
Returning at the midnight hour,
Four stories climbing to her bower;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd chair,
Takes off her artificial hair;
Now picking out a crystal eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her eyebrows from a mouse's hide
Stuck on with art on either side,
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
Untwists a wire, and from her gums
A set of teeth completely comes;
Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
Unlaces next her steel-ribb'd bodice,
Which, by the operator's skill,
Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.

Up goes her hand, and off she slips
The bolsters that supply her hips,
With gentlest touch she next explores
Her shankers, issues, running sores;
Effects of many a sad disaster,
And then to each applies a plaster:
But must, before she goes to bed,
Rub off the daubs of white and red,
And smooth the furrows in her front
With greasy paper stuck upon't.
She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
And then between two blankets creeps.
With pains of love tormented lies;
Or, if she chance to close her eyes,
Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless bully drawn,
At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
Or to Jamaica seems transported
Alone, and by no planter courted;
Or, near Fleet ditch's oozy brinks,
Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lie,
And snap some cully passing by;
Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
On watchmen, constables, and duns,
From whom she meets with frequent rubs;
But never from religious clubs,
Whose favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays them all in kind.
Corinna wakes. A dreadful sight!
Behold the ruins of the night!
A wicked rat her plaster stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole.

The

The crystal eye, alas! was miss'd;
And puss had on her plumpers p—ss'd.
A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas:
And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.
The nymph, though in this mangled plight,
Must every morn her limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her arts
To re-collect the scatter'd parts?
Or show the anguish, toil, and pain,
Of gathering up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a scene to interfere.
Corinna, in the morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

STREPHON AND CHLOE. 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
By every size of poets sung:
So beautiful a nymph appears
But once in twenty thousand years;
By Nature form'd with nicest care,
And faultless to a single hair.
Her graceful mien, her shape, and face,
Confess'd her of no mortal race:
And then so nice, and so genteel;
Such cleanliness from head to heel:
No humours gross, or frouzy steams,
No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintless body flow:

Would so discreetly things dispose,
None ever saw her pluck a rose.
Her dearest comrades never caught her
Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:
You 'd swear that so divine a creature
Felt no necessities of nature.
In summer had she walk'd the town,
Her armpits would not stain her gown:
At country-dances not a nose
Could in the dogdays smell her toes.
Her milkwhite hands, both palms and backs,
Like ivory dry, and soft as wax.
Her hands, the softest ever felt,
Though cold would burn, though dry would melt.
Dear Venus, hide this wondrous maid,
Nor let her loose to spoil your trade.
While she engrosses every swain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.
Think what a case all men are now in,
What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts!
What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
What swordknots! what poetick strains!
What billet-doux, and clouded canes!
But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
He blew a settlement along;
And bravely drove his rivals down
With coach and six, and house in town.
The bashful nymph no more withstands,
Because her dear papa commands.
The charming couple now unites:
Proceed we to the marriagerites.
Imprimis, at the templeporch
Stood Hymen with a flaming torch:

The smiling Cyprian Goddess brings
Her infant loves with purple wings:
And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding.
The Muses next in order follow,
Conducted by their squire, Apollo:
Then Mercury with silver tongue;
And Hebe, goddess ever young.
Behold, the bridegroom and his bride,
Walk hand in hand, and side by side;
She, by the tender Graces drest,
But he, by Mars, in scarlet vest.
The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum*,
And Phœbus sung th' epithalamium.
And last, to make the matter sure,
Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
Luna was absent, on pretence
Her time was not till nine months hence.
The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
In state return'd the grand parade;
With loud huzzas from all the boys,
That now the pair must crown their joys.
But still the hardest part remains:
Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
How with so high a nymph he might
Demean himself the wedding-night:
For, as he view'd his person round,
Mere mortal flesh was all he found:
His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
Were duly wash'd, to keep them sweet;
With other parts that shall be nameless,
The ladies else might think me shameless.
The weather and his love were hot;
And, should he struggle, I know what—

Why, let it go, if I must tell it—
He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it;
While she, a goddess dy'd in grain,
Was unsusceptible of stain,
And, Venus like, her fragrant skin
Exhal'd ambrosia from within.
Can such a deity endure
A mortal human touch impure?
How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast!
His nightcap, border'd round with lace,
Could give no softness to his face.
Yet, if the goddess could be kind,
What endless raptures must he find!
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men;
To visit and to court them too:
A certain goddess, God knows who,
(As in a book he heard it read)
Took colonel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By venturing on his heavenly wife!
(For Strephon could remember well,
That once he heard a schoolboy tell,
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder died in Jove's embrace.)
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes!
While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed:
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.
Now "ponder well, ye parents dear;"
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer;

And

And make them every afternoon
Forbear their tea, or drink it soon;
That, ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it every sup;
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind:
'Tis this the sage of Samos means,
Forbidding his disciples beans.
O! think what evils must ensue;
Miss Moll the jade will burn it blue:
And, when she once has got the art,
She cannot help it for her heart;
But out it flies, ev'n when she meets
Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.
Carminative and diuretick
Will damp all passion sympathetick:
And Love such nicety requires,
One blast will put out all his fires.
Since husbands get behind the scene,
The wife should study to be clean;
Nor give the smallest room to guess
The time when wants of nature press;
But after marriage practise more
Decorum than she did before;
To keep her spouse deluded still,
And make him fancy what she will.
In bed we left the married pair:
'Tis time to show how things went there.
Strephon, who had been often told
That fortune still assists the bold,
Resolv'd to make the first attack;
But Chloe drove him fiercely back.

How

How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,
With constitution cold and snowy,
Permit a brutish man to touch her?
Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.
Resistance on the wedding-night
Is what our maidens claim by right:
And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,
Was maid in thought, in word, and deed.
Yet some assign a different reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season.
Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?
Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first:
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease;
Think what can give the colick ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind,
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed;
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.
Strephon, who heard the fuming rill
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, Ye Gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe, ——?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft' attends that lukewarm stream:
(Salerno both together joins,
As sovereign medicines for the loins;)
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:

He

He found her, while the scent increas'd,
As mortal as himself at least.
But ſoon, with like occaſions preſs'd,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd with courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t' other side:
And, as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.
The little Cupids hovering round,
(As pictures prove, with garlands crown'd)
Abash'd at what they saw and heard,
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.
Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantick flights;
To goddesses so heavenly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet;
To silver meads and shady bowers,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flowers.
How great a change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed;
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking.
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeliest strains;
And Chloe, more experienc'd grown,
With interest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd,
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.

Fair

Fair Decency, celestial maid!
Descend from Heaven to Beauty's aid!
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the Lover's fire:
For Beauty, like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion:
If Decency bring no supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glittering birthday gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry:
But, ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case;
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt
On what you saw, and what you smelt;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy;
And, spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine.

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent;

And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside.
Unjustly all our nymphs complain
Their empire holds so short a reign;
Is, after marriage, lost so soon,
It hardly holds the honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own fault.
They take possession of the crown,
And then throw all their weapons down:
Though, by the politician's scheme,
Whoe'er arrives at power supreme,
Those arts, by which at first they gain it,
They still must practise to maintain it.
What various ways our females take
To pass for wits before a rake!
And in the fruitless search pursue
All other methods but the true!
Some try to learn polite behaviour
By reading books against their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On every natural defect;
Some show they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double meaning.
But sure a telltale out of school
Is of all wits the greatest fool;
Whose rank imagination fills
Her heart, and from her lips distils;
You'd think she utter'd from behind,
Or at her mouth was breaking wind.
Why is a handsome wife ador'd
By every coxcomb but her lord?
From yonder puppetman inquire,
Who wisely hides his wood and wire;

Shows

Shows Sheba's queen completely drest,
And Solomon in royal vest:
But view them litter'd on the floor,
Or strung on pegs behind the door;
Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's duke, and prince of Greece.
A prudent builder ſhould forecast
How long the ſtuff is like to last;
And carefully obſerve the ground,
To build on ſome foundation ſound.
What houſe, when its materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a baſis unſecure?
Raſh mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to laſt for life:
Since beauty ſcarce endures a day,
And youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;
Why will you make yourſelf a bubble,
To build on ſand with hay and ſtubble?
On ſenſe and wit your paſſion found,
By decency cemented round;
Let prudence with good nature ſtrive,
To keep eſteem and love alive.
Then, come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.

APOLLO;

APOLLO; OR, A PROBLEM SOLVED. 1731.

APOLLO, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ;
Refin'd all metals with his looks,
As well as chemists by their books;
As handsome as my lady's page;
Sweet five and twenty was his age.
His wig was made of sunny rays,
He crown'd his youthful head with bays;
Not all the court of Heaven could show
So nice and so complete a beau.
No heir upon his first appearance,
With twenty thousand pounds a year rents,
E'er drove, before he sold his land,
So fine a coach along the Strand;
The spokes, we are by Ovid told,
Were silver, and the axle gold:
I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
For Jupiter allows no more.
Yet, with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
Enough to win ten thousand hearts,
No vulgar deity above
Was so unfortunate in love.
Three weighty causes were assign'd,
That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
Nine Muses always waiting round him,
He left them virgins as he found them.
His singing was another fault;
For he could reach to B in *alt:*
And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
Such singers are like Nicolini.
At last, the point was fully clear'd;
In short, Apollo had no beard.

THE

THE PLACE OF THE DAMNED.
1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
Allow there 's a HELL, but dispute of the place:
But, if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
The place of the damn'd—I 'll tell you my mind.
Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound,
Most certainly there is HELL to be found:
Damn'd poets, damn'd criticks, damn'd blockheads, damn'd knaves,
Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves;
Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords and damn'd squires;
Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends, and damn'd liars;
Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;
Damn'd timeserving priests all over the nation;
And into the bargain I 'll readily give you
Damn'd ignorant prelates and counsellors privy.
Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd,
For we know by these marks the place of the damn'd:
And HELL to be sure is at Paris or Rome.
How happy for us that it is not at home!

JUDAS.

JUDAS. 1731.

BY the just vengeance of incensed skies,
Poor bishop Judas late repenting dies.
The Jews engag'd him with a paltry bribe,
Amounting hardly to a crown a tribe;
Which though his conscience forc'd him to restore,
(And, parsons tell us, no man can do more)
Yet, through despair, of God and man accurst,
He lost his bishoprick, and hang'd or burst
Those former ages differ'd much from this;
Judas betray'd his master with a kiss:
But some have kiss'd the Gospel fifty times,
Whose perjury's the least of all their crimes;
Some who can perjure through a two-inch board,
Yet keep their bishopricks, and 'scape the cord:
Like hemp, which, by a skilful spinster drawn
To slender threads, may sometimes pass for lawn.
As ancient Judas by transgression fell,
And burst asunder ere he went to Hell;
So could we see a set of new Iscariots
Come headlong tumbling from their mitred chariots;
Each modern Judas perish like the first,
Drop from the tree, with all his bowels burst;
Who could forbear, that view'd each guilty face,
To cry, "Lo! Judas gone to his own place,
"His habitation let all men forsake,
"And let his bishoprick another take!"

AN EPISTLE TO MR. GAY*. 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, disgrace the Muse's train,
To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain †!
Fain would I think our female friend ‡ sincere,
Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
To lose an inch of favour for a friend?
Say, had the court no better place to choose
For thee, than make a drynurse of thy Muse?
How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
To squire a royal girl of two years old;
In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
Or with her go-cart amble side by side!
But princely Douglas, and his glorious dame,
Advanc'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd,
When o'er your patron's treasure you preside:
The world shall own, his choice was wise and just,
For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.
Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
Of guardian eunuchs to the sultan's dames,
Their passions not more impotent and cold,
Than those of poets to the lust of gold.

* The dean, having been told by an intimate friend, that the duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his grace's receivers and stewards (which however proved to be a mistake), wrote this Epistle to his friend.

† See the libel on Dr. Delany and lord Carteret, p. 3. of this volume.

‡ The countess of Suffolk.

With

With Pæan's purest fire his favourites glow,
The dregs will serve to ripen ore below;
His meanest work: for, had he thought it fit,
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
To deal it to the worst of humankind.
But let me now, for I can do it well,
Your conduct in this new employ foretel.
And first: to make my observation right,
I place a statesman full before my sight,
A bloated minister in all his geer,
With shameless visage and perfidious leer;
Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw,
And ostrich-like his all-digesting maw.
My fancy drags this monster to my view,
To show the world his chief reverse in you.
Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud;
With these the court and senatehouse he plies,
Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.
Now let me show how Bob and you agree:
You serve a potent prince, as well as he.
The ducal coffers, trusted to your charge,
Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge:
His vassals easy, and the owner blest;
They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
Not so a nation's revenues are paid:
The servant's faults are on the master laid.
The people with a sigh their taxes bring;
And, cursing Bob, forget to bless the king.
Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires,
With servants, tenants, and the neighbouring squires.
Let all domesticks feel your gentle sway;
Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray.

Let due reward to merit be allow'd;
Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd;
Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
By telling noses with a party strong.
Be rich; but of your wealth make no parade;
At least, before your master's debts are paid;
Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
Presume to treat him at his own expense.
Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count
To what your lawful perquisites amount.
The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
With interest, and a premium paid beside,
The master's pressing wants must be supplied;
With hasty zeal behold the steward come
By his own credit to advance the sum;
Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
May well conclude his power will never end.
A faithful treasurer! what could he do more?
He lends my lord what was my lord's before.
The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
That no physician dares prescribe by stealth:
The council sit; approve the doctor's skill;
And give advice, before he gives the pill.
But the state empirick acts a safer part;
And, while he poisons, wins the royal heart.
But how can I describe the ravenous breed?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.
Suppose your lord a trusty servant send
On weighty business to some neighbouring friend:
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.
Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes;

Shall

Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench,
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench?
Nor from your lord his bad condition hide,
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
Nor at an underrate his timber sell,
And with an oath assure him, all is well;
Or swear it rotten; and with humble airs
Request it of him to complete your stairs;
Nor, when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands.
Have Peter Waters always in your mind;
That rogue, of genuine ministerial kind,
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch,
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich:
And, when he gravely has undone a score,
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more.
A dex'trous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hushmoney sends to all the neighbours round;
His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks.
And, should a friend attempt to set him right,
His lordship would impute it all to spite;
Would love his favourite better than before,
And trust his honesty just so much more.
Thus families, like realms, with equal fate,
Are sunk by premier ministers of state.
Some, when an heir succeeds, go boldly on,
And, as they robb'd the father, rob the son.
A knave, who deep embroils his lord's affairs,
Will soon grow necessary to his heirs.
His policy consists in setting traps,
In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps;
He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.

In either case, an equal chance is run;
For, keep or turn him out, my lord's undone.
You want a hand to clear a filthy sink;
No cleanly workman can endure the stink.
A strong dilemma in a desperate case!
To act with infamy, or quit the place.
A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
With driving wrong will make the pannel split:
Nor dares an abler workman undertake
To drive a second, lest the whole should break.
In every court the parallel will hold;
And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
The ruling rogue, who dreads to be cashier'd,
Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd:
Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs:
For vengeance more embroils, than skill repairs.
So robbers (and their ends are just the same)
To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.
I knew a brazen minister of state,
Who bore for twice ten years the publick hate.
In every mouth the question most in vogue
Was, When will they turn out this odious rogue?
A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
While he went robbing on, old master died.
We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
His work is done, the minister must out.
The court invited more than one or two:
Will you, sir Spencer? or, Will you, or you?
But not a soul his office durst accept;
The subtle knave had all the plunder swept:
And, such was then the temper of the times,
He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
The candidate observ'd his dirty paws;
Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:

But

But, when they smelt such foul corruptions round
him,
Away they fled, and left him as they found him.
Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
His snot into the mess, 'tis all his own.

ON THE IRISH BISHOPS*.

1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
Why truly 'tis Satan, archbishop of Hell.
And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre
Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
Could you see his grim grace, for a pound to a penny,
You 'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny:
Poor Satan will think the comparison odious;
I wish I could find him out one more commodious,
But, this I am sure, the most reverend old dragon
Has got on the bench many bishops suffragan;
And all men believe he resides there *incog.*
To give them by turns an invisible jog.
Our bishops, puft up with wealth and with pride,
To Hell on the backs of the clergy would ride.
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with
spur,
In vain — for the devil a parson would stir.

* Occasioned by their endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of commons.

So the commons unhors'd them; and this was their doom,
On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may find 'em,
And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, lord Carr, and lord Howard *,
In spite of the devil, would still be untoward:
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.
When Christ was betray'd to Pilate the prætor,
Of a dozen apostles but one prov'd a traitor:
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.
What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and cleavings!
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their leavings.
If making divisions was all their intent,
They 've done it, we thank them, but not as they meant;
And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst!
Now hear an allusion:—A mitre, you know,
Is divided above, but united below.
If this you consider our emblem is right;
The bishops divide, but the clergy unite.

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton was archbishop of Cashell from 1729 to 1744; Dr. Charles Carr bishop of Killaloe from 1716 to 1739; and Dr. Robert Howard bishop of Elphin, from 1729 to 1740.

Should

Should the bottom be split, our bishops would dread
That the mitre would never stick fast on their head:
And yet they have learnt the chief art of a sovereign,
As Machiavel taught them, "divide, and ye govern."
But courage, my lords, though it cannot be said
That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head;
I'll hold you a groat (and I wish I could see 't)
If your stockings were off, you could show cloven feet.

But hold, cry the bishops, and give us fair play;
Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
What truer affections could ever be shown,
Than saving your souls by damning our own?
And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you;
With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain you;
Provided a fund for building you spittals?
You are only to live four years without victuals.

Content, my good lords; but let us change hands;
First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
So God bless the Church and three of our mitres;
And God bless the Commons, for biting the biters.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT *.

Written in November, 1731.

Occasioned by reading the following MAXIM in ROCHEFOUCAULT, "Dans l'adversité de nos "meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque "chose, qui ne nous déplaît pas."

"In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something "that does not displease us."

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

* These verses have undergone, perhaps, a stranger revolution than any other part of the dean's writings. A manifestly spurious copy, containing 201 lines, under the title of "The Life and Cha- "racter of Dr. SWIFT," appeared at London, in April 1733; of which the dean complained heavily, in a letter to Mr. Pope, dated May 1; and, notwithstanding Swift acknowledged in that Letter he had written "a poem of near 500 lines upon the same "maxim of Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it," many readers have supposed (not attending to the circumstance of there being *two* poems on the subject) that the dean disclaimed the *Verses on his own Death*. The genuine verses having been committed to the care of the celebrated author of "The Toast;" an edition was printed, in 1738-9, in which more than 100 lines were omitted. Dr. King assigned many judicious reasons (though some of them were merely temporary and prudential) for the mutilations: but they were so far from satisfying Dr. Swift, that a complete edition was immediately printed by Faulkner, with the dean's express permission. The poem, as it now stands in this collection, is agreeable to Mr. Faulkner's copy.

This

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
"In all distresses of our friends,
"We first consult our private ends;
"While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
"Points out some circumstance to please us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroick action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtop'd,
Would you not wish his laurels crop'd?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in Hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to Envy; stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain

Vain humankind! fantastick race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six;
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, "Pox take him and his wit!"
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents Heaven has bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
Thy gifts: but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first:
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
" See, how the dean begins to break!
" Poor gentleman, he droops apace!
" You plainly find it in his face.
" That old vertigo in his head
" Will never leave him, till he's dead.
" Besides, his memory decays:
" He recollects not what he says;
" He cannot call his friends to mind;
" Forgets the place where last he din'd;
" Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
" He told them fifty times before.
" How does he fancy we can sit
" To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
" But he takes up with younger folks,
" Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
" Faith! he must make his stories shorter,
" Or change his comrades once a quarter:
" In half the time he talks them round,
" There must another set be found.
" For poetry, he's past his prime:
" He takes an hour to find a rhyme;
" His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
" His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
" I'd have him throw away his pen;—
" But there's no talking to some men!"
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:

" He's

" He 's older than he would be reckon'd,
" And well remembers Charles the Second.
" He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
" And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
" His stomach too begins to fail:
" Last year we thought him strong and hale;
" But now he 's quite another thing:
" I wish he may hold out till spring!"
They hug themselves, and reason thus:
" It is not yet so bad with us!"
In such a case, they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily howdyes come of course,
And servants answer " Worse and worse!")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, " God be prais'd, the dean is well."
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
" You know I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He 'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover;
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain;
How * many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers that I should mend!

Inquire

* He would send *many a message* is right: but the question *how*, seems to destroy the unity or collective nature of the idea; and

Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear:
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognosticks run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
"How is the dean?"—"He's just alive."
Now the departing prayer is read;
"He hardly breathes" — "The dean is dead."
Before the passingbell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
"O! may we all for death prepare!
"What has he left? and who's his heir?
"I know no more than what the news is;
"'Tis all bequeath'd to publick uses.
"To publick uses! there's a whim!
"What had the publick done for him?
"Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
"He gave it all — but first he died.
"And had the dean, in all the nation,
"No worthy friend, no poor relation?
"So ready to do strangers good,
"Forgetting his own flesh and blood!"
Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd:
Some paragraph in every paper,
To curse the dean, or bless the Drapier,

and therefore it ought to have been expressed, if the measure would have allowed it, without the article, in the plural number, *how many messages*. LOWTH.

The

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
" We must confess, his case was nice;
" But he would never take advice.
" Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
" He might have liv'd these twenty years:
" For, when we open'd him, we found,
" That all his vital parts were sound."
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court, " The dean is dead."
And lady Suffolk *, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen.
The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, " Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
" He 's dead, you say; then let him rot;
" I 'm glad the medals † were forgot.
" I promis'd him, I own; but when?
" I only was the princess then:
" But now, as consort of the king,
" You know, 'tis quite another thing."
Now Chartres, at sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
" Why, if he died without his shoes,"
Cries Bob, " I'm sorry for the news:
" O, were the wretch but living still,
" And in his place my good friend Will!
" Or had a mitre on his head,
" Provided Bolingbroke were dead!"

* Mrs. Howard, at one time a favourite with the dean.

† Which the dean in vain expected, in return for a small present he had sent to the princess. They were to be sent in four months; but *****, see a letter of Dr. Swift's to the countess of Suffolk, dated Nov. 21, 1730. vol. XII. p. 363.

Now

Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
"I'm sorry — but we all must die!"
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies:
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt!
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The dean is dead: (Pray what is trumps?)
"Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)

" Six deans, they say, must bear the pall:
" (I wish I knew what king to call.)
" Madam, your husband will attend
" The funeral of so good a friend.
" No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
" And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
" My lady Club will take it ill,
" If he should fail her at quadrille.
" He lov'd the dean — (I lead a heart,)
" But dearest friends, they say, must part.
" His time was come; he ran his race;
" We hope he's in a better place."
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No farther mention of the dean;
Who now, alas! no more is miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed: — and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name;
" He died a year ago." — " The same."
He searches all the shop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duck lane:
" I sent them, with a load of books,
" Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
" To fancy they could live a year!
" I find you're but a stranger here.
" The dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.

" His

" His way of writing now is past:
" The town has got a better taste.
" I keep no antiquated stuff;
" But spick and span I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:
" Here 's Colley Cibber's birthday poem.
" This ode you never yet have seen,
" By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
" Then here 's a letter finely penn'd
" Against the Craftsman and his friend:
" It clearly shows that all reflection
" On ministers is disaffection.
" Next, here 's sir Robert's vindication,
" And Mr. Henley's last oration.
" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your honour please to buy a set?
" Here 's Wolston's tracts, the twelfth edition;
" 'Tis read by every politician:
" The country members, when in town,
" To all their boroughs send them down;
" You never met a thing so smart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Those maids of honour, who can read,
" Are taught to use them for their creed.
" The reverend author 's good intention
" Has been rewarded with a pension *:
" He does an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running priestcraft down:
" He shows, as sure as God's in Gloucester,
" That Moses was a grand impostor;
" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:

* Wolston is here confounded with Woolaston.

" The church had never such a writer:
" A shame he has not got a mitre!"
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose;
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without;
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws:
" The dean, if we believe report,
" Was never ill-received at court.
" As for his works in verse and prose,
" I own myself no judge of those:
" Nor, can I tell what criticks thought 'em;
" But this I know, all people bought 'em;
" As with a moral view design'd
" To cure the vices of mankind:
" His vein, ironically grave,
" Expos'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.
" To steal a hint was never known,
" But what he writ was all his own.
" He never thought an honour done him,
" Because a duke was proud to own him;
" Would rather slip aside, and choose
" To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
" Despis'd the fools with stars and garters,
" So often seen caressing Chartres.
" He never courted men in station,
" Nor persons held in admiration;
" Of no man's greatness was afraid,
" Because he sought for no man's aid.
" Though trusted long in great affairs,
" He gave himself no haughty airs:

" With-

" Without regarding private ends,
" Spent all his credit for his friends:
" And only chose the wise and good;
" No flatterers; no allies in blood:
" But succour'd virtue in distress,
" And seldom fail'd of good success;
" As numbers in their hearts must own,
" Who, but for him, had been unknown *.
" With princes kept a due decorum;
" But never stood in awe before 'em.
" He follow'd David's lesson just;
" In princes never put thy trust:
" And, would you make him truly sour,
" Provoke him with a slave in power.
" The Irish senate if you nam'd,
" With what impatience he declaim'd!
" Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
" For her he stood prepar'd to die;
" For her he boldly stood alone;
" For her he oft' expos'd his own.
" Two kingdoms †, just as faction led,
" Had set a price upon his head;

* Dr. Delany, in the close of his eighth letter, after having enumerated the friends with whom the dean lived in the greatest intimacy, very handsomely applies this passage to himself.

† In 1713, the queen was prevailed with, by an address from the house of lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising three hundred pounds to discover the author of a pamphlet, called, "*The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*;" and in Ireland, in the year 1724, lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation for promising the like reward of three hundred pounds to any person who would discover the author of a pamphlet called "*The Drapier's Fourth Letter*, &c." written against that destructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland; but in neither kingdom was the dean discovered.

" But not a traitor could be found,
" To sell him for six hundred pound.
" Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
" He might have rose like other men:
" But power was never in his thought,
" And wealth he valu'd not a groat:
" Ingratitude he often found,
" And pitied those who meant the wound:
" But kept the tenour of his mind,
" To merit well of humankind:
" Nor made a sacrifice of those
" Who still were true, to please his foes.
" He labour'd many a fruitless hour,
" To reconcile his friends in power;
" Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
" While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
" But finding vain was all his care,
" He left the court in mere despair *.
" And, oh! how short are human schemes!
" Here ended all our golden dreams.
" What St. John's skill in state affairs,
" What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
" To save their sinking country lent,
" Was all destroy'd by one event.
" Too soon that precious life was ended,
" On which alone our weal depended †.

* Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after its commencement: Harcourt the chancellor, and the secretary Bolingbroke, were discontented with the treasurer Oxford, for his too great mildness to the whigs; this quarrel grew higher every day until the queen's death. The dean, who was the only person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impossible; and thereupon retired into Berkshire, about ten weeks before that event.

† In the height of the quarrel between the ministers, the queen died, Aug. 1, 1714.

" When

" When up a dangerous faction starts *,
" With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
" By solemn league and covenant bound,
" To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
" To turn religion to a fable,
" And make the government a Babel;
" Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
" Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
" To sacrifice Old England's glory,
" And make her infamous in story:
" When such a tempest shook the land,
" How could unguarded Virtue stand!
" With horrour, grief, despair, the dean
" Beheld the dire destructive scene:
" His friends in exile, or the Tower,
" Himself † within the frown of power;
" Pursu'd by base envenom'd pens,
" Far to the land of saints and fens;
" A servile race in folly nurs'd,
" Who truckle most, when treated worst.
" By innocence and resolution,
" He bore continual persecution;
" While numbers to preferment rose,
" Whose merits were, to be his foes;

* On the queen's demise the whigs were restored to power, which they exercised with the utmost rage and revenge; impeached and banished the chief leaders of the church party, and stripped all their adherents of what employments they had.

† Upon the queen's death, the dean returned to Dublin: yet numberless libels were written against him in England; he was insulted in the street, and at night was forced to be attended by his servants armed.

" When ev'n his own familiar friends,
" Intent upon their private ends,
" Like renegadoes now he feels,
" Against him lifting up their heels.
" The dean did, by his pen, defeat
" An infamous destructive cheat * ;
" Taught fools their interest how to know,
" And gave them arms to ward the blow.
" Envy has own'd it was his doing,
" To save that hapless land from ruin ;
" While they who at the steerage stood,
" And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.
" To save them from their evil fate,
" In him was held a crime of state.
" A wicked monster on the bench †,
" Whose fury blood could never quench ;

* Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108000*l.* which, in the consequence, must have left that kingdom without gold or silver.

† Whitshed was then chief justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet written by the dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures. Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict. He sat afterward on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter ; but the jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or those who expected places. Whitshed died August 26, 1727, (having a few months before exchanged his place in the king's bench, which he had held ten or twelve years, for the same office in the common pleas) : and archbishop Boulter says, his uneasiness upon some affronts he met with helped to shorten his days. These affronts were certainly the satires of the dean and his friends.

" As

" As vile and profligate a villain,
" As modern Scroggs *, or old Tresilian †;
" Who long all justice had discarded,
" Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded;
" Vow'd on the dean his rage to vent,
" And make him of his zeal repent:
" But Heaven his innocence defends,
" The grateful people stand his friends;
" Not strains of law, nor judge's frown,
" Nor topicks brought to please the crown,
" Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
" Prevail to bring him in convict.
" In exile ‡, with a steady heart,
" He spent his life's declining part;

* Sir William Scroggs, chief justice of the king's bench in the reign of king Charles the Second, was a man of low birth, and raised himself as much by means of his debaucheries, as of his abilities in his profession. He was preferred for professing loyalty; but, Oates's plot coming forward, he exerted himself very much on the side of that informer, though he afterward changed again, and was equally violent against him. For some dirty jobs, which he did to oblige the court, he was impeached in parliament; but the matter never was proceeded upon. While at the bar, he was always neceſſitous; but, during his preferment, he took care to secure a good fortune for himself, having in that period purchased the manor of Brentwood, in Essex. He afterward died, in Essex street, of a polypus in his heart.

† Sir Robert Tresilian was chief justice of England in the time of Richard the Second. He was adviser of many illegal acts in that reign, for which he was impeached, with several other judges and some noblemen, in parliament. Being convicted of the offences he was charged with, he was executed, Feb. 19, 1388.

‡ In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile: to which country nothing could have driven him but the queen's death, who had determined to fix him in England, in spite of the duchess of Somerset, &c.

" Where

" Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
" Remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay."
" His friendships there, to few confin'd,
" Were always of the middling kind;
" No fools of rank, a mongrel breed,
" Who fain would pass for lords indeed:
" Where titles give no right, or power,
" And peerage is a wither'd flower;
" He would have held it a disgrace,
" If such a wretch had known his face.
" On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
" He vented oft' his wrath in vain:
" ******* squires to market brought;
" Who sell their souls and **** for nought.
" The ******* go joyful back,
" To *** the church, their tenants rack,
" Go snacks with *******
" And keep the peace, to pick up fees:
" In every job to have a share,
" A gaol or turnpike to repair;
" And turn the tax for publick roads,
" Commodious to their own abodes.
" Perhaps I may allow the dean
" Had too much satire in his vein;
" And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
" Because no age could more deserve it.
" Yet malice never was his aim;
" He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
" No individual could resent,
" Where thousands equally were meant;
" His satire points at no defect,
" But what all mortals may correct;
" For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
" Who call it humour when they gibe:

" He

" He spar'd a hump, or crooked nose,
" Whose owners set not up for beaux.
" True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
" Unless it offer'd to be witty.
" Those who their ignorance confest,
" He ne'er offended with a jest;
" But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
" A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
" He knew a hundred pleasing stories,
" With all the turns of whigs and tories:
" Was cheerful to his dying day;
" And friends would let him have his way.
" He gave the little wealth he had
" To build a house for fools and mad;
" And showed, by one satirick touch,
" No nation wanted it so much.
" That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
" I wish it soon may have a better."

AN

AN EPISTLE TO TWO FRIENDS *,

TO DR. HELSHAM †.

SIR, Nov. 23, at night, 1731.

WHEN I left you, I found myself of the grape's juice sick;
I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick;
And the patientest patient ever you knew sick:
Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spew-sick.
I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew sick:
She mended at first, but now she 's anew sick.
Captain Butler made some in the church black and blue sick.
Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us all pew-sick.
Are not you, in a crowd when you sweat and you stew, sick?
Lady Santry got out of the church when she grew sick,
And, as fast as she could, to the deanery flew sick.
Miss Morice was (I can you assure 'tis true) sick:
For, who would not be in that numerous crew sick?
Such musick would make a fanatick or Jew sick,
Yet, ladies are seldom at ombre or loo sick.

* This medley (for it cannot be called a poem) is given as a specimen of those *bagatelles* for which the dean hath perhaps been too severely censured.

† Richard Helsham, M. D. professor of physick and natural philosophy in the university of Dublin. See the Preface to Delany on Polygamy.

Nor is old Nanny Shales, whene'er she does brew, sick.
My footman came home from the church of a bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews sick;
But you learned doctors can make whom you choose sick:
And poor I myself was, when I withdrew, sick;
For the smell of them made me like garlick and rue sick,
And I got through the crowd, though not led by a clew, sick.
Yet hop'd to find many (for that was your cue) sick;
But there was not a dozen (to give them their due) sick,
And those to be sure, stuck together like glew, sick.
So are ladies in crowds, when they squeeze and they screw, sick;
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale hue, sick;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor Muse sick.
This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick;
But I hope I shall ne'er be like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking askew, sick.

DR.

DR. HELSHAM'S ANSWER.

THE doctor's first rhyme would make any Jew sick:
I know it has made a fine lady in blue sick,
For which she is gone in a coach to Killbrew sick,
Like a hen I once had, from a fox when she flew sick:
Last Monday a lady at St. Patrick's did spew sick:
And made all the rest of the folks in the pew sick,
The surgeon who bled her his lancet out drew sick,
And stopt the distemper, as being but new sick.
The yacht, the last storm, had all her whole crew sick;
Had we two been there, it would have made me and you sick:
A lady that long'd, is by eating of glew sick;
Did you ever know one in a very good Q sick?
I 'm told that my wife is by winding a clew sick;
The doctors have made her by rhyme and by rue sick.
There 's a gamester in town, for a throw that he threw sick,
And yet the old trade of his dice he 'll pursue sick;
I 've known an old miser for paying his due sick;
At present I 'm grown by a pinch of my shoe sick,
And what would you have me with verses to do sick?
Send rhymes, and I'll send you some others in lieu sick.

Of rhymes I have plenty.
And therefore send twenty.

Answer'd the same day when sent, Nov. 23.

I desire

I desire you will carry both these to the doctor, together with his own; and let him know we are not persons to be insulted.

" Can you match with me,
" Who send thirty-three?
" You must get fourteen more,
" To make up thirty-four:
" But, if me you can conquer,
" I 'll own you a strong cur *."

This morning I'm growing, by smelling of yew, sick;
My brother's come over with gold from Peru sick;
Last night I came home in a storm that then blew sick;
This moment my dog at a cat I halloo sick;
I hear, from good hands, that my poor cousin Hugh's sick;
By quaffing a bottle, and pulling a screw sick:
And now there's no more I can write (you 'll excuse) sick;
You see that I scorn to mention word musick.

I 'll do my best,
To send the rest;
Without a jest,
I 'll stand the test.

These lines that I send you, I hope you 'll peruse sick;
I 'll make you with writing a little more news sick;
Last night I came home with drinking of booze sick;

* The lines " thus mark'd" were written by Dr. Swift, at the bottom of Dr. Helsham's twenty lines; and the following fourteen were afterward added on the same paper. N.

My

My carpenter swears that he 'll hack and he 'll hew sick;
An officer's lady, I'm told, is tattoo sick;
I 'm afraid that the line thirty-four you will view sick.
Lord; I could write a dozen more;
You see, I've mounted thirty-four.

EPIGRAM,

ON THE BUSTS * IN RICHMOND HERMITAGE, 1732.

"Sic siti lætantur docti."

WITH honour thus by Carolina plac'd,
How are these venerable bustoes grac'd!
O queen, with more than regal title crown'd,
For love of arts and piety renown'd!
How do the friends of virtue joy to see
Her darling sons exalted thus by thee!
Nought to their fame can now be added more,
Rever'd by her whom all mankind adore.

ANOTHER.

LEWIS the living learned fed,
And rais'd the scientifick head:
Our frugal queen, to save her meat,
Exalts the heads that cannot eat.

* Newton, Locke, Clarke, and Woolaston.

A Con-

A CONCLUSION drawn from the above EPIGRAMS and sent to the DRAPIER.

SINCE Anna, whose bounty thy merits had fed,
Ere her own was laid low, had exalted thy head;
And since our good queen to the wise is so just,
To raise heads for such as are humbled in dust,
I wonder, good man, that you are not envaulted;
Prithee go, and be dead, and be doubly exalted.

DR. SWIFT'S ANSWER.

HER majesty never shall be my exalter;
And yet she would raise me, I know, by a halter!

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT.

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAPER BOOK FINELY BOUND, ON HIS BIRTHDAY, NOV. 30, 1732 *.

BY JOHN EARL OF ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face,
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;

* It was occasioned by an annual custom, which I found pursued among his friends, of making him a present on his birthday. ORRERY.

Though pasteboards, glittering like a tinsell'd coat,
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet, if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices, should provoke thy rage;
If, warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each vacant space, shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgment, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart.
The spangled covering, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more:
But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.
So when the eye surveys some lovely fair,
With bloom of beauty grac'd, with shape and air;
How is the rapture heighten'd, when we find
Her form excell'd by her celestial mind!

VERSES LEFT WITH A SILVER STANDISH ON THE DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S DESK, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

BY DR. DELANY.

HITHER from Mexico I came,
To serve a proud Iernian dame:
Was long submitted to her will;
At length she lost me at quadrille.

Through

Through various shapes I often pass'd,
Still hoping to have rest at last;
And still ambitious to obtain
Admittance to the patriot dean;
And sometimes got within his door,
But soon turn'd out to serve the poor *;
Not strolling Idleness to aid,
But honest Industry decay'd.
At length an artist purchas'd me,
And wrought me to the shape you see.
This done, to Hermes I apply'd:
" O Hermes! gratify my pride;
" Be it my fate to serve a sage,
" The greatest genius of his age;
" That matchless pen let me supply,
" Whose living lines will never die!"
" I grant your suit;" the God replied,
And here he left me to reside.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY

THE FOREGOING PRESENTS.

A PAPER BOOK is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish.

* Alluding to five hundred pounds lent by the dean, without interest, to poor tradesmen.

Let both around my tomb be plac'd:
As trophies of a Muse deceas'd:
And let the friendly lines they writ,
In praise of long-departed wit,
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes,
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.

THE BEASTS' CONFESSION TO THE PRIEST,

ON OBSERVING HOW MOST MEN MISTAKE THEIR OWN TALENTS. 1732.

PREFACE.

I HAVE been long of opinion, that there is not a more general and greater mistake, or of worse consequences through the commerce of mankind, than the wrong judgments they are apt to entertain of their own talents. I knew a stuttering alderman in London, a great frequenter of coffeehouses; who, when a fresh newspaper was brought in, constantly seized it first, and read it aloud to his brother citizens; but in a manner as little intelligible to the standers-by as to himself. How many pretenders to learning expose themselves by choosing to discourse on those very parts of science wherewith they are least acquainted! It is the same case in every other qualification. By the multitude of those who deal in rhymes, from half a sheet to twenty, which come out every minute, there must be at least five hundred poets in the city and suburbs of London; half as many coffeehouse orators, exclusive of the clergy; forty thousand politicians, and four thousand five hundred profound scholars: not to mention the wits, the railers, the smart fellows, and criticks; all as illiterate and impudent as a suburb whore. What are we to think of the fine-dressed sparks, proud of their own personal deformities, which appear

appear the more hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and gold, with what they call toupets* on their heads, and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a figure before women; some of them with humpbacks, others hardly five feet high, and every feature of their faces distorted? I have seen many of these insipid pretenders entering into conversation with persons of learning, constantly making the grossest blunders in every sentence, without conveying one single idea fit for a rational creature to spend a thought on; perpetually confounding all chronology, and geography even of present times. compute, that London hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy kind, for one among us in Dublin; beside two thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now naturalized; whereby that overgrown capital exceeds ours in the articles of dunces by forty to one; and what is more to our farther mortification, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish birth or education, who makes any noise in that famous metropolis, unless the London prints be very partial or defective; whereas London is seldom without a dozen of their own educating, who engross the vogue for half a winter together, and are never heard of more, but give place to a new set. This has been the constant progress for at least thirty years past, only allowing for the change of breed and fashion.

The poem is grounded upon the universal folly in mankind of mistaking their talents; by which the author does a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesses: and yet he has gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning: so great is the pride of man!

WHEN beasts could speak (the learned say
They still can do so every day)
It seems, they had religion then,
As much as now we find in men.

* Wigs with long black tails, at that time very much in fashion. It was very common also to call the wearers of them by the same name.

It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
(Which therefore made them more devout)
The king of brutes (to make it plain,
Of quadrupeds I only mean)
By proclamation gave command,
That every subject in the land
Should to the priest confess their sins;
And thus the pious Wolf begins:
Good father, I must own with shame,
That often I have been to blame:
I must confess, on Friday last,
Wretch that I was! I broke my fast;
But I defy the basest tongue
To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
Or ever went to seek my food
By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The Ass, approaching next, confess'd,
That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
A wag he was, he needs must own,
And could not let a dunce alone:
Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
And might perhaps be too severe:
But yet, the worst that could be said,
He was a wit both born and bred;
And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame;
One fault he has, is sorry for 't,
His ears are half a foot too short;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He 'd show his face before the king:
Then for his voice, there 's none disputes
That he 's the nightingale of brutes.

The Swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud;

In

In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his vice:
In every turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent:
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found:
His vigilance might some displease;
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.
The mimic Ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter;
Much of the censuring world complain'd,
Who said, his gravity was feign'd:
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engag'd him in a hundred quarrels:
He saw, and he was griev'd to see 't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet:
He found his virtues too severe
For our corrupted times to bear;
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a stoick's rage.
The Goat advanc'd with decent pace;
And first excus'd his youthful face;
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature's fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind:
Not, as his enemies object,
From chance, or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution;
But through a pious resolution:
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;

Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
And strictly too, as doth his reverence *.
Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with humankind.
Some faults we own: but, can you guess?
Why virtues carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.
The Lawyer swears (you may rely on 't)
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job;
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.
The cringing Knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer mince the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:
His crime he quickly understood;
Too zealous for the nation's good:
He found the ministers resent it,
Yet could not for his heart repent it.

* The priest his confessor.

The

The Chaplain vows, he cannot fawn,
Though it would raise him to the lawn:
He pass'd his hours among his books;
You find it in his meagre looks:
He might, if he were worldly wise,
Preferment get, and spare his eyes:
But owns, he had a stubborn spirit,
That made him trust alone to merit:
Would rise by merit to promotion;
Alas! a mere chimerick notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
Confess'd a sin; (and God forgive him!)
Call'd up at midnight, ran to save
A blind old beggar from the grave:
But see how Satan spreads his snares;
He quite forgot to say his prayers.
He cannot help it for his heart
Sometimes to act the parson's part:
Quotes from the Bible many a sentence,
That moves his patients to repentance:
And, when his medicines do no good,
Supports their minds with heavenly food;
At which, however well intended,
He hears the clergy are offended;
And grown so bold behind his back,
To call him hypocrite and quack.
In his own church he keeps a seat;
Says grace before and after meat;
And calls, without affecting airs,
His household twice a day to prayers.
He shuns apothecaries shops,
And hates to cram the sick with slops;
He scorns to make his art a trade;
Nor bribes my lady's favourite maid,

Old

Old nurse-keepers would never hire,
To recommend him to the squire;
Which others, whom he will not name,
Have often practis'd to their shame.
The Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
His fault is to be too sincere;
And having no sinister ends,
Is apt to disoblige his friends.
The nation's good, his master's glory,
Without regard to whig or tory,
Were all the schemes he had in view;
Yet he was seconded by few:
Though some had spread a thousand lies,
'Twas he defeated the excise.
'Twas known, though he had born aspersion,
That standing troops were his aversion:
His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place:
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity:
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good;
Their kind affections he has tried;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone:
O! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,

Would

Would grant him licence to retire,
And it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He 's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations;
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother;
Through modesty or awkward shame,
(For which he owns himself to blame)
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.
The Sharper swore, he hated play,
Except to pass an hour away:
And well he might; for, to his cost,
By want of skill, he always lost;
He heard there was a club of cheats,
Who had contriv'd a thousand feats;
Could change the stock, or cog a die,
And thus deceive the sharpest eye:
Nor wonder how his fortune sunk,
His brothers fleece him when he 's drunk.
I own the moral not exact;
Besides, the tale is false in fact;
And so absurd, that could I raise up
From fields Elysian, fabling Æsop,
I would accuse him to his face
For libelling the fourfoot race.
Creatures of every kind but ours
Well comprehend their natural powers;

While

While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day.
The Ass was never known so stupid,
To act the part of Tray or Cupid;
Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
There to be strok'd, and fed with pap,
As Æsop would the world persuade;
He better understands his trade:
Nor comes whene'er his lady whistles;
But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
Our author's meaning, I presume, is
A creature *bipes et implumis*;
Wherein the moralist design'd
A compliment on humankind:
For here he owns, that now and then
Beasts may degenerate into men.

THE PARSON'S CASE.

THAT you, friend Marcus, like a stoick,
Can wish to die in strains heroick,
No real fortitude implies:
Yet, all must own, thy wish is wise.
Thy curate's place, thy fruitful wife,
Thy busy, drudging scene of life,
Thy insolent, illiterate vicar,
Thy want of all-consoling liquor,
Thy threadbare gown, thy cassock rent,
Thy credit sunk, thy money spent,
Thy week made up of fastingdays,
Thy grate unconscious of a blaze,

And,

And, to complete thy other curses,
The quarterly demands of nurses,
Are ills you wisely wish to leave,
And fly for refuge to the grave;
And, O, what virtue you express,
In wishing such afflictions less!
But, now, should Fortune shift the scene,
And make thy curateship a dean;
Or some rich benefice provide,
To pamper luxury and pride;
With labour small and income great;
With chariot less for use than state;
With swelling scarf and glossy gown,
And licence to reside in town:
To shine where all the gay resort,
At concerts, coffeehouse, or court:
And weekly persecute his grace,
With visits, or to beg a place;
With underlings thy flock to teach,
With no desire to pray or preach;
With haughty spouse in vesture fine,
With plenteous meals and generous wine;
Wouldst thou not wish, in so much ease,
Thy years as numerous as thy days?

THE HARDSHIP UPON THE LADIES. 1733.

POOR ladies! though their business be to play,
'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
Why should they want the privilege of men,
Nor take some small diversions now and then?

Had

Had women been the makers of our laws,
(And why they were not, I can see no cause)
The men should slave at cards from morn to night;
And female pleasures be to read and write.

A LOVE SONG,

IN THE MODERN TASTE. 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart;
I, a slave in thy dominions;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flowery rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
Mourn'd Adonis, darling youth:
Him the boar, in silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy choir.

V. Gloomy

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrours,
Arm'd in adamantine chains,
Lead me to the crystal mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian plains.

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
Gilding my Aurelia's brows,
Morpheus, hovering o'er my pillow,
Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
Swiftly purling in a round,
On thy margin lovers wander,
With thy flowery chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
Softly seeks her silent mate,
See the bird of Juno stooping;
Melody resigns to fate.

ON THE WORDS

BROTHER PROTESTANTS,

AND

FELLOW CHRISTIANS,

So familiarly used by the advocates for the repeal of the TEST ACT in Ireland, 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current born;
While things of heterogeneous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The generous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all, to show their amity,
As in a general calamity.
A ball of new-dropp'd horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
" See, brother, how we apples swim."
Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns,
" Not for the world—we doctors, brother,
" Must take no fees of one another."
Thus to a dean some curate sloven
Subscribes, " Dear sir, your brother loving."
Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
About St. James's, cry, " We courtiers."
Thus Horace in the house will prate,
" Sir, we the ministers of state."

Thus

Thus at the bar the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother sergeant.
And thus fanatick saints, though neither in
Doctrine nor discipline our brethren,
Are brother protestants and Christians,
As much as Hebrews and Philistines:
But in no other sense, than nature
Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
Lice from your body suck their food;
But is a louse your flesh and blood?
Though born of human filth and sweat, it
As well may say man did beget it.
And maggots in your nose and chin
As well may claim you for their kin.
Yet criticks may object, why not?
Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
Which made our swarm of sects determine
Employments for their brother vermin.
But be they English, Irish, Scottish,
What protestant can be so sottish,
While o'er the church these clouds are gathering,
To call a swarm of lice his brethren?
As Moses, by divine advice,
In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice;
And as our sects, by all descriptions,
Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
As from the trodden dust they spring,
And, turn'd to lice, infest the king:
For pity's sake, it would be just,
A rod should turn them back to dust.
Let folks in high or holy stations
Be proud of owning such relations;

Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
As if they were afraid to lose 'em:
While I, with humble Job, had rather
Say to corruption—"Thou 'rt my father."
For he that has so little wit
To nourish vermin, may be bit.

THE YAHOO'S OVERTHROW;

OR

THE KEVAN BAYL'S NEW BALLAD,

UPON SERGEANT KITE'S INSULTING THE DEAN.

To the Tune of, Derry down.

JOLLY boys of St. Kevan's, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, I 'll tell you, if not told before,
How Bettesworth, that booby, and scoundrel in grain,
Has insulted us all by insulting the dean.
Knock him down, down, down, knock him down.

The dean and his merits we every one know,
But this skip of a lawyer, where the De'el did he grow?
How greater his merit at Four Courts or House,
Than the barking of Towzer, or leap of a louse?
Knock him down, &c.

That he came from the Temple, his morals do show;
But where his deep law is, few mortals yet know:
His

His rhetorick, bombaſt, ſilly jeſts, are by far
More like to lampooning, than pleading at bar.
Knock him down, &c.

This pedlar, at ſpeaking and making of laws,
Has met with returns of all ſorts but applause;
Has, with noise and odd geſtures, been prating some years,
What honeſter folks never durſt for their ears.
Knock him down, &c.

Of all ſizes and sorts, the fanatical crew
Are his brother proteſtants, good men and true,
Red hat, and blue bonnet, and turban 's the same,
What the De'el is 't to him whence the Devil they came?
Knock him down, &c.

Hobbes, Tindal, and Woolſton, and Collins, and Nayler,
And Muggleton, Toland, and Bradley the Taylor,
Are Chriſtians alike; and it may be averr'd,
He 's a Christian as good as the rest of the herd.
Knock him down, &c.

He only the rights of the clergy debates,
Their rights! their importance! We 'll set on new rates
On their tithes at half-nothing, their prieſthood at less:
What 's next to be voted with ease you may guess.
Knock him down, &c.

At length his old master (I need not him name)
To this damnable speaker had long ow'd a shame;
When his speech came abroad, he paid him off clean,
By leaving him under the pen of the dean.
Knock him down, &c.

He kindled, as if the whole satire had been
The oppreſſion of virtue, not wages of sin:
He began, as he bragg'd, with a rant and a roar;
He bragg'd how he bounc'd, and he swore how he swore.

Knock him down, &c.

Though he cring'd to his deanship in very low strains,
To others he boasted of knocking out brains,
And slitting of noses, and cropping of ears,
While his own ass's zaggs were more fit for the shears.

Knock him down, &c.

On this worrier of deans whene'er we can hit,
We 'll show him the way how to crop and to slit;
We 'll teach him some better address to afford
To the dean of all deans, though he wears not a sword.

Knock him down, &c.

We 'll colt him through Kevan, St. Patrick's, Donore,
And Smithfield, as rap was ne'er colted before;
We 'll oil him with kennel, and powder him with grains,
A modus right fit for insulters of deans.

Knock him down, &c.

And, when this is over, we 'll make him amends,
To the dean he shall go; they shall kiss and be friends:
But how? Why, the dean shall to him disclose
A face for to kiss, without eyes, ears, or nose.

Knock him down, &c.

If

If you say this is hard on a man that is reckon'd
That sergeant at law whom we call Kite the Second,
You mistake; for a slave, who will coax his superiours,
May be proud to be licking a great man's posteriours.
Knock him down, &c.

What care we how high runs his passion or pride?
Though his soul he despises, he values his hide;
Then fear not his tongue, or his sword, or his knife;
He 'll take his revenge on his innocent wife.
Knock him down, down, down, keep him down.

ON THE

ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL, AND BETTESWORTH.

DEAR Dick, pr'ythee tell by what passion you move?
The world is in doubt, whether hatred or love;
And, while at good Cashel you rail with such spite,
They shrewdly suspect it is all but a bite.
You certainly know, though so loudly you vapour,
His spite cannot wound, who attempted the Drapier.
Then, prithee, reflect, take a word of advice;
And, as your old wont is, change sides in a trice:
On his virtues hold forth; 'tis the very best way;
And say of the man what all honest men say.
But if, still obdurate, your anger remains,
If still your foul bosom more rancour contains;

Say then more than they; nay, lavishly flatter,
'Tis your gross panegyricks alone can bespatter:
For thine, my dear Dick, give me leave to speak plain,
Like very foul mops, dirty more than they clean.

ON POETRY:

A RHAPSODY. 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
And millions miss for one that hits.
Young's universal passion, pride,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say, Britain, could you ever boast
Three poets in an age at most?
Our chilling climate hardly bears
A sprig of bays in fifty years;
While every fool his claim alleges,
As if it grew in common hedges.
What reason can there be assign'd
For this perverseness in the mind?
Brutes find out where their talents lie:
A bear will not attempt to fly;
A founder'd horse will oft' debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
A dog by instinct turns aside,
Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
But man we find the only creature
Who, led by folly, combats Nature;

Who,

Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
With obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his genius least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole designs.
Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetick fire.
What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?
Where you have nothing to produce
For private life, or publick use?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets, law makes no provision;
The wealthy have you in derision:
Of state affairs you cannot smatter;
Are awkward when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was just one annual hundred pound;

Now not so much as in remainder,
Since Cibber brought in an attainder;
For ever fix'd by right divine
(A monarch's right) on Grub-street line.
Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
How unproportion'd to thy pains!
And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critick's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd sinner,
Instructing thus a young beginner.
Consult yourself; and if you find
A powerful impulse urge your mind,
Impartial judge within your breast
What subject you can manage best;
Whether your genius most inclines
To satire, praise, or humorous lines,
To elegies in mournful tone,
Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
Then, rising with Aurora's light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;

Be

Be mindful, when invention fails,
To scratch your head, and bite your nails.
Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with numerous breaks and dashes.
To statesmen would you give a wipe,
You print it in Italick type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes:
But, when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.
Your poem in its modish dress,
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by pennypost to Lintot,
But let no friend alive look into 't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear your labour lost:
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd!
The hawker shows you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint:
The product of your toil and sweating;
A bastard of your own begetting.
Be sure at Will's, the following day,
Lie snug, and hear what criticks say;
And, if you find the general vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue,
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.

Be silent as a politician,
For talking may beget suspicion:
Or praise the judgment of the town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal pride,
Nor argue on the weaker side:
For, poems read without a name
We justly praise, or justly blame;
And criticks have no partial views,
Except they know whom they abuse:
And since you ne'er provoke their spite,
Depend upon 't their judgment 's right.
But if you blab, you are undone:
Consider what a risk you run:
You lose your credit all at once;
The town will mark you for a dunce;
The vilest doggrel, Grub street sends,
Will pass for yours with foes and friends;
And you must bear the whole disgrace,
Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.
Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
And sent in quires to line a trunk,
If still you be dispos'd to rhyme,
Go try your hand a second time.
Again you fail: yet Safe's the word;
Take courage, and attempt a third.
But first with care employ your thoughts
Where criticks mark'd your former faults;
The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
The similes that nothing fit;
The cant which every fool repeats,
Town jests and coffeehouse conceits,
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why:

Or

Or where we find your fury set
Against the harmless alphabet;
On As and Bes your malice vent,
While readers wonder whom you meant;
A publick or a private robber,
A statesman, or a South-sea jobber;
A prelate, who no God believes;
A parliament, or den of thieves;
A pickpurse at the bar or bench,
A duchess, or a suburbwench:
Or oft, when epithets you link
In gaping lines to fill a chink;
Like steppingstones, to save a stride,
In streets where kennels are too wide;
Or like a heel-piece, to support
A cripple with one foot too short;
Or like a bridge, that joins a marish
To moorlands of a different parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds
Drag different ways in miry grounds.
So geographers, in Africk maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
But, though you miss your third essay,
You need not throw your pen away.
Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
To spring more profitable game.
From party merit seek support;
The vilest verse thrives best at court.
A pamphlet in sir Bob's defence
Will never fail to bring in pence:
Nor be concern'd about the sale,
He pays his workmen on the nail.

A prince,

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
Inherits every virtue round,
As emblems of the sovereign power,
Like other baubles in the Tower:
Is generous, valiant, just, and wise,
And so continues till he dies:
His humble senate this professes,
In all their speeches, votes, addresses.
But once you fix him in a tomb,
His virtues fade, his vices bloom;
And each perfection, wrong imputed,
Is fully at his death confuted.
The loads of poems in his praise,
Ascending, make one funeral blaze:
As soon as you can hear his knell,
This god on earth turns devil in Hell;
And lo! his ministers of state,
Transform'd to imps, his levee wait;
Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
They ply their former arts below;
And as they sail in Charon's boat,
Contrive to bribe the judge's vote;
To Cerberus they give a sop,
His triple barking mouth to stop;
Or, in the ivory gate of dreams
Project excise and South-sea schemes;
Or hire their party pamphleteers
To set Elysium by the ears.
Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
Employ your Muse on kings alive;
With prudence gathering up a cluster
Of all the virtues you can muster,
Which, form'd into a garland sweet,
Lay humbly at your monarch's feet;

Who,

Who, as the odours reach his throne,
Will smile, and think them all his own;
For law and Gospel both determine
All virtues lodge in royal ermine:
I mean the oracles of both,
Who shall depose it upon oath.
Your garland, in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.
But, if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case)
Put on the critick's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit.
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no farther in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art;
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern criticks' jargon:
Then talk with more authentick face
Of unities, in time and place;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends,
And have them at your fingers ends;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Bossu.
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our criticks much confide in;
Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.
A forward critick often dupes us
With sham quotations *peri hupsous:*
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.

Then,

Then, lest with Greek he overrun ye,
Procure the book for love or money,
Translated from Boileau's translation,
And quote quotation on quotation.
At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table head,
Reclining on his elbowchair,
Gives judgment with decisive air;
To whom the tribe of circling wits
As to an oracle submits.
He gives directions to the town,
To cry it up, or run it down;
Like courtiers, when they send a note,
Instructing members how to vote.
He sets the stamp of bad and good,
Though not a word be understood.
Your lesson learn'd, you 'll be secure
To get the name of connoisseur:
And, when your merits once are known,
Procure disciples of your own.
For poets (you can never want them)
Spread through Augusta Trinobantum,
Computing by their pecks of coals,
Amount to just nine thousand souls:
These o'er their proper districts govern,
Of wit and humour judges sovereign.
In every street a city bard
Rules, like an alderman, his ward;
His indisputed rights extend
Through all the lane, from end to end;
The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
For songs of loyalty and lewdness;
Outdone by none in rhyming well,
Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bordering wits contend for glory;
And one is whig, and one is tory:
And this, for epicks claims the bays,
And that, for elegiack lays:
Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
By lovers spoke in Punch's booth;
And some as justly Fame extols
For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls.
Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
And Mævius reigns o'er Kentishtown:
Tigellius plac'd in Phœbus' car
From Ludgate shines to Temple bar:
Harmonious Cibber entertains
The court with annual birthday strains;
Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never show his face;
Where Young must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.
But these are not a thousandth part
Of jobbers in the poet's art,
Attending each his proper station,
And all in due subordination,
Through every alley to be found,
In garrets high, or under ground;
And when they join their pericranies,
Out skips a book of miscellanies.
Hobbes clearly proves, that every creature
Lives in a state of war by nature.
The greater for the smaller watch,
But meddle seldom with their match.
A whale of moderate size will draw
A shoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geese his belly crams;
A wolf destroys a thousand lambs;

But

But search among the rhyming race,
The brave are worried by the base.
If on Parnassus' top you sit,
You rarely bite, are always bit:
Each poet of inferiour size
On you shall rail and criticise,
And strive to tear you limb from limb;
While others do as much for him.
The vermin only tease and pinch
Their foes superiour by an inch.
So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.
Thus every poet, in his kind,
Is bit by him that comes behind:
Who, though too little to be seen,
Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen;
Call dunces, fools, and sons of whores,
Lay Grub street at each other's doors;
Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
And curse our modern poetasters;
Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
How genius is no more rewarded;
How wrong a taste prevails among us;
How much our ancestors outsung us;
Can personate an awkward scorn
For those who are not poets born;
And all their brother dunces lash,
Who crowd the press with hourly trash.
O Grub street! how do I bemoan thee,
Whose graceless children scorn to own thee!
Their filial piety forgot,
Deny their country, like a Scot;

Though,

Though, by their idiom and grimace,
They soon betray their native place:
Yet thou hast greater cause to be
Asham'd of them, than they of thee,
Degenerate from their ancient brood,
Since first the court allow'd them food.
Remains a difficulty still,
To purchase fame by writing ill.
From Flecknoe down to Howard's * time,
How few have reach'd the low sublime!
For when our high-born Howard died,
Blackmore alone his place supplied:
And, lest a chasm should intervene,
When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
The leaden crown devolv'd to thee,
Great poet † of the hollow tree.

* Hon. Edward Howard, author of four indifferent plays, and of two books of poetry, one called "The British Princess," the other "Poems and Essays, with a paraphrase on Cicero's "Lælius."

† Sir William Grimston, bart. (created viscount Grimston and baron of Dunboyne in the kingdom of Ireland, June 3, 1719), wrote a play, when a boy, to be acted by his schoolfellows, entitled, "The Lawyer's Fortune; or, Love in a Hollow Tree;" printed in 4to, 1705; a performance of so little merit, that his lordship, at a more advanced period of life, endeavoured by every means in his power to suppress it; and this he might possibly have accomplished, had he not been engaged in a dispute with the duchess of Marlborough, about the borough of St. Alban's. To render him ridiculous in the eyes of his constituents, her grace caused an impression of this play to be printed, with an elephant in the title page dancing on a rope. This edition his lordship purchased; but her grace, being determined to accomplish her design, sent a copy to be reprinted in Holland, and afterward distributed the whole impression among the electors of St. Albans; for which place, however, he was chosen representative, in 1713, 1714, and 1727. He died Oct. 25, 1756.

But ah! how unsecure thy throne!
A thousand bards thy right disown:
They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
Duncenia to a common weal;
And with rebellious arms pretend
An equal privilege to descend.
In bulk there are not more degrees
From elephants to mites in cheese,
Than what a curious eye may trace
In creatures of the rhyming race.
From bad to worse, and worse they fall;
But who can reach the worst of all?
For though, in nature, depth and height
Are equally held infinite:
In poetry, the height we know;
T'is only infinite below.
For instance: when you rashly think,
No rhymer can like Welsted * sink,
His merits ⏢ alanc'd, you shall find
The laureate † leaves him far behind.
Concannen, more aspiring bard,
Soars downward deeper by a yard.
Smart Jemmy Moore ‡ with vigour drops;
The rest pursue as thick as hops:

* That the merits of Mr. Welsted as a poet have been much underrated, and his fair fame as a worthy member of society unwarrantably traduced, an appeal may confidently be made to his Miscellaneous Works in Verse and Prose, first collected in 1787, 8vo; and to the biographical memoirs prefixed to that collection.

† In some edition, instead of the laureate, was maliciously inserted the name of Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the supposed author manifested a great esteem.

‡ James Moore Smith, esq., author of "The Rival Modes," an unsuccessful comedy, was chiefly remarkable for a consummate assurance as a plagiarist. See his character at large, in the Dunciad, II, 50.

With

With heads to points the gulf they enter,
Link'd perpendicular to the centre;
And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the nether skies.
O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the Muses' name!
By flattering kings, whom Heaven design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And every vice that nurses both.
Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, intreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iülus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,

An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.
The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses, in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
Now sing the minister of state,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestick port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the publick debts to pay,
Like prudent Fabius, by delay.
Thou great vicegerent of the king,
Thy praises every Muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector;
Though small the time thou hast to spare,
The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You choose, to rule the sable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage,
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence.
St. George beheld thee with delight,
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean,
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.
Say, poet, in what other nation
Shone ever such a constellation!
Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
And tune your harps, and strow your bays:

Your

Your panegyricks here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.
Above the stars exalt your style,
You still are low ten thousand mile.
On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
Of incense many a thousand load;
But Europe mortified his pride,
And swore the fawning rascals lied.
Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
Exactly true! invidious poet!
'Tis fifty thousand times below it.

Translate me now some lines, if you can,
From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
They could all power in Heaven divide,
And do no wrong on either side;
They teach you how to split a hair,
Give George and Jove an equal share.
Yet why should we be lac'd so strait?
I 'll give my monarch butter weight.
And reason good; for many a year
Jove never intermeddled here:
Nor, though his priests be duly paid,
Did ever we desire his aid:
We now can better do without him,
Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him.

Cætera desiderantur.

A NEW SIMILE FOR THE LADIES.

BY DR. SHERIDAN. 1733.

" To make a writer miss his end,
" You 've nothing else to do but mend."

I OFTEN tried in vain to find
A simile for womankind,
A simile I meant to fit 'em,
In every circumstance to hit 'em.
Through every beast and bird I went,
I ransack'd every element;
And, after peeping through all nature
To find so whimsical a creature,
A cloud presented to my view,
And straight this parallel I drew:
Clouds turn with every wind about,
They keep us in suspense and doubt,
Yet oft perverse, like womankind,
Are seen to scud against the wind:
And are not women just the same?
For, who can tell at what they aim?
Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bellowing they discharge their thunder:
So when the alarumbell is rung
Of Xanti's everlasting tongue,
The husband dreads its loudness more
Than lightning's flash, or thunder's roar.
Clouds weep, as they do, without pain;
And what are tears but women's rain?

The

The clouds about the welkin roam;
And ladies never stay at home.
The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair:
For all the schemes of their forecasting,
Are not more solid, nor more lasting.
A cloud is light by turns, and dark,
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she 's pleas'd, his fears beguil'd,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they 're wondrously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike)
Though in the darkest dumps you view them,
Stay but a moment, you 'll see through them.
The clouds are apt to make reflection,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia, with small provocation,
Blasts every neighbour's reputation.
The clouds delight in gaudy show,
(For they, like ladies, have their bow)
The gravest matron will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.
Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
What various colours are display'd;
The pink, the rose, the violet's die,
In that great drawingroom the sky;
How do these differ from our Graces,
In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
Are they not such another sight,
When met upon a birthday night?
The clouds delight to change their fashion:
(Dear ladies, be not in a passion!)

Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
Who every hour delight in change.
In them and you alike are seen
The sullen symptoms of the spleen;
The moment that your vapours rise,
We see them dropping from your eyes.
In evening fair you may behold
The clouds are fring'd with borrow'd gold;
And this is many a lady's case,
Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace.
Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
Their words fall thick, and soft, and slow;
While brisk coquettes, like rattling hail,
Our ears on every side assail.
Clouds when they intercept our sight,
Deprive us of celestial light:
So when my Chloe I pursue,
No Heaven besides I have in view.
Thus, on comparison you see,
In every instance they agree;
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name.
Let me proclaim it then aloud,
That every woman is a cloud.

ANSWER

ANSWER. BY DR. SWIFT.

PRESUMPTUOUS bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show
Inferiour mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs?
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse?
We hardly thunder thrice a year;
The bolt discharg'd, the sky grows clear;
But every sublunary dowdy,
The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.
Some critick may object, perhaps,
That clouds are blam'd for giving claps;
But what, alas! are claps ethereal
Compar'd for mischief to venereal?
Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
Or from your noses dig out notches?
We leave the body sweet and sound;
We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.
You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
Fair weather when the morning breaks;
But women in a cloudy plight
Foretell a storm to last till night.
A cloud in proper seasons pours
His blessings down in fruitful showers;
But woman was by fate design'd
To pour down curses on mankind.

When

When Sirius o'er the welkin rages,
Our kindly help his fire assuages;
But woman is a curst inflamer,
No parish ducking-stool can tame her:
To kindle strife, dame Nature taught her;
Like fireworks, she can burn in water.
For fickleness how durst you blame us,
Who for our constancy are famous?
You 'll see a cloud in gentle weather
Keep the same face an hour together;
While women, if it could be reckon'd,
Change every feature every second.
Observe our figure in a morning,
Of foul or fair we give you warning;
But can you guess from women's air
One minute, whether foul or fair?
Go read in ancient books enroll'd
What honours we possess'd of old.
To disappoint Ixion's rape
Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape;
Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
No goddess could have pleas'd him more;
No difference could he find between
His cloud and Jove's imperial queen:
His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs,
Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures;
From us descended *ab origine*,
By learned authors called *nubiginæ*;
But say, what earthly nymph do you know,
So beautiful to pass for Juno?
Before Æneas durst aspire
To court her majesty of Tyre,
His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
That Dido might the more caress him:

A coat we gave him, died in grain,
A flaxen wig, and clouded cane,
(The wig was powder'd round with sleet,
Which fell in clouds beneath his feet)
With which he made a tearing ſhow;
And Dido quickly smoked the beau.
  Among your females make inquiries,
What nymph on earth so fair as Iris?
With heavenly beauty so endow'd?
And yet her father is a cloud.
We dress'd her in a gold brocade,
Befitting Juno's favourite maid.
  'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
Ador'd us clouds as deities:
To us he made his daily prayers,
As Aristophanes declares;
From Jupiter took all dominion,
And died defending his opinion.
By his authority 'tis plain
You worship other gods in vain;
And from your own experience know
We govern all things there below.
You follow where we please to guide;
O'er all your passions we preside,
Can raise them up, or sink them down,
As we think fit to smile or frown:
And, just as we dispose your brain,
Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.
  Compare us then to female race!
We, to whom all the gods give place!
Who better challenge your allegiance,
Because we dwell in higher regions.
You find the gods in Homer, dwell
In seas and streams, or low as Hell:

Ev'n

Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
No higher climb than mount Olymp.
Who makes you think the clouds he pierces?
He pierce the clouds! he kiss their a—es;
While we, o'er Teneriffa plac'd,
Are loftier by a mile at least:
And, when Apollo struts on Pindus,
We see him from our kitchen windows;
Or, to Parnassus looking down,
Can piss upon his laurel crown.
Fate never form'd the gods to fly;
In vehicles they mount the sky:
When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
He comes full gallop on his eagle.
Though Venus be as light as air,
She must have doves to draw her chair.
Apollo stirs not out of door,
Without his lacker'd coach and four.
And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin.
But we can fly where'er we please,
O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas:
From east to west the world we roam,
And in all climates are at home;
With care provide you as we go
With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
You, when it rains, like fools, believe
Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
We only dip a spunge in water;
Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
And shake it well, and down it comes;
As you shall to your sorrow know;
We 'll watch your steps where'er you go:

And,

And, since we find you walk afoot,
We 'll soundly souse your frieze surtout.
'Tis but by our peculiar grace,
That Phœbus ever shows his face:
For, when we please, we open wide
Our curtains blue from side to side:
And then how saucily he shows
His brazen face and fiery nose;
And gives himself a haughty air,
As if he made the weather fair!
'Tis sung, wherever Cælia treads,
The violets ope their purple heads;
The roses blow, the cowslip springs;
'Tis sung; but we know better things.
'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
Will often piss upon a nettle;
But, though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better;
While we, by soft prolifick showers,
Can every spring produce you flowers.
Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to lightning;
And yet I hope 'twill be allow'd,
That lightning comes but from a cloud.
But gods like us have too much sense
At poets flights to take offence:
Nor can hyperboles demean us;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus.
We own your verses are melodious;
But such comparisons are odious.

A VIN-

A VINDICATION OF THE LIBEL:

OR,

A NEW BALLAD,

Written by a SHOEBOY, on an ATTORNEY who was formerly a SHOEBOY.

"Qui color ater erat, nunc est contrarius atro."

WITH singing of ballads, and crying of news,
With whitening of buckles, and blacking of shoes,
Did Hartley * set out, both shoeless and shirtless,
And moneyless too, but not very dirtless;
Two pence he had gotten by begging, that 's all;
One bought him a brush, and one a black ball;
For clouts at a loss he could not be much,
The clothes on his back as being but such;
Thus vamp'd and accoutred, with clouts, ball, and brush,
He gallantly ventur'd his fortune to push:
Vespasian thus, being bespatter'd with dirt,
Was omen'd to be Rome's emperor for 't.
But as a wise fiddler is noted you know,
To have a good couple of strings to one bow;
So Hartley judiciously thought it too little,
To live by the sweat of his hands and his spittle:
He finds out another profession as fit,
And straight he becomes a retailer of wit.

* See the next poem.

One

One day he cried—"Murders, and songs, and great news!"
Another as loudly—"Here blacken your shoes!"
At Domvile's * full often he fed upon bits,
For winding of jacks up, and turning of spits;
Lick'd all the plates round, had many a grubbing,
And now and then got from the cook-maid a drubbing:
Such bastings effect upon him could have none:
The dog will be patient that 's struck with a bone.
Sir Thomas, observing this Hartley withal
So expert and so active at brushes and ball,
Was mov'd with compassion, and thought it a pity
A youth should be lost, that had been so witty:
Without more ado, he vamps up my spark,
And now we 'll suppose him an eminent clerk;
Suppose him an adept in all the degrees
Of scribbling *cum dasho*, and hooking of fees;
Suppose him a miser, attorney *per* bill,
Suppose him a courtier—suppose what you will—
Yet would you believe, though I swore by the Bible,
That he took up two news-boys for crying the libel?

* Sir T. Domvile, patentee of the Hanaper office.

A FRIENDLY

A FRIENDLY APOLOGY
FOR A CERTAIN JUSTICE OF PEACE,
By Way of Defence of HARTLEY HUTCHINSON, Esq.

" But he by bawling news about,
" And aptly using brush and clout,
" A justice of the peace became,
" To punish rogues who do the same." HUD.

By JAMES BLACKWELL, Operator for the Feet.

I SING the man of courage try'd,
O'errun with ignorance and pride,
Who boldly hunted out disgrace
With canker'd mind and hideous face;
The first who made (let none deny it),
The libel-vending rogues be quiet.
The fact was glorious, we must own,
For Hartley was before unknown,
Contemn'd, I mean;—for who would choose
So vile a subject for the Muse?
'Twas once the noblest of his wishes
To fill his paunch with scraps from dishes,
For which he 'd parch before the grate,
Or wind the jack's slow-rising weight,
(Such toils as best his talents fit)
Or polish shoes, or turn the spit;
But, unexpectedly grown rich in
'Squire Domvile's family and kitchen,
He pants to eternize his name,
And takes the dirty road to fame;
Believes that persecuting wit
Will prove the surest way to it;

So,

So, with a colonel * at his back,
The Libel feels his first attack;
He calls it a seditious paper,
Writ by another patriot Drapier;
Then raves and blunders nonsense thicker
Than aldermen o'ercharg'd with liquor;
And all this with design, no doubt,
To hear his praises hawk'd about;
To send his name through every street,
Which erst he roam'd with dirty feet;
Well pleas'd to live to future times,
Though but in keen satirick rhymes.
So Ajax, who, for aught we know,
Was justice many years ago,
And minding then no earthly things,
But killing libellers of kings;
Or, if he wanted work to do,
To run a bawling news-boy through;
Yet he, when wrapp'd up in a cloud,
Entreated father Jove aloud,
Only in light to show his face,
Though it might tend to his disgrace.
And so th' Ephesian villain fir'd
The temple which the world admir'd,
Contemning death, despising shame,
To gain an ever-odious name.

* Colonel Ker, a Scotchman, lieutenant-colonel to lord Harrington's regiment of dragoons, who made a news-boy evidence against the printer.

DR. SHERIDAN'S BALLAD

ON BALLYSPELLIN. 1728.

ALL you that would refine your blood,
As pure as fam'd Llewellyn,
By waters clear, come every year,
To drink at Ballyspellin.

Though pox or itch your skins enrich
With rubies past the telling,
'Twill clear your skin before you've been
A month at Ballyspellin.

If lady's cheek be green as leek
When she comes from her dwelling,
The kindling rose within it glows
When she's at Ballyspellin.

The sooty brown, who comes from town,
Grows here as fair as Helen;
Then back she goes, to kill the beaux
By dint of Ballyspellin.

Our ladies are as fresh and fair
As Rose, or bright Dunkelling:
And Mars might make a fair mistake,
Were he at Ballyspellin.

We

We men submit as they think fit,
And here is no rebelling:
The reason 's plain; the ladies reign,
They 're queens at Ballyspellin.

By matchless charms, unconquer'd arms,
They have the way of quelling
Such desperate foes as dare oppose
Their power at Ballyspellin.

Cold water turns to fire, and burns,
I know, because I fell in
A stream, which came from one bright dame
Who drank at Ballyspellin.

Fine beaux advance, equipt for dance,
To bring their Anne or Nell in,
With so much grace, I 'm sure no place
Can vie with Ballyspellin.

No politicks, no subtle tricks,
No man his country selling:
We eat, we drink; we never think
Of these at Ballyspellin.

The troubled mind, the puft with wind,
Do all come here pellmell in;
And they are sure to work their cure
By drinking Ballyspellin.

Though dropsy fills you to the gills,
From chin to toe though swelling,
Pour in, pour out, you cannot doubt
A cure at Ballyspellin.

Death throws no darts through all these parts,
No sextons here are knelling:
Come, judge and try, you 'll never die,
But live at Ballyspellin.

Except you feel darts tipt with steel,
Which here are every belle in:
When from their eyes sweet ruin flies,
We die at Ballyspellin.

Good cheer, sweet air, much joy, no care,
Your sight, your taste, your smelling,
Your ears, your touch, transported much
Each day at Ballyspellin.

Within this ground we all sleep sound,
No noisy dogs a-yelling;
Except you wake, for Cælia's sake,
All night at Ballyspellin.

There all you see, both he and she,
No lady keeps her cell in;
But all partake the mirth we make,
Who drink at Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone; I think I've none,
Unless I should bring Hell in;
But, since I 'm here to Heaven so near,
I can't at Ballyspellin!

ANSWER.

ANSWER.

BY DR. SWIFT.

DARE you dispute, you saucy brute,
And think there 's no refelling
Your scurvy lays, and senseless praise
You give to Ballyspellin?

Howe'er you flounce, I here pronounce,
Your medicine is repelling;
Your water 's mud, and sours the blood
When drunk at Ballyspellin.

Those pocky drabs, to cure their scabs,
You thither are compelling,
Will back be sent worse than they went,
From nasty Ballyspellin.

Llewellyn why? As well may I
Name honest doctor Pellin;
So hard sometimes you tug for rhymes,
To bring in Ballyspellin.

No subject fit to try your wit,
When you went colonelling;
But dull intrigues 'twixt jades and teagues,
You met at Ballyspellin.

Our lasses fair, say what you dare,
Who sowins make with shelling,
At Market-hill more beaux can kill,
Than yours at Ballyspellin.

Would I was whipt, when Sheelah stript,
To wash herself our well in;
A bum so white ne'er came in sight
At paltry Ballyspellin.

Your mawkins there smocks hempen wear;
Of Holland not an ell in,
No, not a rag, whate'er you brag,
Is found at Ballyspellin.

But Tom will prate at any rate,
All other nymphs expelling;
Because he gets a few grisettes
At lousy Ballyspellin.

There 's bonny Jane, in yonder lane,
Just o'er against the Bell inn;
Where can you meet a lass so sweet,
Round all your Ballyspellin?

We have a girl deserves an earl;
She came from Enniskellin:
So fair, so young, no such among
The belles of Ballyspellin.

How would you stare, to see her there,
The foggy mists dispelling,
That cloud the brows of every blowse
Who lives at Ballyspellin!

Now, as I live, I would not give
A stiver or a skellin,
To towse and kiss the fairest miss
That leaks at Ballyspellin.

Whoe'er will raise such lies as these
Deserves a good cudgélling:
Who falsely boasts of belles and toasts
At dirty Ballyspellin.

My rhymes are gone to all but one,
Which is, our trees are felling;
As proper quite as those you write,
To force in Ballyspellin.

HORACE,

HORACE, PART OF BOOK I, SAT. IV,

PARAPHRASED. 1739.

IF noisy Tom * should in the senate prate,
" That he would answer both for church and state;
" And, farther to demonstrate his affection,
" Would take the kingdom into his protection:"
All mortals must be curious to inquire,
Who could this coxcomb be, and who his sire?
" What! thou, the spawn of him † who sham'd
" our isle,
" Traitor, assassin, and informer vile!
" Though by the female side ‡ you proudly bring,
" To mend your breed, the murderer of a king;
" What was thy grandsire §, but a mountaineer,
" Who held a cabin for ten groats a year;
" Whose master Moore || preserv'd him from the
" halter!
" For stealing cows; nor could he read the Psalter!
" Durst thou, ungrateful, from the senate chace
" Thy founder's grandson ¶, and usurp his place?
" Just

* Sir Thomas Prendergast.

† The father of sir Thomas Prendergast, who engaged in a plot to murder king William III; but, to avoid being hanged, turned informer against his associates, for which he was rewarded with a good estate, and made a baronet.

‡ Cadogan's family.

§ A poor thieving cottager under Mr. Moore, condemned at Clonmell assizes to be hanged for stealing cows.

|| The grandfather of Guy Moore, esq., who procured him a pardon.

¶ Guy Moore was fairly elected member of parliament for Clonmell; but sir Thomas, depending upon his interest with

" Just Heaven! to see the dunghill bastard brood
" Survive in thee, and make the proverb good *?
" Then vote a worthy citizen † to jail,
" In spite of justice, and refuse his bail!"

ON A PRINTER'S ‡ BEING SENT TO NEWGATE.

BETTER we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves;
Worse than the anarchy at sea,
Where fishes on each other prey;
Where every trout can make as high rants
O'er his inferiours, as our tyrants;
And swagger while the coast is clear:
But, should a lordly pike appear,
Away you see the varlet scud,
Or hide his coward snout in mud.
Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
He dare not venture to approach;
Yet still has impudence to rise,
And, like Domitian, leap at flies,

a certain party then prevailing, and since known by the title of parsonhunters, petitioned the house against him; out of which he was turned upon pretence of bribery, which the paying of his lawful debts was then voted to be.

* " Save a thief from the gallows, and he will cut your " throat."

† Mr. George Faulkner. See the following verses.—Mr. serjeant Bettesworth, a member of the Irish parliament, having made a complaint to the house of commons against the " Satire on Quadrille," they voted Faulkner the printer into custody (who was confined closely in prison three days, when he was in a very bad state of health, and his life in much danger) for not discovering the author.

‡ Mr. Faulkner.

THE

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT*.

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head,
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrours, bursts the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
" Offending race of human kind,
" By nature, reason, learning, blind;
" You who, through frailty, stepp'd aside;
" And you who never fell from pride;
" You who in different sects were shamm'd,
" And come to see each other damn'd:
" (So some folk told you, but they knew
" No more of Jove's designs than you)
" — The world's mad business now is o'er,
" And I resent these pranks no more.
" — I to such blockheads set my wit!
" I damn such fools! — Go, go, you 're bit."

* This Poem was printed (from the dean's MS.) in a letter from lord Chesterfield addressed to Mr. Voltaire, dated Aug. 27, 1752.

VERSES

VERSES SENT TO THE DEAN ON HIS BIRTHDAY,

WITH PINE'S HORACE FINELY BOUND.

BY DR. J. SICAN.

—(Horace speaking.)

YOU 'VE read, sir, in poetick strain,
How Varus and the Mantuan swain
Have on my birthday been invited,
(But I was forc'd in verse to write it)
Upon a plain repast to dine,
And taste my old Campanian wine;
But I, who all punctilios hate,
Though long familiar with the great,
Nor glory in my reputation,
Am come without an invitation;
And, though I 'm us'd to right Falernian,
I 'll deign for once to taste Iernian;
But fearing that you might dispute
(Had I put on my common suit)
My breeding and my politesse,
I visit in my birthday dress;
My coat of purest Turkey red,
With gold embroidery richly spread;
To which I 've sure as good pretensions,
As Irish lords who starve on pensions.
What though proud ministers of state
Did at your antichamber wait;
What though your Oxfords and your St. Johns,
Have at your levée paid attendance;
And Peterborow and great Ormond,
With many chiefs who now are dormant,

Have

Have laid aside the general's staff,
And publick cares, with you to laugh;
Yet I some friends as good can name,
Nor less the darling sons of fame;
For sure my Pollio and Mæcenas
Were as good statesmen, Mr. dean, as
Either your Bolingbroke or Harley,
Though they made Lewis beg a parley;
And as for Mordaunt, your lov'd hero,
I 'll match him with my Drusus Nero.
You 'll boast, perhaps, your favourite Pope;
But Virgil is as good, I hope.
I own indeed I can't get any
To equal Helsham and Delany;
Since Athens brought forth Socrates,
A Grecian isle Hippocrates;
Since Tully liv'd before my time,
And Galen bless'd another clime.
You 'll plead perhaps, at my request,
To be admitted as a guest,
"Your hearing 's bad!"—But why such fears?
I speak to eyes, and not to ears;
And for that reason wisely took
The form you see me in, a book.
Attack'd by slow devouring moths,
By rage of barbarous Huns and Goths;
By Bentley's notes, my deadliest foes,
By Creech's rhymes, and Dunster's prose;
I found my boasted wit and fire
In their rude hands almost expire:
Yet still they but in vain assail'd;
For, had their violence prevail'd,
And in a blast destroy'd my fame,
They would have partly miss'd their aim;

Since

Since all my spirit in thy page
Defies the Vandals of this age.
'Tis yours to save these small remains
From future pedant's muddy brains,
And fix my long uncertain fate,
You best know how—"which way?"—TRANSLATE.

ON PSYCHE*.

AT two afternoon for our Psyche inquire,
Her teakettle 's on, and her smock at the fire:
So loitering, so active; so busy, so idle;
Which has she most need of, a spur or a bridle?
Thus a greyhound outruns the whole pack in a race,
Yet would rather be hang'd than he 'd leave a warm place.
She gives you such plenty, it puts you in pain;
But ever with prudence takes care of the main.
To please you, she knows how to choose a nice bit;
For her taste is almost as refin'd as her wit.
To oblige a good friend, she will trace every market,
It would do your heart good, to see how she will cark it.
Yet beware of her arts; for, it plainly appears,
She saves half her victuals, by feeding your ears.

* Mrs. Sican, a very ingenious lady, mother to the author of the preceding poem.

THE

THE DEAN AND DUKE. 1734.

JAMES BRYDGES * and the dean had long been friends;
James is beduk'd; of course their friendship ends:
But sure the dean deserves a sharp rebuke,
For knowing James, to boast he knows the duke.
Yet, since just Heaven the duke's ambition mocks,
Since all he got by fraud is lost by stocks,
His wings are clipp'd: he tries no more in vain
With bands of fiddlers to extend his train.
Since he no more can build, and plant, and revel,
The duke and dean seem near upon a level.
O! wert thou not a duke, my good duke Humphry,
From bailiff's claws thou scarce could'st keep thy bum free.
A duke to know a dean! go, smooth thy crown:
Thy brother † (far thy betters) wore a gown.
Well, but a duke thou art; so pleas'd the king:
O! would his majesty but add a string!

ON

DR. RUNDLE, BISHOP OF DERRY. 1734-5.

MAKE Rundle bishop! fie for shame!
An Arian to usurp the name!
A bishop in the isle of saints!
How will his brethren make complaints!

* James Brydges was created duke of Chandos, April 30, 1719.
† The hon. Henry Brydges, archdeacon of Rochester.

Dare

Dare any of the mitred host
Confer on him the Holy Ghost:
In mother church to breed a variance,
By coupling orthodox with Arians?
Yet, were he Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
What is there in it strange or new?
For, let us hear the weak pretence,
His brethren find to take offence;
Of whom there are but four at most,
Who know there is a Holy Ghost:
The rest, who boast they have conferr'd it,
Like Paul's Ephesians, never heard it;
And, when they gave it, well 'tis known,
They gave what never was their own.
Rundle a bishop! well he may;
He 's still a Christian more than they.
We know the subject of their quarrels;
The man has learning, sense, and morals.
There is a reason still more weighty;
'Tis granted he believes a Deity.
Has every circumstance to please us,
Though fools may doubt his faith in Jesus.
But why should he with that be loaded,
Now twenty years from court exploded,
And is not this objection odd
From rogues who ne'er believed a God?
For liberty a champion stout,
Though not so Gospelward devout.
While others, hither sent to save us,
Come but to plunder and enslave us;
Nor ever own'd a power divine,
But Mammon, and the German line.
Say, how did Rundle undermine 'em?
Who show'd a better *jus divinum?*

From

From ancient canons would not vary,
But thrice refus'd *episcopari*.
Our bishop's predecessor, Magus,
Would offer all the sands of Tagus;
Or sell his children, house, and lands,
For that one gift, to lay on hands:
But all his gold could not avail
To have the spirit set to sale.
Said surly Peter, "Magus, prithee,
"Be gone: thy money perish with thee."
Were Peter now alive, perhaps,
He might have found a score of chaps:
Could he but make his gift appear
In rents three thousand pounds a year.
Some fancy this promotion odd,
As not the handiwork of God;
Though e'en the bishops disappointed
Must own it made by God's anointed,
And, well we know, the *congé* regal
Is more secure as well as legal;
Because our lawyers all agree,
That bishopricks are held in fee.
Dear Baldwin chaste, and witty Crosse,
How sorely I lament your loss!
That such a pair of wealthy ninnies
Should slip your time of dropping guineas;
For, had you made the king your debtor,
Your title had been so much better,

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

FRIEND Rundle fell, with grievous bump,
Upon his reverential rump.
Poor rump! thou hadst been better sped,
Hadst thou been join'd to Boulter's head;
A head, so weighty and profound,
Would needs have kept thee from the ground.

A CHARACTER, PANEGYRICK, AND DESCRIPTION OF THE

LEGION CLUB*. 1736.

AS I stroll the city, oft' I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bowshot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge:
By the prudent architect,
Plac'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandam's jest,
"Near the church"—you know the rest.
Tell us, what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains.

* In a letter to Dr. Sheridan, April 24, 1736, the dean says, "I have written a masterly poem on the Legion Club; it is "240 lines;" and in another letter, May 15, complains that other characters were added; and says, June 5, there were fifty different copies.

These

These demoniacks let me dub
With the name of Legion club.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such haranguing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder-proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every scull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies' nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
For divines allow, that God
Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
And the Gospel will inform us,
He can punish sins enormous.
Yet should Swift endow the schools,
For his lunaticks and fools,
With a rood or two of land;
I allow the pile may stand.
You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
But it is with this proviso:
Since the house is like to last,
Let the royal grant be pass'd,
That the club have right to dwell
Each within his proper cell,

With a passage left to creep in,
And a hole above for peeping.
Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit apicking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung:
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown
When they see a clergy-gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the house;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.
Let sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser,
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from papists, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.
Come, assist me, Muse obedient!
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy power.

Thither,

Thither, gentle Muse, conduct me;
I shall ask, and you instruct me.
See, the Muse unbars the gate;
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!
All ye gods who rule the soul!
Styx, through Hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell
What I heard in yonder Hell.
Near the door an entrance gapes,
Crowded round with antick shapes,
Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
Causeless Joy, and true Despair;
Discord periwigg'd with snakes,
See the dreadful strides she takes!
By this odious crew beset,
I began to rage and fret,
And resolv'd to break their pates,
Ere we enter'd at the gates;
Had not Clio in the nick
Whisper'd me, "Lay down your stick."
What, said I, is this the madhouse?
These, she answer'd, are but shadows,
Phantoms bodiless and vain,
Empty visions of the brain.
In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands:
Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence apiece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,

When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels.
Never durst a Muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio, stifled with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.
Not the stench of Lake Avernus
Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.
When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, said I, we are alone,
Name your heroes one by one.
Who is that hell-featur'd brawler?
Is it Satan? No; 'tis Waller.
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of sir Hardress?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are Hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T—p.
Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:

By

By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your piss;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods perhaps may tame them.
Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloke:
Who is he? 'Tis humdrum Wynne,
Half encompass'd by his kin:
There observe the tribe of Bingham,
For he never fails to bring 'em;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait;
Yet would gladly see the hunks,
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
For the court, against the nation.
Those are A—s Jack and Bob,
First in every wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainsick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at Hoath, to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

There sit Clements, D—ks, and Harrison:
How they swagger from their garrison!
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side Hell?
Harrison, and D—ks, and Clements,
Keeper, see, they have their payments,
Every mischief's in their hearts;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.
Bless us, Morgan, art thou there, man!
Bless mine eyes! art thou the chairman!
Chairman to your damn'd committee!
Yet I look on thee with pity.
Dreadful sight! what, learned Morgan
Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon?
For thy horrid looks, I own,
Half convert me to a stone.
Hast thou been so long at school,
Now to turn a factious tool?
Alma Mater was thy mother,
Every young divine thy brother.
Thou, a disobedient varlet,
Treat thy mother like a harlot!
Thou ungrateful to thy teachers,
Who are all grown reverend preachers!
Morgan, would it not surprise one!
Turn thy nourishment to poison!
When you walk among your books,
They reproach you with their looks;
Bind them fast, or from their shelves
They will come and right themselves:
Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
All in arms, prepare to back us:
Soon repent, or put to slaughter
Every Greek and Roman author.

Will

Will you, in your faction's phrase,
Send the clergy all to graze;
And, to make your project pass,
Leave them not a blade of grass?
How I want thee, humorous Hogarth!
Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art.
Were but you and I acquainted,
Every monster should be painted:
You should try your graving tools
On this odious groupe of fools;
Draw the beasts as I decribe them
From their features, while I gibe them;
Draw them like; for I assure you,
You will need no *car'catura*;
Draw them so, that we may trace
All the soul in every face.
Keeper, I must now retire,
You have done what I desire:
But I feel my spirits spent
With the noise, the sight, the scent.
" Pray be patient; you shall find
" Half the best are still behind:
" You have hardly seen a score;
" I can show two hundred more."
Keeper, I have seen enough.
Taking then a pinch of snuff,
I concluded, looking round them,
" May their god, the devil, confound them!"

AN APOLOGY, &c.

A LADY, wise as well as fair,
Whose conscience always was her care,
Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
Would have the text as well as comment:
So hearing of a grave Divine,
She sent to bid him come and dine.
But, you must know, he was not quite
So grave as to be unpolite;
Thought human learning would not lessen
The dignity of his profession:
And, if you 'd heard the man discourse,
Or preach, you 'd like him scarce the worse.
He long had bid the court farewell,
Retreating silent to his cell;
Suspected for the love he bore
To one who sway'd some time before;
Which made it more surprising how
He should be sent for thither now.
The message told, he gapes, and stares,
And scarce believes his eyes or ears:
Could not conceive what it should mean,
And fain would hear it told again.
But then the squire so trim and nice,
'Twere rude to make him tell it twice;
So bow'd, was thankful for the honour;
And would not fail to wait upon her.
His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
Away he trudges into town;
Passes the lower castle yard,
And now advancing to the guard,

He

He trembles at the thoughts of state;
For, conscious of his sheepish gait,
His spirits of a sudden fail'd him;
He stopp'd, and could not tell what ail'd him.
What was the message I receiv'd?
Why certainly the captain rav'd?
To dine with her! and come at three!
Impossible! it can't be me.
Or may be I mistook the word;
My lady—it must be my lord.
My lord 's abroad; my lady too:
What must th' unhappy doctor do?
"Is captain Cracherode here, pray?"—"No."
"Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
Am I awake, or do I dream?
I 'm sure he call'd me by my name;
Nam'd me as plain as he could speak;
And yet there must be some mistake.
Why, what a jest should I have been,
Had now my lady been within!
What could I 've said? I 'm mighty glad
She went abroad—she 'd thought me mad.
The hour of dining now is past:
Well then, I 'll e'en go home and fast;
And, since I 'scap'd being made a scoff,
I think I 'm very fairly off.
My lady now returning home,
Calls, "Cracherode, is the doctor come?"
He had not heard of him—"Pray see,
"'Tis now a quarter after three."
The captain walks about, and searches
Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches;
Examines all the servants round,
In vain—no doctor 's to be found.

My

My lady could not choose but wonder:
" Captain, I fear you 've made some blunder:
" But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
" I 'll try his manners once again;
" If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
" My son shall never see a college."
The captain was a man of reading,
And much good sense, as well as breeding;
Who, loath to blame, or to incense,
Said little in his own defence.
Next day another message brought:
The doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
Panting—and faltering—humm'd and ha'd,
" Her ladyship was gone abroad;
" The captain too—he did not know
" Whether he ought to stay or go;"
Begg'd she 'd forgive him. In conclusion,
My lady, pitying his confusion,
Call'd her good nature to relieve him;
Told him, she thought she might believe him;
And would not only grant his suit,
But visit him, and eat some fruit;
Provided, at a proper time
He told the real truth in rhyme:
'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
She 'd hear of no excuse in prose.
The doctor stood not to debate,
Glad to compound at any rate;
So, bowing, seemingly complied;
Though, if he durst, he had denied.
But first, resolv'd to show his taste,
Was too refin'd to give a feast:

He 'd

He 'd treat with nothing that was rare,
But winding walks and purer air;
Would entertain without expense,
Or pride or vain magnificence:
For well he knew, to such a guest
The plainest meals must be the best.
To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare
Simplicity alone is rare;
While high, and nice, and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.
Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
The costly boasts of regal rooms,
Thought it more courtly and discreet
To scatter roses at her feet;
Roses of richest die, that shone
With native lustre, like her own:
Beauty that needs no aid of art
Through every sense to reach the heart.
The gracious dame, though well she knew
All this was much beneath her due,
Lik'd every thing—at least thought fit
To praise it *par manière d'acquit.*
Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can 't bear
The scorching sun, or chilling air;
Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
Whether he shows or hides his beams:
Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees,
Starts at the ruffling of the trees;
And scarce can speak for want of breath,
In half a walk fatigued to death.
The doctor takes his hint from hence,
T' apologize his late offence:
" Madam, the mighty power of use
" Now strangely pleads in my excuse:

" If

" If you unus'd have scarcely strength
" To gain this walk's untoward length;
" If, frighten'd at a scene so rude,
" Through long disuse of solitude;
" If, long confin'd to fires and screens,
" You dread the waving of these greens;
" If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
" Of city fogs and crowded rooms,
" Do now solicitously shun
" The cooler air and dazzling sun;
" If his majestick eye you flee,
" Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
" Consider what it is to bear
" The powder'd courtier's witty sneer;
" To see th' important man of dress
" Scoffing my college awkwardness;
" To be the strutting cornet's sport,
" To run the gauntlet of the court,
" Winning my way by slow approaches,
" Through crowds of coxcombs and of coaches,
" From the first fierce cockaded sentry,
" Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry;
" To pass so many crowded stages,
" And stand the staring of your pages;
" And, after all, to crown my spleen,
" Be told—' You are not to be seen:'
" Or, if you are, be forc'd to bear
" The awe of your majestick air.
" And can I then be faulty found,
" In dreading this vexatious round?
" Can it be strange, if I eschew
" A scene so glorious and so new?
" Or is he criminal that flies
" The living lustre of your eyes?"

THE

THE DEAN'S MANNER OF LIVING.

ON rainy days alone I dine
Upon a chick and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone:
But this my servants much enrages,
No scraps remain to save board wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often spunge upon a friend:
Yet, where he 's not so rich as I,
I pay my club, and so good b'ye.

VERSES MADE FOR FRUIT WOMEN, &c.

APPLES.

COME buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in Heaven;
My husband a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain them,
And I must maintain them.

ASPARAGUS.

RIPE 'sparagrass,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken!

ONIONS.

COME, follow me by the smell,
Here are delicate onions to sell,
I promise to use you well.
They make the blood warmer;
You 'll feed like a farmer:
For this is every cook's opinion,
No savoury dish without an onion;
But, lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be thoroughly boil'd:
Or else you may spare
Your mistress a share,
The secret will never be known;
She cannot discover
The breath of her lover,
But think it as sweet as her own.

OYSTERS.

CHARMING oysters I cry:
My masters, come buy,
So plump and so fresh,
So sweet is their flesh,

No

No Colchester oyster
Is sweeter and moister:
Your stomach they settle,
And rouse up your mettle:
They 'll make you a dad
Of a lass or a lad;
And madam your wife
They 'll please to the life;
Be she barren, be she old,
Be she slut, or be she scold,
Eat my oysters, and lie near her,
She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

HERRINGS.

BE not sparing,
Leave off swearing.
Buy my herring
Fresh from Malahide *,
Better never was try'd.
Come, eat them with pure fresh butter and mustard,
Their bellies are soft, and as white as a custard.
Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

ORANGES.

COME buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
And charming when squeez'd in a pot of brown ale;
Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
They 'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.

* Near Dublin.

ON

ON ROVER. A LADY'S SPANIEL.

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER*.

HAPPIEST of the spaniel race,
Painter, with thy colours grace:
Draw his forehead large and high,
Draw his blue and humid eye;
Draw his neck so smooth and round,
Little neck with ribands bound;
And the muscly swelling breast
Where the Loves and Graces rest;
And the spreading even back,
Soft, and sleek, and glossy black;
And the tail that gently twines,
Like the tendrils of the vines;
And the silky twisted hair,
Shadowing thick the velvet ear;
Velvet ears, which, hanging low,
O'er the veiny temples flow.
With a proper light and shade,
Let the winding hoop be laid;
And within that arching bower
(Secret circle, mystick power)
In a downy slumber place
Happiest of the spaniel race;
While the soft respiring dame,
Glowing with the softest flame,
On the ravish'd favourite pours
Balmy dews, ambrosial showers!
With thy utmost skill express
Nature in her richest dress,

* In ridicule of Philips's poem on miss Carteret.

Limpid

Limpid rivers smoothly flowing,
Orchards by those rivers blowing;
Curling woodbine, myrtle shade,
And the gay enamell'd mead;
Where the linnets sit and sing,
Little sportlings of the spring;
Where the breathing field and grove
Sooth the heart, and kindle love.
Here for me, and for the Muse,
Colours of resemblance choose,
Make of lineaments divine,
Daply female spaniels shine,
Pretty fondlings of the fair,
Gentle damsels' gentle care;
But to one alone impart
All the flattery of thy art.
Crowd each feature, crowd each grace,
Which complete the desperate face;
Let the spotted wanton dame
Feel a new resistless flame;
Let the happiest of his race
Win the fair to his embrace.
But in shade the rest conceal,
Nor to sight their joys reveal,
Left the pencil and the Muse
Loose desires and thoughts infuse.

A LETTER TO DR. HELSHAM.

SIR,

Pray discruciate what follows.

THE dulleſt beaſt, and gentleman's liquor,
When young is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swine's delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

The dullest beast, and a party distress'd,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

The dullest beast and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

The dullest beast and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast and a cobler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

The dullest beast, and that which you kiss,
May break a limb of master or miss.

Of serpent kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor mistress Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound,
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming.

The dullest beast, and what 's cover'd with crust,
There 's nobody but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast and a hole in the ground,
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend,
The cookmaid often has by the end.

The dullest beast and fiſh for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent.

The dulleſt beaſt, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wedneſday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain them for me, because I cannot do it.

EPIGRAM*.

BEHOLD! a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen!
When nothing's left, that's worth defence,
We build a magazine.

TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY†.

WHILE I the godlike men of old,
In admiration wrapt, behold;
Rever'd antiquity explore,
And turn the long-lived volumes o'er;
Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus, shine,
In every excellence divine:

* The dean, in his lunacy, had ſome intervals of ſenſe; at which time his guardians or phyſicians took him out for the air. On one of theſe days, when they came to the Park, Swift remarked a new building, which he had never ſeen, and aſked what it was deſigned for. To which Dr. Kingsbury anſwered, "That, Mr. dean, is the magazine for arms and powder, for "the ſecurity of the city." "Oh! oh!" ſays the dean, pulling out his pocketbook, "let me take an *item* of that. This "is worth remarking: 'my tablets,' as Hamlet ſays, 'my "tablets — memory, put down that!" — Which produced the above lines, ſaid to be the laſt he ever wrote.

† Written by Mrs. Pilkington, at a time when ſhe wiſhed to be introduced to the dean. The verſes being preſented to him by Dr. Delany, he kindly accepted the compliment. See vol. I. p. 451.

I grieve

I grieve that our degenerate days
Produce no mighty soul like these:
Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
Are names unknown, and seldom heard.
" Spare your reflection," Phœbus cries;
" 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise:
" Can you complain, this sacred day,
" That virtues or that arts decay?
" Behold in Swift reviv'd appears
" The virtues of unnumber'd years;
" Behold in him, with new delight,
" The patriot, bard, and sage, unite;
" And know, Ierne in that name
" Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame."

ON DR. SWIFT. 1733.

NO pedant Bentley proud, uncouth,
Nor sweetening dedicator smooth,
In one attempt has ever dar'd
To sap, or storm, this mighty bard.
Nor Envy does, nor Ignorance,
Make on his works the least advance.
For *this*, behold! still flies afar
Where'er his genius does appear;
Nor has *that* ought to do above,
So meddles not with Swift and Jove.
A faithful, universal fame
In glory spreads abroad his name;
Pronounces Swift, with loudest breath,
Immortal grown before his death.

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT NUGENT, Esq.*
WITH A PICTURE OF DR. SWIFT.

BY DR. DUNKIN†.

TO gratify thy long desire
(So Love and Piety require),
From Bindon's ‡ colours you may trace
The patriot's venerable face,
The last, O Nugent! which his art
Shall ever to the world impart;
For know, the prime of mortal men,
That matchless monarch of the pen
(Whose labours, like the genial sun,
Shall through revolving ages run,
Yet never, like the sun, decline,
But in their full meridian shine),
That ever-honour'd, envied sage,
So long the wonder of his age,
Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
Is not the shadow of the dean:
He only breathes Bœotian air—
"O! what a falling off was there!"
Hibernia's Helicon is dry,
Invention, Wit, and Humour die;

* Created baron Nugent and viscount Clare, Dec. 20, 1766.

† This elegant tribute of gratitude, as it was written at that dismal period of the dean's life, when all suspicion of flattery must vanish, reflects the highest honour on the ingenious writer, and cannot but be agreeable to the admirers of Dr. Swift.

‡ Samuel Bindon, esq., one of the greatest painters and architects of his time. On account of his age, and some little failure in his sight, he threw aside his pencil soon after the year 1750; and afterward lived to a good old age, greatly beloved and respected by all who had the happiness either of his friendship or acquaintance. He died June 2, 1765.

And

And what remains against the storm
Of Malice, but an empty form?
The nodding ruins of a pile,
That stood the bulwark of this isle?
In which the sisterhood was fix'd
Of candid Honour, Truth unmix'd,
Imperial Reason, Thought profound,
And Charity, diffusing round
In cheerful rivulets the flow
Of Fortune to the sons of woe?
Such one, my Nugent, was thy Swift,
Endued with each exalted gift.
But lo! the pure æthereal flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
Which held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.
Ye sons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And Nature's honour, in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan;
By Providence advanced for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,

May haply be recall'd from you
Before the grave demands his due.
Then, while your morning star proceeds,
Direct your course to worthy deeds,
In fuller day discharge your debts;
For, when your sun of reason sets,
The night succeeds; and all your schemes
Of glory vanish with your dreams.
Ah! where is now the supple train,
That danc'd attendance on the dean?
Say, where are those facetious folks,
Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
And with attentive rapture hung
On wisdom, dropping from his tongue;
Who look'd with high disdainful pride
On all the busy world beside,
And rated his productions more
Than treasures of Peruvian ore?
Good Christians! they with bended knees
Ingulf'd the wine, but loath the lees,
Averting (so the text commands),
With ardent eyes and upcast hands,
The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrils, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals;
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals;
Through Scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,

And on the ruins of his fame
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul, of vile extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The sounder members traverse o'er,
But fix and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style;
Since all the monsters which he drew
Were only meant to copy you;
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.
  But, O! that He, who gave him breath,
Dread arbiter of life and death;
That He, the moving soul of all,
The sleeping spirit would recall,
And crown him with triumphant meeds,
For all his past heroick deeds,
In mansions of unbroken rest,
The bright republick of the bless'd!
Irradiate his benighted mind
With living light of light refin'd;
And these the blank of thought employ
With objects of immortal joy!
  Yet, while he drags the sad remains
Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
Above the views of private ends,
The tributary Muse attends,
To prop his feeble steps, or shed
The pious tear around his bed.
  So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

EPI-

EPITAPH, PROPOSED FOR DR. SWIFT. 1745.

HIC JACET
DEMOCRITVS ILLE NEOTERICVS, RABELAESIVS NOSTER,
IONATHAN SWIFT, S.T.P., HVIVS CATHEDRALIS NUPER DECANVS;
MOMI, MVSARVM, MINERVAE, ALVMNVS PERQVAM DILECTVS;
INSVLSIS, HYPOCRITIS, THEOMACHIS, IVXTA EXOSVS;
QVOS TRIBVTIM SVMMO CVM LEPORE
DERISIT, DENVDAVIT, DEBELLAVIT.
PATRIAE INFELICIS PATRONVS IMPIGER, ET PROPVGNATOR.
PRIMORES ARRIPVIT, POPVLVMQVE INTERRITVS,
VNI SCILICET AEQVVS VIRTVTI.
HANC PAVILLAM
SI QVIS ADES, NEC PENITVS EXCORS VIDETVR,
DEBITA SPARGES LACRYMA.

EPIGRAM ON TWO GREAT MEN. 1745.

TWO geniuses one age and nation grace:
Pride of our isles, and boast of human race!
Great sage! great bard! supreme in knowledge born!
The world to mend, enlighten, and adorn!
Truth on Cimmerian darkness pours the day!
Wit drives in smiles the gloom of minds away!
Ye kindred suns on high, ye glorious spheres,
Whom have ye seen, in twice three thousand years,
Whom have ye seen, like these, of mortal birth;
Though Archimede and Horace blest the earth?
Barbarians, from th' Equator to the Poles,
Hark! reason calls! wisdom awakes your souls!
Ye regions, ignorant of Walpole's name;
Ye climes, where kings shall ne'er extend their fame;

Where

Where men, miscall'd, God's image have defac'd,
Their form belied, and human shape disgrac'd!
Ye two-legg'd wolves! slaves! superstitious sons!
Lords! soldiers! holy Vandals! modern Huns!
Boors, mufties, monks; in Russia, Turkey, Spain!
Who does not know SIR ISAAC, and THE DEAN?

TO THE MEMORY OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

WHEN wasteful death has clos'd the poet's eyes,
And low in earth his mortal essence lies;
When the bright flame, that once his breast inspir'd,
Has to its first, its noblest seat retir'd;
All worthy minds, whom love of merit sways,
Should shade from slander his respected bays;
And bid that fame, his useful labours won,
Pure and untainted through all ages run.
Envy 's a fiend all excellence pursues,
But mostly poets favour'd by the Muse:
Who wins the laurel, sacred verse bestows,
Makes all, who fail in like attempts, his foes:
No puny wit of malice can complain,
The thorn is theirs, who most applauses gain.
Whatever gifts or graces Heaven design'd
To raise man's genius, or enrich his mind,
Were Swift's to boast—alike his merits claim,
The statesman's knowledge, and the poet's flame;
The patriot's honour, zealous to defend
His country's rights—and *faithful to the end*;
The sound divine, whose charities display'd
He more by virtue than by forms was sway'd;

Temperate

Temperate at board, and frugal of his store,
Which he but spar'd, to make his bounties more;
The generous friend, whose heart alike caress'd,
The friend triumphant, or the friend distress'd;
Who could unpain'd another's merit spy,
Nor view a rival's fame with jaundic'd eye;
Humane to all, his love was unconfin'd,
And in its scope embrac'd all humankind;
Sharp, not malicious, was his charming wit,
And less to anger than reform he writ;
Whatever rancour his productions show'd,
From scorn of vice and folly only flow'd;
He thought that fools were an invidious race,
And held no measures with the vain or base.
Virtue so clear! who labours to destroy,
Shall find the charge can but himself annoy:
The slanderous theft to his own breast recoils,
Who seeks renown from injur'd merit's spoils;
All hearts unite, and Heaven with man conspires
To guard those virtues, she herself admires.
O sacred bard!—once ours!—but now no more,
Whose loss, for ever, Ireland must deplore.
No earthly laurels needs thy happy brow,
Above the poet's are thy honours now:
Above the patriot's (though a greater name
No temporal monarch for his crown can claim).
From noble breasts if envy might ensue,
Thy death is all the brave can envy you.
You died, when merit (to its fate resign'd)
Saw scarce one friend to genius left behind.
When shining parts did jealous hatred breed,
And 'twas a crime in science to succeed,
When ignorance spread her hateful mist around,
And dunces only an acceptance found,

What

What could such scenes in noble minds beget,
But life with pain and talents with regret?
Add, that thy spirit from the world retir'd,
Ere hidden foes its farther grief conspir'd;
No treacherous friend did stories yet contrive,
To blast the Muse he flatter'd when alive,
Or sordid printer (by his influence led)
Abus'd the fame that first bestow'd him bread.
Slanders so mean, had he whose nicer ear
Abhorr'd all scandal, but surviv'd to hear,
The fraudful tale had stronger scorn supply'd,
And he (at length) with more disdain had died.
But since detraction is the portion here
Of all who virtuous durst, or great, appear,
And the free soul no true existence gains,
While earthy particles its flight restrains,
The greatest favour grimful Death can show,
Is with swift dart to expedite the blow.
So thought the dean, who, anxious for his fate,
Sigh'd for release, and deem'd the blessing late.
And sure if virtuous souls (life's travail past)
Enjoy (as churchmen teach) repose at last,
There 's cause to think, a mind so firmly good,
Who vice so long, and lawless power, withstood,
Has reach'd the limits of that peaceful shore,
Where knaves molest, and tyrants awe, no more;
These blissful seats the pious but attain,
Where incorrupt, immortal spirits reign.
There his own Parnell strikes the living lyre,
And Pope harmonious joins the tuneful choir;
His Stella too (no more to forms confin'd,
For heavenly beings all are of a kind)
Unites with his the treasures of her mind,

With

With warmer friendships bids their bosoms glow,
Nor dreads the rage of vulgar tongues below.
Such pleasing hope the tranquil breast enjoys,
Whose inward peace no conscious crime annoys;
While guilty minds irresolute appear,
And doubt a state their vices needs must fear.

R——T B——N.

Dublin,
Nov. 4, 1755.

AN INSCRIPTION

INTENDED FOR A COMPARTMENT IN DR. SWIFT'S MONUMENT, DESIGNED BY CUNNINGHAM, ON COLLEGE GREEN, DUBLIN.

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None.—'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

June 4, 1765.

AN EPIGRAM.

OCCASIONED BY THE ABOVE INSCRIPTION.

WHICH gave the Drapier birth two realms contend;
And each asserts her poet, patriot, friend:
Her mitre jealous Britain may deny;
That loss Ierne's laurel shall supply:
Through life's low vale, she, grateful, gave him bread;
Her vocal stones shall vindicate him dead.

1766. W. B. J. N.

A COM-

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

OF GENTEEL AND INGENIOUS

CONVERSATION,

ACCORDING TO THE MOST

POLITE MODE AND METHOD

NOW USED

AT COURT, AND IN THE BEST COMPANIES

OF ENGLAND.

IN THREE DIALOGUES.

BY SIMON WAGSTAFF, ESQ.

AN

INTRODUCTION*.

AS my life has been chiefly spent in consulting the honour and welfare of my country for more than forty years past, not without answerable success, if the world and my friends have not flattered me; so there is no point wherein I have so much laboured, as that of improving and polishing all parts of conversation between persons of quality, whether they meet by accident or invitation, at meals, tea, or visits, mornings, noons, or evenings.

I have passed perhaps more time than any other man of my age and country in visits and assemblies, where the polite persons of both sexes distinguish themselves; and could not without much grief observe how frequently both gentlemen and ladies are at a loss for questions, answers, replies, and rejoinders. However, my concern was much abated, when I found that these defects were not occasioned by any want of materials, but because those materials

* This treatise appears to have been written with the same view, as the Tritical Essay on the Faculties of the Mind, but upon a more general plan: the ridicule which is there confined to literary composition, is here extended to conversation, but its object is the same in both; the repetition of quaint phrases picked up by rote either from the living or the dead, and applied upon every occasion to conceal ignorance or stupidity, or to prevent the labour of thoughts to produce native sentiment, and combine such words as will precisely express it.

were not in every hand: for instance, one lady can give an answer better than ask a question: one gentleman is happy at a reply; another excels in a rejoinder: one can revive a languishing conversation by a sudden surprising sentence; another is more dexterous in seconding; a third can fill up the gap with laughing, or commending what has been said: thus fresh hints may be started, and the ball of the discourse kept up.

But alas! this is too seldom the case, even in the most select companies. How often do we see at court, at publick visiting days, at great men's levees, and other places of general meeting, that the conversation falls and drops to nothing, like a fire without supply of fuel! This is what we all ought to lament; and against this dangerous evil I take upon me to affirm, that I have in the following papers provided an infallible remedy.

It was in the year 1695, and the sixth of his late majesty king WILLIAM the Third of ever glorious and immortal memory, who rescued three kingdoms from popery and slavery, when, being about the age of six and thirty, my judgment mature, of good reputation in the world, and well acquainted with the best families in town, I determined to spend five mornings, to dine four times, pass three afternoons, and six evenings every week, in the houses of the most polite families, of which I would confine myself to fifty; only changing as the masters or ladies died, or left the town, or grew out of vogue, or sunk in their fortunes, or (which to me was of the highest moment) became disaffected to the government; which practice I have followed ever since to this very day; except when I happened to be sick, or in the spleen upon cloudy weather, and except when

when I entertained four of each sex at my own lodgings once in a month, by way of retaliation.

I always kept a large tablebook in my pocket; and as soon as I left the company I immediately entered the choicest expressions that passed during the visit; which, returning home, I transcribed in a fair hand, but somewhat enlarged; and had made the greatest part of my collection in twelve years, but not digested into any method; for this I found was a work of infinite labour, and what required the nicest judgment, and consequently could not be brought to any degree of perfection in less than sixteen years more.

Herein I resolved to exceed the advice of Horace, a Roman poet, which I have read in Mr. Creech's admirable translation; that an author should keep his works nine years in his closet, before he ventured to publish them: and finding that I still received some additional flowers of wit and language, although in a very small number, I determined to defer the publication, to pursue my design, and exhaust (if possible) the whole subject, that I might present a complete system to the world: for I am convinced by long experience, that the criticks will be as severe as their old envy against me can make them: I foresee they will object, that I have inserted many answers and replies which are neither witty, humorous, polite, nor authentick; and have omitted others that would have been highly useful, as well as entertaining. But let them come to particulars, and I will boldly engage to confute their malice.

For these last six or seven years I have not been able to add above nine valuable sentences to enrich my collection: from whence I conclude, that what

remains will amount only to a trifle. However, if, after the publication of this work, any lady or gentleman, when they have read it, shall find the least thing of importance omitted, I desire they will please to supply my defects by communicating to me their discoveries; and their letters may be directed to Simon Wagstaff, esq., at his lodgings next door to the Gloucester-head in St. James's street, paying the postage. In return of which favour, I shall make honourable mention of their names in a short preface to the second edition.

In the mean time, I cannot but with some pride, and much pleasure, congratulate with my dear country, which has outdone all the nations of Europe, in advancing the whole art of conversation to the greatest height it is capable of reaching; and therefore, being entirely convinced that the collection I now offer to the publick is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm, that the whole genius, humour, politeness, and eloquence of England, are summed up in it: nor is the treasure small, wherein are to be found at least a thousand shining questions, answers, repartees, replies, and rejoinders, fitted to adorn every kind of discourse that an assembly of English ladies and gentlemen, met together for their mutual entertainment, can possibly want: especially when the several flowers shall be set off and improved by the speakers, with every circumstance of preface and circumlocution, in proper terms; and attended with praise, laughter, or admiration.

There is a natural, involuntary distortion of the muscles, which is the anatomical cause of laughter: but there is another cause of laughter which decency requires, and is the undoubted mark of a good taste,

as well as of a polite obliging behaviour; neither is this to be acquired without much observation, long practice, and a sound judgment; I did therefore once intend, for the ease of the learner, to set down in all parts of the following dialogues certain marks, asterisks, or *nota-benes* (in English, mark-wells) after most questions, and every reply or answer; directing exactly the moment when one, two, or all the company are to laugh: but having duly considered, that this expedient would too much enlarge the bulk of the volume, and consequently the price; and likewise that something ought to be left for ingenious readers to find out, I have determined to leave that whole affair, although of great importance, to their own discretion.

The reader must learn by all means to distinguish between proverbs and those polite speeches which beautify conversation: for, as to the former, I utterly reject them out of all ingenious discourse. I acknowledge, indeed, that there may poſſibly be found in this treatise a few sayings, among so great a number of smart turns of wit and humour as I have produced, which have a proverbial air: however, I hope it will be considered, that even these were not originally proverbs, but the genuine productions of superiour wits, to embellish and support conversation; whence, with great impropriety as well as plagiarism (if you will forgive a hard word) they have most injuriously been transferred into proverbial maxims; and therefore, in justice, ought to be resumed out of vulgar hands, to adorn the drawing-rooms of princes both male and female, the levees of great ministers, as well as the toilet and tea-table of the ladies.

I can faithfully assure the reader, that there is not one single witty phrase in this whole collection, which has not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years, and how much longer it is hard to determine; he may therefore be secure to find them all genuine, sterling, and authentick.

But, before this elaborate treatise can become of universal use and ornament to my native country, two points, that will require time and much application, are absolutely necessary.

For, first, whatever person would aspire to be completely witty, smart, humourous, and polite, must, by hard labour, be able to retain in his memory every single sentence contained in this work, so as never to be once at a loss in applying the right answers, questions, repartees, and the like, immediately, and without study or hesitation.

And, secondly, after a lady or gentleman has so well overcome this difficulty as never to be at a loss upon any emergency, the true management of every feature, and almost of every limb, is equally necessary; without which an infinite number of absurdities will inevitably ensue. For instance, there is hardly a polite sentence in the following dialogues, which does not absolutely require some peculiar graceful motion in the eyes, or nose, or mouth, or forehead, or chin, or suitable toss of the head, with certain offices assigned to each hand; and in ladies, the whole exercise of the fan, fitted to the energy of every word they deliver; by no means omitting the various turns and cadence of the voice, the twistings, and movements, and different postures of the body, the several kinds and gradations of laughter, which the ladies must daily practise by the looking-glass,

glass, and consult upon them with their waiting maids.

My readers will soon observe what a great compass of real and useful knowledge this science includes; wherein, although nature, assisted by genius, may be very instrumental, yet a strong memory and constant application, together with example and precept, will be highly necessary. For these reasons I have often wished, that certain male and female instructors, perfectly versed in this science, would set up schools for the instruction of young ladies and gentlemen therein.

I remember, about thirty years ago, there was a Bohemian woman, of that species commonly known by the name of gypsies, who came over hither from France, and generally attended ISAAC the dancing master, when he was teaching his art to misses of quality; and while the young ladies were thus employed, the Bohemian, standing at some distance, but full in their sight, acted before them all proper airs, and heavings of the head, and motions of the hands, and twistings of the body; whereof you may still observe the good effects in several of our elder ladies.

After the same manner, it were much to be desired, that some expert gentlewomen gone to decay would set up publick schools, wherein young girls of quality, or great fortunes, might first be taught to repeat this following system of conversation, which I have been at so much pains to compile; and then to adapt every feature of their countenances, every turn of their hands, every screwing of their bodies, every exercise of their fans, to the humour of the sentences they hear or deliver in con-

versation. But above all, to instruct them in every species and degree of laughing in the proper seasons, at their own wit or that of the company. And if the sons of the nobility and gentry, instead of being sent to common schools, or put into the hands of tutors at home, to learn nothing but words, were consigned to able instructors, in the same art, I cannot find what use there could be of books, except in the hands of those who are to make learning their trade, which is below the dignity of persons born to titles or estates.

It would be another infinite advantage, that by cultivating this science we should wholly avoid the vexations and impertinence of pedants, who affect to talk in a language not to be understood; and whenever a polite person offers accidentally to use any of their jargon-terms, have the presumption to laugh at us for pronouncing those words in a genteeler manner. Whereas, I do here affirm, that, whenever any fine gentleman or lady condescends to let a hard word pass out of their mouths, every syllable is smoothed and polished in the passage; and it is a true mark of politeness, both in writing and reading, to vary the orthography as well as the sound; because we are infinitely better judges of what will please a distinguishing ear, than those who call themselves scholars can possibly be; who, consequently, ought to correct their books, and manner of pronouncing, by the authority of our example, from whose lips they proceed with infinitely more beauty and significancy.

But, in the mean time, until so great, so useful, and so necessary a design can be put in execution (which, considering the good disposition of our country

country at present, I shall not despair of living to see) let me recommend the following treatise to be carried about as a pocket companion, by all gentlemen and ladies, when they are going to visit, or dine, or drink tea; or where they happen to pass the evening without cards, as I have sometimes known it to be the case upon disappointments or accidents unforeseen; desiring they would read their several parts in their chairs or coaches, to prepare themselves for every kind of conversation that can possibly happen.

Although I have, in justice to my country, allowed the genius of our people to excel that of any other nation upon earth, and have confirmed this truth by an argument not to be controlled, I mean, by producing so great a number of witty sentences in the ensuing dialogues, all of undoubted authority, as well as of our own production, yet I must confess at the same time, that we are wholly indebted for them to our ancestors; for as long as my memory reaches, I do not recollect one new phrase of importance to have been added: which defect in us moderns I take to have been occasioned by the introduction of cant words in the reign of king CHARLES the second. And those have so often varied, that hardly one of them, of above a year's standing, is now intelligible; nor any where to be found, excepting a small number strewed here and there in the comedies, and other fantastick writings of that age.

The honourable colonel JAMES GRAHAM, my old friend and companion, did likewise, toward the end of the same reign, invent a set of words and phrases, which continued almost to the time of his death.

But,

But, as these terms of art were adapted only to courts and politicians, and extended little farther than among his particular acquaintance (of whom I had the honour to be one) they are now almost forgotten.

Nor did the late D. of R—— and E. of E—— succeed much better, although they proceeded no farther than single words; whereof, except bite, bamboozle, and one or two more, the whole vocabulary is antiquated.

The same fate has already attended those other town-wits, who furnish us with a great variety of new terms, which are annually changed, and those of the last season sunk in oblivion. Of these I was once favoured with a complete list by the right honourable the lord and lady H——, with which I made a considerable figure one summer in the country; but returning up to town in winter, and venturing to produce them again, I was partly hooted, and partly not understood.

The only invention of late years, which has any way contributed toward politeness in discourse, is that of abbreviating or reducing words of many syllables into one, by lopping off the rest. This refinement having begun about the time of the Revolution, I had some share in the honour of promoting it; and I observe to my great satisfaction, that it makes daily advancements, and I hope in time will raise our language to the utmost perfection; although I must confess, to avoid obscurity, I have been very sparing of this ornament in the following dialogues.

But, as for phrases invented to cultivate conversation, I defy all the clubs of coffeehouses in this

town

town to invent a new one, equal in wit, humour, smartness, or politeness, to the very worst of my set; which clearly shows, either that we are much degenerated, or that the whole stock of materials has been already employed. I would willingly hope, as I do confidently believe, the latter; because, having myself for several months racked my invention to enrich this treasure (if possible) with some additions of my own (which however should have been printed in a different character, that I might not be charged with imposing upon the publick) and having shown them to some judicious friends, they dealt very sincerely with me, all unanimously agreeing that mine were infinitely below the true old helps to discourse drawn up in my present collection, and confirmed their opinion with reasons, by which I was perfectly convinced, as well as ashamed of my great presumption.

But I lately met a much stronger argument to confirm me in the same sentiments; for, as the great bishop BURNET of Salisbury informs us, in the preface to his admirable History of his own Times, that he intended to employ himself in polishing it every day of his life (and indeed in its kind it is almost equally polished with this work of mine) so it has been my constant business for some years past to examine, with the utmost strictness, whether I could possibly find the smallest lapse in style or propriety through my whole collection, that, in emulation with the bishop, I might send it abroad as the most finished piece of the age.

It happened one day, as I was dining in good company of both sexes, and watching according to my custom for new materials wherewith to fill my pocket-book,

book, I succeeded well enough till after dinner, when the ladies retired to their tea, and left us over a bottle of wine. But I found we were not able to furnish any more materials that were worth the pains of transcribing: for, the discourse of the company was all degenerated into smart sayings of their own invention, and not of the true old standard; so that in absolute despair I withdrew, and went to attend the ladies at their tea: whence I did then conclude, and still continue to believe, either that wine does not inspire politeness, or that our sex is not able to support it without the company of women, who never fail to lead us into the right way, and there to keep us.

It much increases the value of these apophthegms, that unto them we owe the continuance of our language for at least a hundred years; neither is this to be wondered at, because indeed, beside the smartness of the wit, and fineness of the raillery, such is the propriety and energy of expression in them all, that they never can be changed, but to disadvantage, except in the circumstance of using abbreviations: which however I do not despair in due time to see introduced, having already met them at some of the choice companies in town.

Although this work be calculated for all persons of quality and fortune of both sexes; yet the reader may perceive, that my particular view was to the officers of the army, the gentlemen of the inns of court, and of both the universities; to all courtiers, male and female; but principally to the maids of honour; of whom I have been personally acquainted with two and twenty sets, all excelling in this noble endowment; till, for some years past, I know not how,

how, they came to degenerate into selling of bargains and freethinking: not that I am against either of these entertainments at proper seasons in compliance with company, who may want a taste for more exalted discourse, whose memories may be short, who are too young to be perfect in their lessons, or (although it be hard to conceive) who have no inclination to read and learn my instructions. And besides, there is a strong temptation for court ladies to fall into the two amusements abovementioned, that they may avoid the censure of affecting singularity against the general current and fashion of all about them: but however, no man will pretend to affirm that either bargains or blasphemy, which are the principal ornaments of freethinking, are so good a fund of polite discourse, as what is to be met with in my collection. For, as to bargains, few of them seem to be excellent in their kind, and have not much variety, because they all terminate in one single point; and to multiply them would require more invention than people have to spare. And as to blasphemy or freethinking, I have known some scrupulous persons of both sexes, who by a prejudiced education are afraid of sprights. I must however except the maids of honour, who have been fully convinced by a famous court chaplain, that there is no such place as Hell.

I cannot indeed controvert the lawfulness of freethinking, because it has been universally allowed that thought is free. But however, although it may afford a large field of matter, yet in my poor opinion it seems to contain very little of wit or humour; because it has not been ancient enough among us to furnish established authentick expressions, I mean such

such as must receive a sanction from the polite world, before their authority can be allowed; neither was the art of blasphemy or freethinking invented by the court, or by persons of great quality; who, properly speaking, were patrons rather than inventors of it; but first brought in by the fanatick faction toward the end of their power, and after the Restoration carried to Whitehall by the converted rumpers, with very good reason; because they knew, that king CHARLES the second, from a wrong education, occasioned by the troubles of his father, had time enough to observe, that fanatick enthusiasm directly led to atheism, which agreed with the dissolute inclinations of his youth; and perhaps these principles were farther cultivated in him by the French Hugonots, who have been often charged with spreading them among us: however, I cannot see where the necessity lies of introducing new and foreign topicks for conversation, while we have so plentiful a stock of our own growth.

I have likewise, for some reasons of equal weight, been very sparing in double *entendres*: because they often put ladies upon affected constraints, and affected ignorance. In short, they break or very much entangle, the thread of discourse; neither am I master of any rules to settle the disconcerted countenances of the females in such a juncture; I can therefore only allow innuendoes of this kind to be delivered in whispers, and only to young ladies under twenty, who being in honour obliged to blush, it may produce a new subject for discourse.

Perhaps the criticks may accuse me of a defect in my following system of Polite Conversation; that there is one great ornament of discourse, whereof I have

have not produced a single example; which indeed I purposely omitted, for some reasons that I shall immediately offer; and, if those reasons will not satisfy the male part of my gentle readers, the defect may be applied in some manner by an appendix to the second edition; which appendix shall be printed by itself, and sold for sixpence, stitched, and with a marble cover, that my readers may have no occasion to complain of being defrauded.

The defect I mean is, my not having inserted into the body of my book, all the oaths now most in fashion for embellishing discourse; especially since it could give no offence to the clergy, who are seldom or never admitted to these polite assemblies. And it must be allowed, that oaths well chosen are not only very useful expletives to matter, but great ornaments of style.

What I shall here offer in my own defence upon this important article will, I hope, be some extenuation of my fault.

First, I reasoned with myself, that a just collection of oaths, repeated as often as the fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to double the bulk; whereby it would not only double the charge, but likewise make the volume less commodious for pocket carriage.

Secondly, I have been assured by some judicious friends, that themselves have known certain ladies to take offence (whether seriously or not) at too great a profusion of cursing and swearing, even when that kind of ornament was not improperly introduced; which, I confess, did startle me not a little, having never observed the like in the compass of my own several acquaintance, at least for twenty

twenty years past. However, I was forced to submit to wiser judgments than my own.

Thirdly, as this most useful treatise is calculated for all future times, I considered, in this maturity of my age, how great a variety of oaths I have heard since I began to study the world, and to know men and manners. And here I found it to be true, what I have read in an ancient poet:

> For nowadays men change their oaths,
> As often as they change their clothes.

In short, oaths are the children of fashion; they are in some sense almost annuals, like what I observed before of cant words; and I myself can remember about forty different sets. The old stock oaths, I am confident, do not amount to above forty-five, or fifty at most; but the way of mingling and compounding them is almost as various as that of the alphabet.

Sir JOHN PERROT was the first man of quality, whom I find upon record to have sworn by *God's wounds*. He lived in the reign of queen Elizabeth, and was supposed to be a natural son of Henry the Eighth, who might also probably have been his instructor. This oath indeed still continues, and is a stock oath to this day; so do several others that have kept their natural simplicity: but infinitely the greater number has been so frequently changed and dislocated, that if the inventors were now alive, they could hardly understand them.

Upon these considerations I began to apprehend, that if I should insert all the oaths that are now current, my book would be out of vogue with the first change of fashion, and grow as useless as an old dictionary:

dictionary: whereas the case is quite otherwise with my collection of polite discourse; which, as I before observed, has descended by tradition for at least a hundred years, without any change in the phraseology. I therefore determined with myself to leave out the whole system of swearing; because both the male and female oaths are all perfectly well known and distinguished; new ones are easily learnt, and with a moderate share of discretion may be properly applied on every fit occasion. However, I must here upon this article of swearing most earnestly recommend to my male readers, that they would please a little to study variety. For it is the opinion of our most refined swearers, that the same oath or curse cannot, consistently with true politeness, be repeated above nine times in the same company, by the same person, and at one sitting.

I am far from desiring, or expecting, that all the polite and ingenious speeches contained in this work should, in the general conversation between ladies and gentlemen, come in so quick and so close as I have here delivered them. By no means: on the contrary, they ought to be husbanded better, and spread much thinner. Nor do I make the least question, but that, by a discreet and thrifty management, they may serve for the entertainment of a whole year to any person, who does not make too long or too frequent visits in the same family. The flowers of wit, fancy, wisdom, humour, and politeness, scattered in this volume, amount to one thousand seventy and four. Allowing then to every gentleman and lady thirty visiting families (not insisting upon fractions) there will want but a little of a hundred polite questions, answers, replies,

rejoinders, repartees, and remarks, to be daily delivered fresh in every company for twelve solar months; and even this is a higher pitch of delicacy than the world insists on, or has reason to expect. But I am altogether for exalting this science to its utmost perfection.

It may be objected, that the publication of my book, may, in a long course of time, prostitute this noble art to mean and vulgar people; but I answer, that it is not so easy an acquirement as a few ignorant pretenders may imagine. A footman can swear, but he cannot swear like a lord. He can swear as often; but can he swear with equal delicacy, propriety, and judgment? No, certainly, unless he be a lad of superiour parts, of good memory, a diligent observer, one who has a skilful ear, some knowledge in musick, and an exact taste; which hardly fall to the share of one in a thousand among that fraternity, in as high favour as they now stand with their ladies. Neither has one footman in six so fine a genius as to relish and apply those exalted sentences comprised in this volume, which I offer to the world. It is true, I cannot see that the same ill consequences would follow from the waiting woman, who, if she had been bred to read romances, may have some small subaltern or secondhand politeness; and if she constantly attends the tea, and be a good listener, may in some years make a tolerable figure, which will serve perhaps to draw in the young chaplain, or the old steward. But, alas! after all, how can she acquire those hundred graces, and motions, and airs, the whole military management of the fan, the contortions of every muscular motion in the face, the risings and fallings, the quickness and slowness of the

the voice, with the several turns and cadences; the proper junctures of smiling and frowning, how often and how loud to laugh, when to gibe and when to flout, with all the other branches of doctrine and discipline above recited?

I am therefore not under the least apprehension, that this art will ever be in danger of falling into common hands, which requires so much time, study, practice, and genius, before it arrives at perfection; and therefore I must repeat my proposal for erecting publick schools, provided with the best and ablest masters and mistresses, at the charge of the nation.

I have drawn this work into the form of a dialogue, after the pattern of other famous writers in history, law, politicks, and most other arts and sciences; and I hope it will have the same success: for, who can contest it to be of greater consequence to the happiness of these kingdoms than all human knowledge put together? Dialogue is held the best method of inculcating any part of knowledge; and I am confident, that publick schools will soon be founded for teaching wit and politeness, after my scheme, to young people of quality and fortune. I have determined next sessions to deliver a petition to the house of lords, for an act of parliament to establish my book as the standard grammar in all the principal cities of the kingdom, where this art is to be taught by able masters, who are to be approved and recommended by me; which is no more than Lilly obtained only for teaching words in a language wholly useless. Neither shall I be so far wanting to myself, as not to desire a patent, granted of course to all useful

projectors; I mean, that I may have the sole profit of giving a licence to every school to read my grammar for fourteen years.

The reader cannot but observe what pains I have been at in polishing the style of my book to the greatest exactness: nor have I been less diligent in refining the orthography, by spelling the words in the very same manner as they are pronounced by the chief patterns of politeness at court, at levees, at assemblies, at playhouses, at the prime visiting-places, by young templars, and by gentlemen commoners of both universities, who have lived at least a twelvemonth in town, and kept the best company. Of these spellings the publick will meet with many examples in the following book. For instance, *can't*, *han't*, *shan't*, *didn't*, *coudn't*, *woudn't*, *isn't*, *en't*, with many more; beside several words which scholars pretend are derived from Greek and Latin, but now pared into a polite sound by ladies, officers of the army, courtiers, and templars, such as *jommetry* for *geometry*, *vardi* for *verdict*, *lard* for *lord*, *learnen* for *learning*; together with some abbreviations exquisitely refined; as *pozz* for *positive*; *mobb* for *mobile*; *phizz* for *physiognomy*; *rep* for *reputation*; *plenipo* for *plenipotentiary*; *incog.* for *incognito*; *hypps*, or *hippo*, for *hypochondriacs*; *bam* for *bamboozle*; and *bamboozle* for *God knows what*; whereby much time is saved, and the high road to conversation cut short by many a mile.

I have, as it will be apparent, laboured very much, and, I hope, with felicity enough, to make every character in the dialogue agreeable with itself to a degree, that whenever any judicious person shall read my book aloud for the entertainment and instruction

instruction of a select company, he need not so much as name the particular speakers; because all the persons throughout the several subjects of conversation, strictly observe a different manner peculiar to their characters, which are of different kinds: but this I leave entirely to the prudent and impartial reader's discernment.

Perhaps the very manner of introducing the several points of wit and humour, may not be less entertaining and instructing than the matter itself. In the latter I can pretend to little merit; because it entirely depends upon memory, and the happiness of having kept polite company: but the art of contriving that those speeches should be introduced naturally, as the most proper sentiments to be delivered upon so great a variety of subjects, I take to be a talent somewhat uncommon, and a labour that few people could hope to succeed in, unless they had a genius particularly turned that way, added to a sincere disinterested love of the publick.

Although every curious question, smart answer, and witty reply, be little known to many people, yet there is not one single sentence in the whole collection, for which I cannot bring most authentic vouchers, whenever I shall be called: and even for some expressions, which to a few nice ears may perhaps appear somewhat gross, I can produce the stamp of authority from courts, chocolate-houses, theatres, assemblies, drawing-rooms, levees, card-meetings, balls, and masquerades, from persons of both sexes, and of the highest titles next to royal. However, to say the truth, I have been very sparing in my quotations of such sentiments that seem

to be over free; because, when I began my collection, such kind of converse was almost in its infancy, till it was taken into the protection of my honoured patronesses at court, by whose countenance and sanction it has become a choice flower in the nosegay of wit and politeness.

Some will perhaps object, that when I bring my company to dinner, I mention too great a variety of dishes, not always consistent with the art of cookery, or proper for the season of the year; and part of the first course mingled with the second; beside a failure in politeness by introducing a black pudding to a lord's table, and at a great entertainment: but, if I had omitted the black pudding, I desire to know what would have become of that exquisite reason given by miss Notable for not eating it; the world perhaps might have lost it for ever, and I should have been justly answerable for having left it out of my collection. I therefore cannot but hope, that such hypercritical readers will please to consider, my business was to make so full and complete a body of refined sayings as compact as I could; only taking care to produce them in the most natural and probable manner, in order to allure my readers into the very substance and marrow of this most admirable and necessary art.

I am heartily sorry, and was much disappointed to find, that so universal and polite an entertainment as cards has hitherto contributed very little to the enlargement of my work. I have sat by many hundred times with the utmost vigilance, and my tablebook ready, without being able, in eight hours, to gather matter for one single phrase in my book. But this, I think, may be easily accounted for,

for, by the turbulence and justling of passions, upon the various and surprising turns, incidents, revolutions, and events of good and evil fortune, that arrive in the course of a long evening at play; the mind being wholly taken up, and the consequences of nonattention so fatal.

Play is supported upon the two great pillars of deliberation and action. The terms of art are few, prescribed by law and custom; no time allowed for digressions or trials of wit. Quadrille in particular bears some resemblance to a state of nature, which we are told is a state of war, wherein every woman is against every woman; the unions short, inconstant, and soon broke; the league made this minute without knowing the ally, and dissolved in the next. Thus, at the game of quadrille, female brains are always employed in stratagem, or their hands in action. Neither can I find that our art has gained much by the happy revival of masquerading among us; the whole dialogue in those meetings being summed up in one (sprightly, I confess, but) single question, and as sprightly an answer. "Do you "know me?" "Yes, I do." And, "Do you know "me?" "Yes, I do." For this reason I did not think it proper to give my readers the trouble of introducing a masquerade, merely for the sake of a single question, and a single answer; especially, when to perform this in a proper manner, I must have brought in a hundred persons together, of both sexes, dressed in fantastick habits for one minute, and dismiss them the next.

Neither is it reasonable to conceive, that our science can be much improved by masquerades, where the wit of both sexes is altogether taken up

in contriving singular and humorous disguises; and their thoughts entirely employed in bringing intrigues and assignations of gallantry to a happy conclusion.

The judicious reader will readily discover, that I make miss Notable my heroine, and Mr. Thomas Neverout my hero. I have laboured both their characters with my utmost ability. It is into their mouths that I have put the liveliest questions, answers, repartees, and rejoinders; because my design was, to propose them both as patterns, for all young bachelors, and single ladies, to copy after. By which I hope very soon to see polite conversation flourish between both sexes, in a more consummate degree of perfection, than these kingdoms have yet ever known.

I have drawn some lines of sir John Linger's character, the Derbyshire knight, on purpose to place it in counterview or contrast with that of the other company; wherein I can assure the reader, that I intended not the least reflection upon Derbyshire, the place of my nativity. But my intention was only to show the misfortune of those persons who have the disadvantage to be bred out of the circle of politeness, whereof I take the present limits to extend no farther than London, and ten miles round; although others are pleased to confine it within the bills of mortality. If you compare the discourses of my gentlemen and ladies, with those of sir John, you will hardly conceive him to have been bred in the same climate, or under the same laws, language, religion, or government: and accordingly I have introduced him speaking in his own

own rude dialect, for no other reason than to teach my scholars how to avoid it.

The curious reader will observe, that when conversation appears in danger to flag, which in some places I have artfully contrived, I took care to invent some sudden question, or turn of wit, to revive it; such as these that follow: "What? I think "here's a silent meeting! Come, madam, a penny "for your thought;" with several others of the like sort. I have rejected all provincial or country turns of wit and fancy, because I am acquainted with very few; but indeed chiefly, because I found them so much inferiour to those at court, especially among the gentlemen ushers, the ladies of the bedchamber, and the maids of honour; I must also add the hither end of our noble metropolis.

When this happy art of polite conversing shall be thoroughly improved, good company will be no longer pestered with dull, dry, tedious storytellers, nor brangling disputers: for a right scholar of either sex in our science, will perpetually interrupt them with some sudden surprising piece of wit, that shall engage all the company in a loud laugh; and if, after a pause, the grave companion resumes his thread in the following manner: "Well, but to "go on with my story," new interruptions come from the left and the right, till he is forced to give over.

I have likewise made some few essays toward the selling of bargains, as well for instructing those who delight in that accomplishment, as in compliance with my female friends at court. However, I have transgressed a little in this point, by doing it in a manner somewhat more reserved than it is now practised

tised at St. James's. At the same time, I can hardly allow this accomplishment to pass properly for a branch of that perfect polite conversation, which makes the constituent subject of my treatise; and for this I have already given my reasons. I have likewise, for farther caution, left a blank in the critical point of each bargain, which the sagacious reader may fill up in his own mind.

As to myself, I am proud to own, that except some smattering in the French, I am what the pedants and scholars call a man wholly illiterate, that is to say, unlearned. But as to my own language, I shall not readily yield to many persons. I have read most of the plays, and all the miscellany poems, that have been published for twenty years past. I have read Mr. Thomas Brown's works entire, and had the honour to be his intimate friend, who was universally allowed to be the greatest genius of his age.

Upon what foot I stand with the present chief reigning wits, their verses recommendatory, which they have commanded me to prefix before my book, will be more than a thousand witnesses; I am, and have been, likewise particularly acquainted with Mr. Charles Gildon, Mr. Ward, Mr. Dennis, that admirable critick and poet, and several others. Each of these eminent persons (I mean those who are still alive) have done me the honour to read this production five times over, with the strictest eye of friendly severity, and proposed some, although very few amendments, which I gratefully accepted, and do here publickly return my acknowledgment for so singular a favour.

And

And I cannot conceal without ingratitude, the great assistance I have received from those two illustrious writers, Mr. Ozell, and captain Stevens. These, and some others of distinguished eminence, in whose company I have passed so many agreeable hours, as they have been the great refiners of our language, so it has been my chief ambition to imitate them. Let the Popes, the Gays, the Arbuthnots, the Youngs, and the rest of that snarling brood, burst with envy at the praises we receive from the court and kingdom.

But to return from this digression.

The reader will find, that the following collection of polite expressions will easily incorporate with all subjects of genteel and fashionable life. Those which are proper for morning tea, will be equally useful at the same entertainment in the afternoon, even in the same company, only by shifting the several questions, answers, and replies, into different hands; and such as are adapted to meals will indifferently serve for dinners or suppers, only distinguishing between daylight and candlelight. By this method no diligent person of a tolerable memory can ever be at a loss.

It has been my constant opinion, that every man, who is intrusted by nature with any useful talent of the mind, is bound by all the ties of honour, and that justice which we all owe our country, to propose to himself some one illustrious action to be performed in his life, for the publick emolument: and I freely confess that so grand, so important an enterprise as I have undertaken, and executed to the best of my power, well deserved a much abler hand, as well as a liberal encouragement from the crown. However,

I am

I am bound so far to acquit myself, as to declare, that I have often and most earnestly intreated several of my abovenamed friends, universally allowed to be of the first rank in wit and politeness, that they would undertake a work so honourable to themselves, and so beneficial to the kingdom; but so great was their modesty, that they all thought fit to excuse themselves, and impose the task on me; yet in so obliging a manner, and attended with such compliments on my poor qualifications, that I dare not repeat. And at last their entreaties, or rather their commands, added to that inviolable love I bear to the land of my nativity, prevailed upon me to engage in so bold an attempt.

I may venture to affirm, without the least violation of modesty, that there is no man now alive, who has by many degrees so just pretensions as myself to the highest encouragement from the crown, the parliament, and the ministry, toward bringing this work to due perfection. I have been assured, that several great heroes of antiquity were worshipped as gods, upon the merit of having civilized a fierce and barbarous people. It is manifest I could have no other intentions; and I dare appeal to my very enemies, if such a treatise as mine had been published some years ago, and with as much success as I am confident this will meet, I mean, by turning the thoughts of the whole nobility and gentry to the study and practice of polite conversation; whether such mean stupid writers as the Craftsman, and his abettors, could have been able to corrupt the principles of so many hundred thousand subjects, as, to the shame and grief of every whiggish, loyal, and true

true protestant heart, it is too manifest they have done. For I desire the honest judicious reader to make one remark, that, after having exhausted the whole in sickly pay-day * (if I may so call it) of politeness and refinement, and faithfully digested it into the following dialogues, there cannot be found one expression relating to politicks; that the ministry is never mentioned, nor the word king above twice or thrice, and then only to the honour of his majesty; so very cautious were our wiser ancestors in forming rules for conversation, as never to give offence to crowned heads, nor interfere with party-disputes in the state. And, indeed, although there seems to be a close resemblance between the two words politeness and politicks, yet no ideas are more inconsistent in their natures. However, to avoid all appearance of disaffection, I have taken care to enforce loyalty by an invincible argument, drawn from the very fountain of this noble science, in the following short terms, that ought to be writ in gold, "Must is for the king;" which uncontrollable maxim I took particular care of introducing in the first page of my book, thereby to instil early the best protestant loyal notions into the minds of my readers. Neither is it merely my own private opinion, that politeness is the firmest foundation upon which loyalty can be supported: for thus happily sings the divine Mr. Tibbalds, or Theobalds, in one of his birthday poems:

I am no scollard, but I am polite:
Therefore be sure I'm no jacobite.

* This word is ſpelt by Latinists *Encyclopædia*; but the judicious author wisely prefers the polite reading before the pedantick.

Hear

Hear likewise to the same purpose that great master of the whole poetick choir, our most illustrious laureat Mr. Colley Cibber:

> Who in his talk can't speak a polite thing,
> Will never loyal be to George our king.

I could produce many more shining passages out of our principal poets of both sexes to confirm this momentous truth. Whence I think it may be fairly concluded, that whoever can most contribute toward propagating the science contained in the following sheets, through the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, may justly demand all the favour that the wisest court, and most judicious senate, are able to confer on the most deserving subject. I leave the application to my readers.

This is the work which I have been so hardy as to attempt, and without the least mercenary view. Neither do I doubt of succeeding to my full wish, except among the tories and their abettors, who being all jacobites, and consequently papists in their hearts, from a want of true taste, or by strong affectation, may perhaps resolve not to read my book; choosing rather to deny themselves the pleasure and honour of shining in polite company, among the principal geniusses of both sexes throughout the kingdom, than adorn their minds with this noble art; and probably apprehending (as I confess nothing is more likely to happen) that a true spirit of loyalty to the protestant succession should steal in along with it.

If my favourable and gentle readers could possibly conceive the perpetual watchings, the numberless toils, the frequent risings in the night to set down several ingenious sentences, that I suddenly or accidentally

cidentally recollected; and which, without my utmost vigilance, had been irrecoverably lost for ever: if they would consider with what incredible diligence I daily and nightly attended at those houses where persons of both sexes, and of the most distinguished merit, used to meet and display their talents; with what attention I listened to all their discourses, the better to retain them in my memory; and then at proper seasons withdrew unobserved to enter them in my tablebook, while the company little suspected what a noble work I had then in embryo: I say, if all these were known to the world, I think it would be no great presumption in me to expect, at a proper juncture, the publick thanks of both houses of parliament for the service and honour I have done to the whole nation by my single pen.

Although I have never been once charged with the least tincture of vanity, the reader will, I hope, give me leave to put an easy question: What is become of all the king of Sweden's victories? where are the fruits of them at this day; or, of what benefit will they be to posterity? Were not many of his greatest actions owing, at least in part, to fortune; were not all of them owing to the valour of his troops, as much as to his own conduct? could he have conquered the Polish king, or the czar of Muscovy, with his single arm? Far be it from me to envy or lessen the fame he has acquired; but, at the same time, I will venture to say, without breach of modesty, that I, who have alone with this right hand subdued barbarism, rudeness, and rusticity, who have established and fixed for ever the whole system of all true politeness and refinement in conversation, should think myself most inhumanly treated by my countrymen,

countrymen, and would accordingly resent it as the highest indignity, to be put on a level in point of fame in after ages with Charles the Twelfth late king of Sweden.

And yet, so incurable is the love of detraction, perhaps beyond what the charitable reader will easily believe, that I have been assured by more than one credible person, how some of my enemies have industriously whispered about, that one Isaac Newton, an instrument-maker, formerly living near Leicester-fields, and afterward a workman in the mint at the Tower, might possibly pretend to vie with me for fame in future times. The man, it seems, was knighted for making sundials better than others of his trade; and was thought to be a conjurer, because he knew how to draw lines and circles upon a slate, which nobody could understand. But, adieu to all noble attempts for endless renown, if the ghost of an obscure mechanick shall be raised up to enter into competition with me, only for his skill in making pothooks and hangers with a pencil: which many thousand accomplished gentlemen and ladies can perform as well with pen and ink upon a piece of paper, and in a manner as little intelligible as those of sir Isaac.

My most ingenious friend already mentioned, Mr. Colley Cibber, who does so much honour to the laurel crown he deservedly wears (as he has often done to many imperial diadems placed on his head) was pleased to tell me, that if my treatise was shaped into a comedy, the representation performed to advantage on our theatre might very much contribute to the spreading of polite conversation among all persons of distinction through the whole kingdom.

I own

I own the thought was ingenious, and my friend's intention good: but I cannot agree to his proposal; for, Mr. Cibber himself allowed, that the subjects handled in my work being so numerous and extensive, it would be absolutely impossible for one, two, or even six comedies to contain them. Whence it will follow, that many admirable and essential rules for polite conversation must be omitted.

And here let me do justice to my friend Mr. Tibbalds, who plainly confessed before Mr. Cibber himself, that such a project, as it would be a great diminution to my honour, so it would intolerably mangle my scheme, and thereby destroy the principal end at which I aimed, to form a complete body or system of this most useful science in all its parts. And therefore Mr. Tibbalds, whose judgment was never disputed, chose rather to fall in with my proposal mentioned before, of erecting public schools and seminaries all over the kingdom, to instruct the young people of both sexes in this art, according to my rules, and in the method that I have laid down.

I shall conclude this long, but necessary introduction with a request, or indeed rather a just and reasonable demand, from all lords, ladies, and gentlemen, that while they are entertaining and improving each other with those polite questions, answers, rapartees, replies, and rejoinders, which I have with infinite labour, and close application during the space of thirty-six years, been collecting for their service and improvement, they shall, as an instance of gratitude, on every proper occasion, quote my name after this or the like manner: "Madam, as our mas-"ter Wagstaff says." "My lord, as our friend "Wagstaff has it." I do likewise expect, that all

my pupils shall drink my health every day at dinner and supper during my life; and that they, or their posterity, shall continue the same ceremony to my not inglorious memory, after my decease, for ever.

A COM-

A COMPLETE

COLLECTION

OF POLITE AND INGENIOUS

CONVERSATION*.

IN SEVERAL DIALOGUES.

* The Treatise on Polite Conversation, being universally admired at Dublin, was exhibited at the Theatre in Aungier Street as a dramatick performance, and received great applause.

The MEN.	The LADIES.
Lord SPARKISH.	Lady SMART.
Lord SMART.	Miss NOTABLE.
Sir JOHN LINGER.	Lady ANSWERALL.
Mr. NEVEROUT.	
Col. ATWIT.	

ARGUMENT.

Lord SPARKISH and colonel ATWIT meet in the morning upon the Mall: Mr. NEVEROUT joins them; they all go to breakfast at lady SMART's. Their conversation over their tea: after which they part; but my lord and the two gentlemen are invited to dinner. Sir JOHN LINGER invited likewise, and comes a little too late. The whole conversation at dinner: after which the ladies retire to their tea. The conversation of the ladies without the men, who are supposed to stay and drink a bottle; but in some time, go to the ladies and drink tea with them. The conversation there. After which a party at quadrille until three in the morning; but no conversation set down. They all take leave, and go home.

POLITE CONVERSATION, &c.*

ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Lord Sparkish meeting Col. Atwit.

Col. WELL met, my lord.

Ld. Sparkish. Thank ye, Colonel. A parson would have said, I hope we shall meet in Heaven. When did you see Tom Neverout?

Col. He's just coming toward us. Talk of the devil—

Neverout comes up.

Col. How do you do, Tom?

Neverout. Never the better for you.

Col. I hope you're never the worse: but pray where's your manners? don't you see my lord Sparkish?

Neverout. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, how is it that you can't see the wood for trees? What wind blew you hither?

Neverout. Why my lord, it is an ill wind blows no body good; for it gives me the honour of seeing your lordship.

* "I retired hither for the publick good, having two great "works in hand; one to reduce the whole politeness, wit, hu- "mour, and style of England into a short system for the use of "all persons of quality, and particularly the maids of honour, "&c." Letters to and from Dr. Swift.

Col. Tom, you must go with us to lady Smart's to breakfast.

Neverout. Must! why, colonel, must's for the king.

[*Col. offering in jest to draw his sword.*

Col. Have you spoke with all your friends?

Neverout. Colonel, as you 're stout, be merciful.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, agree, agree; the law's costly.

[*Col. taking his hand from his hilt.*

Col. Well, Tom, you are never the worse man to be afraid of me. Come along.

Neverout. What! do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

I 'll wait on you. I hope miss Notable will be there; egad she 's very handsome, and has wit at will.

Col. Why every one as they like, as the good woman said when she kiss'd her cow.

Lord Smart's House; they knock at the door; the Porter comes out.

Lord Sparkish. Pray, are you the porter?

Porter. Yes, for want of a better.

Ld. Sparkish. Is your lady at home?

Porter. She was at home just now; but she 's not gone out yet.

Neverout. I warrant this rogue's tongue is well hung.

Lady Smart's Antichamber.

Lady Smart and Lady Answerall at the tea-table.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship's most humble servant.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, you spoke too late; I was your ladyship's before.

Lady

Lady Smart. O! colonel, are you here?

Col. As sure as you're there, madam.

Lady Smart. O, Mr. Neverout! What such a man alive!

Neverout. Ay, madam, alive, and alive like to be, at your ladyship's service.

Lady Smart. Well, I'll get a knife, and nick it down that Mr. Neverout came to our house. And pray what news, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Why, madam, queen Elizabeth's dead.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, I see you are no changeling.

Miss Notable comes in.

Neverout. Miss, your slave: I hope your early rising will do you no harm. I find you are but just come out of the cloth market.

Miss. I always rise at eleven, whether it be day or no.

Col. Miss, I hope you are up for all day.

Miss. Yes, if I don't get a fall before night.

Col. Miss, I heard you were out of order; pray how are you now?

Miss. Pretty well, colonel, I thank you.

Col. Pretty and well, miss! that's two very good things.

Miss. I mean I am better than I was.

Neverout. Why then, 'tis well you were sick.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you take me up before I'm down.

Lady Smart. Come let us leave off children's play, and go to pushpin.

Miss. [*To lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, give me some more sugar to my tea.

Col. O! miss, you must needs be very good humour'd, you love sweet things so well.

Neverout. Stir it up with the spoon, miss; for the deeper the sweeter.

Lady Smart. I assure you, miss, the colonel has made you a great compliment.

Miss. I am sorry for it; for I have heard say, complimenting is lying.

Lady Smart. [*To lord Sparkish.*] My lord, methinks the sight of you is good for sore eyes; if we had known of your coming, we would have strown rushes for you: how has your lordship done this long time?

Col. Faith, madam, he's better in health than in good conditions.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; I see there's no worse friend than one brings from home with one; and I am not the first man has carried a rod to whip himself.

Neverout. Here's poor miss has not a word to throw at a dog. Come, a penny for your thought.

Miss. It is not worth a farthing; for I was thinking of you.

Colonel rising up.

Lady Smart. Colonel, where are you going so soon? I hope you did not come to fetch fire.

Col. Madam, I must needs go home for half an hour.

Miss. Why, colonel, they say the devil's at home.

Lady Answ. Well, but sit while you stay, 'tis as cheap sitting as standing.

Col. No, madam, while I'm standing I'm going

Miss.

Miss. Nay, let him go; I promise him we won't tear his clothes to hold him.

Lady Smart. I suppose, colonel, we keep you from better company, I mean only as to myself.

Col. Madam, I am all obedience.

Colonel sits down.

Lady Smart. Lord, miss, how can you drink your tea so hot? sure your mouth 's pav'd.

How do you like this tea, colonel?

Col. Well enough, madam; but methinks it is a little more-ish.

Lady Smart. O! colonel! I understand you. Betty, bring the canister: I have but very little of this tea left; but I don't love to make two wants of one; want when I have it, and want when I have it not. He, he, he, he. [*Laughs.*

Lady Answ. [*To the maid.*] Why, sure, Betty, you are bewitched, the cream is burnt too.

Betty. Why, madam, the bishop has set his foot in it.

Lady Smart. Go, run girl, and warm some fresh cream.

Betty. Indeed, madam, there 's none left; for the cat has eaten it all.

Lady Smart. I doubt it was a cat with two legs.

Miss. Colonel, don't you love bread and butter with your tea?

Col. Yes, in a morning, miss: for they say, butter is gold in a morning, silver at noon, but it is lead at night.

Neverout. Miss, the weather is so hot, that my butter melts on my bread.

Lady

Lady Answ. Why, butter, I've heard 'em say, is mad twice a year.

Ld. Sparkish [*to the maid.*] Mrs. Betty, how does your body politick?

Col. Fie, my lord, you 'll make Mrs. Betty blush.

Lady Smart. Blush! ay, blush like a blue dog.

Neverout. Pray, Mrs. Betty, are you not Tom Johnson's daughter?

Betty. So my mother tells me, sir.

Ld. Sparkish. But, Mrs. Betty, I hear you are in love.

Betty. My lord, I thank God, I hate nobody; I am in charity with all the world.

Lady Smart. Why, wench, I think thy tongue runs upon wheels this morning; how came you by that scratch upon your nose: have you been fighting with the cats?

Col. [*to miss.*] Miss, when will you be married?

Miss. One of these odd-come-shortly's, colonel.

Neverout. Yes; they say the match is half made, the spark is willing, but miss is not.

Miss. I suppose the gentleman has got his own consent for it.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, did you walk through the Park in the rain?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, madam, we were neither sugar nor salt, we were not afraid the rain would melt us. He, he, he. [*Laugh.*

Col. It rain'd, and the sun shone at the same time.

Neverout. Why, then the devil was beating his wife behind the door with a shoulder of mutton.

[*Laugh.*

Col. A blind man would be glad to see that.

Lady

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, methinks you stand in your own light.

Neverout. Ah! madam, I have done so all my life.

Ld. Sparkish. I'm sure he sits in mine: Prithee, Tom, sit a little farther: I believe your father was no glazier.

Lady Smart. Miss, dear girl, fill me out a dish of tea, for I'm very lazy.

Miss fills a dish of tea, sweetens it, and then tastes it.

Lady Smart. What, miss, will you be my taster?

Miss. No, madam; but they say 'tis an ill cook that can't lick her own fingers.

Neverout. Pray, miss, fill me another.

Miss. Will you have it now, or stay till you get it?

Lady Answ. But, colonel, they say you went to court last night very drunk: nay, I'm told for certain, you had been among the Philistines: no wonder the cat wink'd, when both her eyes were out.

Col. Indeed, madam, that's a lie.

Lady Answ. 'Tis better I should lie than you should lose your good manners: besides, I don't lie, I sit.

Neverout. O faith, colonel, you must own you had a drop in your eye; when I left you, you were half seas over.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I fear lady Answerall can't live long, she has so much wit.

Neverout. No; she can't live, that's certain; but she may linger thirty or forty years.

Miss. Live long! ay, longer than a cat or a dog, or a better thing.

Lady

Lady Answ. O! miss, you must give your vardi too!

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, shall I fill you another dish of tea?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I have drank enough.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, it will do you more good than a month's fasting; here, take it.

Miss. No, I thank your lordship; enough's as good as a feast.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; but if you always say no, you'll never be married.

Lady Answ. Do, my lord, give her a dish; for, they say, maids will say no, and take it.

Ld. Sparkish. Well; and I dare say, miss is a maid in thought, word, and deed.

Neverout. I would not take my oath of that.

Miss. Pray, sir, speak for yourself.

Lady Smart. Fie, miss; they say maids should be seen, and not heard.

Lady Answ. Good miss, stir the fire, that the tea kettle may boil.—You have done it very well; now it burns purely. Well, miss, you'll have a cheerful husband.

Miss. Indeed, your ladyship could have stirred it much better.

Lady Answ. I know that very well, hussy; but I won't keep a dog, and bark myself.

Neverout. What! you are sick, miss.

Miss. Not at all; for her ladyship meant you.

Neverout. O! faith, miss, you are in lob's pound; get out as you can.

Miss. I won't quarrel with my bread and butter for all that; I know when I'm well.

Lady Answ. Well; but miss—

Neverout.

Neverout. Ah! dear madam, let the matter fall; take pity on poor miss; don't throw water on a drowned rat.

Miss. Indeed, Mr. Neverout, you should be cut for the simples this morning: say a word more, and you had as good eat your nails.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, will you be so good as to favour us with a song?

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can't; for I have a great cold.

Col. O! miss, they say all good singers have colds.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, does not miss sing very well?

Lady Answ. She sings, as one may say, my lord.

Miss. I hear Mr. Neverout has a very good voice.

Col. Yes, Tom sings well, but his luck 's naught.

Neverout. Faith, colonel, you hit yourself a devilish box on the ear.

Col. Miss, will you take a pinch of snuff?

Miss. No, colonel, you must know that I never take snuff but when I am angry.

Lady Answ. Yes, yes, she can take snuff, but she has never a box to put it in.

Miss. Pray, colonel, let me see that box.

Col. Madam, there's never a C upon it.

Miss. May be there is, colonel.

Col. Ay, but May-bees don't fly now, miss.

Neverout. Colonel, why so hard upon poor miss? Don't set your wit against a child; miss, give me a blow, and I'll beat him.

Miss. So she pray'd me to tell you.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, my lady Smart, what kin are you to lord Pozz?

Lady

Lady Smart. Why his grandmother and mine had four elbows.

Lady Answ. Well, methinks here's a silent meeting. Come, miss, hold up your head, girl; there's money bid for you. [*Miss starts.*

Miss. Lord, madam, you frighten me out of my seven senses!

Ld. Sparkish. Well, I must be going.

Lady Answ. I have seen hastier people than you stay all night.

Col. [*to lady Smart.*] Tom Neverout and I are to leap tomorrow for a guinea.

Miss. I believe, colonel, Mr. Neverout can leap at a crust better than you.

Neverout. Miss, your tongue runs before your wit; nothing can tame you but a husband.

Miss. Peace! I think I hear the church clock.

Neverout. Why you know, as the fool thinks—

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, your handkerchief's fallen.

Miss. Let him set his foot on it, that it may'nt fly in his face.

Neverout. Well, miss—

Miss. Ay, ay! many a one says well that thinks ill.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll think on this.

Miss. That's rhime, if you take it in time.

Neverout. What! I see you are a poet.

Miss. Yes; if I had but the wit to show it.

Neverout. Miss, will you be so kind as to fill me a dish of tea?

Miss. Pray let your betters be served before you; I'm just going to fill one for myself; and, you know, the parson always christens his own child first.

Neverout.

Neverout. But I saw you fill one just now for the colonel: well, I find kissing goes by favour.

Miss. But pray, Mr. Neverout, what lady was that you were talking with in the side box last Tuesday?

Neverout. Miss, can you keep a secret?

Miss. Yes, I can.

Neverout. Well, miss, and so can I.

Col. Odd-so! I have cut my thumb with this cursed knife!

Lady Answ. Ay; that was your mother's fault, because she only warn'd you not to cut your fingers.

Lady Smart. No, no; 'tis only fools cut their fingers, but wise folks cut their thumbs.—

Miss. I'm sorry for it, but I can't cry.

Col. Don't you think miss is grown?

Lady Answ. Ay, ill weeds grow apace.

A puff of smoke comes down the chimney.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, does your ladyship's chimney smoke?

Col. No, madam; but they say smoke always pursues the fair, and your ladyship sat nearest.

Lady Smart. Madam, do you love bohea tea?

Lady Answ. Why, madam, I must confess I do love it, but it does not love me.

Miss [*to lady Smart.*] Indeed, madam, your ladyship is very sparing of your tea: I protest, the last I took was no more than water bewitch'd.

Col. Pray, miss, if I may be so bold, what lover gave you that fine etuy?

Miss. Don't you know? then keep counsel.

Lady

Lady Answ. I'll tell you, colonel, who gave it her: it was the best lover she will ever have while she lives, her own dear papa.

Neverout. Methinks, miss, I don't much like the colour of that ribbon.

Miss. Why then, Mr. Neverout, do you see, if you don't much like it, you may look off it.

Ld. Sparkish. I don't doubt, madam, but your ladyship has heard that sir John Brisk has got an employment at court.

Lady Smart. Yes, yes; and I warrant he thinks himself no small fool now.

Neverout. Yes, madam, I have heard some people take him for a wise man.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay; some are wise, and some are otherwise.

Lady Answ. Do you know him, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. Know him! ay, as well as the beggar knows his dish.

Col. Well; I can only say that he has better luck than honester folks: but pray, how came he to get this employment?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, by chance, as the man kill'd the devil.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are in a brown study; what's the matter? methinks you look like mum-chance, that was hang'd for saying nothing.

Miss. I'd have you to know, I scorn your words.

Neverout. Well; but scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Miss. Well; my comfort is, your tongue is no slander. What! you would not have one be always on the high grin?

Neverout.

Neverout. Cry mapsticks, madam; no offence I hope.

[*Lady Smart breaks a teacup.*]

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, how came you to break your cup?

Lady Smart. I can't help it, if I would cry my eyes out.

Miss. Why sell it, madam, and buy a new one with some of the money.

Col. 'Tis a folly to cry for spilt milk.

Lady Smart. Why, if things did not break or wear out, how would tradesmen live?

Miss. Well; I am very sick, if any body car'd for it.

Neverout. Come, then, miss, e'en make a die of it, and then we shall have a burying of our own.

Miss. The devil take you, Neverout, beside all small curses.

Lady Answ. Marry come up, what, plain Neverout! methinks you might have an M under your girdle, miss.

Lady Smart. Well, well, naught's never in danger; I warrant miss will spit in her hand, and hold fast. Colonel, do you like this biscuit?

Col. I'm like all fools; I love every thing that's good.

Lady Smart. Well, and isn't it pure good?

Col. 'Tis better than a worse.

Footman brings the Colonel a letter.

Lady Answ. I suppose, colonel, that's a billetdoux from your mistress.

Col. Egad, I don't know whence it comes; but whoe'er writ it, writes a hand like a foot.

Miss. Well, you may make a secret of it, but we can spell, and put together.

Neverout. Miss, what spells b double uzzard?

Miss. Buzzard in your teeth, Mr. Neverout.

Lady Smart. Now you are up, Mr. Neverout; will you do me the favour, to do me the kindness, to take off the teakettle?

Ld. Sparkish. I wonder what makes these bells ring.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, I suppose, because they pull the ropes. [*Here all laugh.*

Neverout plays with a teacup.

Miss. Now a child would have cried half an hour before it would have found out such a pretty plaything.

Lady Smart. Well said, miss: I vow, Mr. Neverout, the girl is too hard for you.

Neverout. Ay, miss will say any thing but her prayers, and those she whistles.

Miss. Pray, colonel, make me a present of that pretty penknife.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, miss, catch him at that, and hang him.

Col. Not for the world, dear miss, it will cut love.

Ld. Sparkish. Colonel, you shall be married first, I was going to say that.

Lady Smart. Well, but for all that, I can tell who is a great admirer of miss: pray, miss, how do you like Mr. Spruce? I swear, I have often seen him cast a sheep's eye out of a calf's head at you: deny it if you can.

Miss. O, madam; all the world knows that Mr. Spruce is a general lover.

Col.

Col. Come, miss, 'tis too true to make a jest on. [*Miss blushes.*

Lady Answ. Well, however, blushing is some sign of grace.

Neverout. Miss says nothing; but I warrant she pays it off with thinking.

Miss. Well, ladies and gentlemen, you are pleas'd to divert yourselves; but, as I hope to be sav'd, there 's nothing in it.

Lady Smart. Touch a gall'd horse, and he 'll wince: love will creep were it dare not go: I'd hold a hundred pound, Mr. Neverout was the inventor of that story; and, colonel, I doubt you had a finger in the pie.

Lady Answ. But, colonel, you forgot to salute miss when you came in; she said you had not been here a long time.

Miss. Fie, madam! I vow, colonel, I said no such thing; I wonder at your ladyship!

Col. Miss, I beg your pardon—

Goes to salute her, she struggles a little.

Miss. Well, I'd rather give a knave a kiss for once than be troubled with him; but, upon my word, you are more bold than welcome.

Lady Smart. Fie, fie, miss! for shame of the world, and speech of good people.

Neverout to miss, who is cooking her tea and bread and butter.

Neverout. Come, come, miss, make much of naught; good folks are scarce.

Miss. What! and you must come in with your two eggs a penny, and three of them rotten.

Col. [*to Ld. Sparkish.*] But, my lord, I forgot to ask you, how you like my new clothes?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, very well, colonel; only, to deal plainly with you, methinks the worst piece is in the middle. [*Here a loud laugh often repeated.*

Col. My lord, you are too severe on your friends.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I'm hot, are you a sot?

Neverout. Miss, I'm cold, are you a scold? take you that.

Lady Smart. I confess that was home. I find, Mr. Neverout, you won't give your head for the washing, as they say.

Miss. O! he's a sore man where the skin's off. I see Mr. Neverout has a mind to sharpen the edge of his wit on the whetstone of my ignorance.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, Tom, you are struck! I never heard a better thing.

Neverout. Pray, miss, give me leave to scratch you for that fine speech.

Miss. Pox on your picture, it cost me a groat the drawing.

Neverout [*to lady Smart.*] 'Sbuds, madam, I have burnt my hand with your plaguy teakettle.

Lady Smart. Why, then, Mr. Neverout, you must say, God save the king.

Neverout. Did you ever see the like?

Miss. Never but once, at a wedding.

Col. Pray, miss, how old are you?

Miss. Why, I'm as old as my tongue, and a little older than my teeth.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, is miss Buxom married? I hear 'tis all over the town.

Lady Answ. My lord, she's either married, or worse.

Col.

Col. If she be 'nt married, at least she 's lustily promis'd. But, is it certain that sir John Blunderbuss is dead at last?

Ld. Sparkish. Yes, or else he 's sadly wrong'd, for they have buried him.

Miss. Why, if he be dead, he 'll eat no more bread.

Col. But, is he really dead?

Lady Answ. Yes, colonel, as sure as you 're alive —

Col. They say he was an honest man.

Lady Answ. Yes, with good looking to.

Miss feels a pimple on her face.

Miss. Lord! I think my goodness is coming out. Madam, will your ladyship please to lend me a patch?

Neverout. Miss, if you are a maid, put your hand upon your spot.

Miss. — There —

[*Covering her face with both her hands.*

Lady Smart. Well, thou art a mad girl.

[*Gives her a tap.*

Miss. Lord, madam, is that a blow to give a child?

Lady Smart lets fall her handkerchief, and the Colonel stoops for it.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you shall have a better office.

Col. O, madam, I can't have a better than to serve your ladyship.

Col. [*to lady Sparkish.*] Madam, has your ladyship

read the new play, written by a lord? it is called Love in a hollow Tree.

Lady Sparkish. No, colonel.

Col. Why, then your ladyship has one pleasure to come.

Miss sighs.

Neverout. Pray, miss, why do you sigh?

Miss. To make a fool ask, and you are the first.

Neverout. Why, miss, I find there is nothing but a bit and a blow with you.

Lady Answ. Why, you must know, miss is in love.

Miss. I wish my head may never ake till that day.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, miss, never sigh, but send for him.

[*Lady Smart and lady Answerall speaking together.* If he be hang'd he 'll come hopping; and if he be drown'd, he 'll come dropping.

Miss. Well, I swear you 'll make one die with laughing.

Miss plays with a teacup, and Neverout plays with another.

Neverout. Well; I see, one fool makes many.

Miss. And you are the greatest fool of any.

Neverout. Pray, miss, will you be so kind to tie this string for me with your fair hands? it will go all in your day's work.

Miss. Marry, come up, indeed; tie it yourself, you have as many hands as I; your man's man will have a fine office truly: come, pray stand out of my spitting-place.

Neverout. Well; but, miss, don't be angry.

Miss.

Miss. No; I was never angry in my life but once, and then nobody cared for it; so I resolved never to be angry again.

Neverout. Well; but if you'll tie it, you shall never know what I'll do for you.

Miss. So I suppose, truly.

Neverout. Well; but I'll make you a fine present one of these days.

Miss. Ay; when the devil's blind, and his eyes are not sore yet.

Neverout. No, miss, I'll send it you to morrow.

Miss. Well, well; to morrow's a new day; but I suppose you mean to morrow come never.

Neverout. O! 'tis the prettiest thing: I assure you, there came but two of them over in three ships.

Miss. Would I could see it, quoth blind Hugh. But why did you not bring me a present of snuff this morning?

Neverout. Because, miss, you never asked me: and, 'tis an ill dog that's not worth whistling for.

Ld. Sparkish. [*to lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, how came your ladyship last Thursday to go to that odious puppetshow?

Col. Why, to be sure, her ladyship went to see, and to be seen.

Lady Answ. You have made a fine speech, colonel: pray, what will you take for your mouthpiece?

Ld. Sparkish. Take that, colonel: but, pray, madam, was my lady Snuff there? They say she's extremely handsome.

Lady Smart. They must not see with my eyes, that think so.

Neverout. She may pass muster well enough.

Lady Answ. Pray, how old do you take her to be?

Col. Why, about five or six and twenty.

Miss. I swear she's no chicken; she's on the wrong side of thirty, if she be a day.

Lady Answ. Depend upon it, she'll never see five and thirty, and a bit to spare.

Col. Why they say, she's one of the chief toasts in town.

Lady Smart. Ay, when all the rest are out of it.

Miss. Well; I woudn't be as sick as she's proud for all the world.

Lady Answ. She looks as if butter woudn't melt in her mouth; but I warrant, cheese won't choke her.

Neverout. I hear my lord What d'ye call him is courting her.

Lady Sparkish. What lord d'ye mean, Tom?

Miss. Why, my lord, I suppose, Mr. Neverout means the lord of the Lord knows what.

Col. They say she dances very fine.

Lady Answ. She did; but I doubt her dancing days are over.

Col. I can't pardon her for her rudeness to me.

Lady Smart. Well; but you must forget and forgive.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Did you call Betty?

Footman. She's coming, madam.

Lady Smart. Coming! ay, so is Christmas.

Betty comes in.

Lady Smart. Come, get ready my things. Where has the wench been these three hours?

Betty.

Betty. Madam, I can't go faster than my legs will carry me.

Lady Smart. Ay, thou hast a head, and so has a pin. But, my lord, all the town has it, that miss Caper is to be married to sir Peter Giball; one thing is certain, that she has promised to have him.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, you know, promises are either broken or kept.

Lady Answ. I beg your pardon, my lord; promises and piecrust are made to be broken.

Lady Smart. Nay, I had it from my lady Carrylie's own mouth. I tell you my tale and my tale's author; if it be a lie, you had it as cheap as I.

Lady Answ. She and I had some words last Sunday at church; but I think I gave her her own.

Lady Smart. Her tongue runs like the clapper of a mill; she talks enough for herself and all the company.

Neverout. And yet she simpers like a firmity kettle.

Miss looking in a glass.

Miss. Lord, how my head is drest to day!

Col. O, madam! a good face needs no band.

Miss. No; and a bad one deserves none.

Col. Pray, miss, where is your old acquaintance, Mrs. Wayward?

Miss. Why, where should she be? you must needs know; she's in her skin.

Col. I can answer that; what if you were as far out as she's in?—

Miss. Well, I promis'd to go this evening to Hyde Park on the water; but I protest I'm half afraid.

Neverout.

Neverout. Never fear, miss; you have the old proverb on your side, Naught 's ne'er in danger.

Col. Why, miss, let Tom Neverout wait on you; and then I warrant, you 'll be as safe as a thief in a mill; for you know, He that 's born to be hang'd, will never be drown'd.

Neverout. Thank you, colonel, for your good word; but faith, if ever I hang, it shall be about a fair lady's neck.

Lady Smart. Who 's there? Bid the children be quiet, and not laugh so loud.

Lady Answ. O! madam, let 'em laugh, they 'll ne'er laugh younger.

Neverout. Miss, I 'll tell you a secret, if you 'll promise never to tell it again.

Miss. No, to be sure; I 'll tell it to nobody but friends and strangers.

Neverout. Why then, there 's some dirt in my tea cup.

Miss. Come, come, the more there 's in 't, the more there 's on 't.

Lady Answ. Poh! you must eat a peck of dirt before you die.

Col. Ay, ay; it goes all one way.

Neverout. Pray, miss, what 's a clock?

Miss. Why, you must know, 'tis a thing like a bell, and you are a fool that can't tell.

Neverout [*to Lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, do you tell me; for I have let my watch run down.

Lady Answ. Why, 'tis half an hour past hanging time.

Col. Well; I 'm like the butcher that was looking for his knife, and had it in his mouth: I have been searching

searching my pockets for my snuffbox, and, egad, here it is in my hand.

Miss. If it had been a bear, it would have bit you, colonel: well, I wish I had such a snuffbox.

Neverout. You 'll be long enough before you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes.

Col. Wish in one hand—

Miss. Out upon you: Lord, what can the man mean?

Ld. Sparkish. This tea is very hot.

Lady Answ. Why, it came from a hot place, my lord.

Colonel spills his tea.

Lady Smart. That's as well done as if I had done it myself.

Col. Madam, I find you live by ill neighbours, when you are forc'd to praise yourself.

Lady Smart. So they pray'd me to tell you.

Neverout. Well, I won't drink a drop more; if I do, 'twill go down like chopt hay.

Miss. Pray, don't say no, till you are asked.

Neverout. Well, what you please, and the rest again.

Miss stooping for a pin.

Miss. I have heard 'em say, that a pin a day is a groat a year. Well, as I hope to be married, forgive me for swearing, I vow 'tis a needle.

Col. O! the wonderful works of nature, that a black hen should lay a white egg!

Neverout, What! you have found a mare's nest, and laugh at the eggs?

Miss.

Miss. Pray keep your breath to cool your porridge.

Neverout. Miss, there was a very pleasant accident last night at St. James's Park.

Miss [*to Lady Smart.*] What was it your ladyship was going to say just now?

Neverout. Well, miss; tell a mare a tale—

Miss. I find you love to hear yourself talk.

Neverout. Why, if you won't hear my tale, kiss my, &c.

Miss. Out upon you, for a filthy creature!

Neverout. What, miss! must I tell you a story, and find you ears?

Ld. Sparkish [*to Lady Smart.*] Pray, madam, don't you think Mrs. Spendall very genteel?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, I think she was cut out for a gentlewoman, but she was spoil'd in the making: she wears her clothes as if they were thrown on her with a pitchfork; and, for the fashion, I believe they were made in the reign of queen Bess.

Neverout. Well, that's neither here nor there; for you know, the more careless the more modish.

Col. Well, I 'd hold a wager there will be a match between her and Dick Dolt: and I believe I can see as far into a millstone as another man.

Miss. Colonel, I must beg your pardon a thousand times; but they say, an old ape has an old eye.

Neverout. Miss, what do you mean! you 'll spoil the colonel's marriage, if you call him old.

Col. Not so old, nor yet so cold—You know the rest, miss.

Miss. Manners is a fine thing, truly.

Col. Faith, miss, depend upon 't, I 'll give you as good

good as you bring: what! if you give a jest, you must take a jest.

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll ne'er have done till you break that knife, and then the man won't take it again.

Miss. Why, madam, fools will be meddling; I wish he may cut his fingers. I hope you can see your own blood without fainting.

Neverout. Why, miss, you shine this morning like a sh—n barn door: you'll never hold out at this rate; pray save a little wit for to morrow.

Miss. Well, you have said your say; if people will be rude, I have done; my comfort is, 'twill be all one a thousand year hence.

Neverout. Miss, you have shot your bolt: I find you must have the last word—Well, I'll go to the opera to night—No, I can't, neither, for I have some business—and yet I think I must; for I promis'd to squire the countess to her box.

Miss. The countess of Puddledock, I suppose.

Neverout. Peace, or war, miss?

Lady Smart. Well, Mr. Neverout, you'll never be mad, you are of so many minds.

As Miss rises, the chair falls behind her.

Miss. Well; I shan't be lady mayoress this year.

Neverout. No, miss, 'tis worse than that; you won't be married this year.

Miss. Lord! you make me laugh, though I an't well.

Neverout, as Miss is standing, pulls her suddenly on his lap.

Neverout. Now, colonel, come sit down on my lap; more sacks upon the mill.

Miss.

Miss. Let me go; ar'n't you sorry for my heaviness?

Neverout. No, miss; you are very light; but I don't say you are a light hussy. Pray take up the chair for your pains.

Miss. 'Tis but one body's labour, you may do it yourself; I wish you would be quiet, you have more tricks than a dancing bear.

Neverout rises to take up the chair, and Miss sits in his.

Neverout. You woud'nt be so soon in my grave, madam.

Miss. Lord! I have torn my petticoat with your odious romping; my rents are coming in; I'm afraid I shall fall into the ragman's hands.

Neverout. I'll mend it, miss.

Miss. You mend it! go, teach your grannam to suck eggs.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are so cross, I could find in my heart to hate you.

Miss. With all my heart; there will be no love lost between us.

Neverout. But pray, my lady Smart, does not miss look as if she could eat me without salt?

Miss. I'll make you one day sup sorrow for this.

Neverout. Well, follow your own way, you'll live the longer.

Miss. See, madam, how well I have mended it.

Lady Smart. 'Tis indifferent, as Doll danc'd.

Neverout. 'Twill last as many nights as days.

Miss. Well, I knew it should never have your good word.

Lady Smart. My lord, my lady Answerall and I

was

was walking in the Park last night till near eleven; 'twas a very fine night.

Neverout. Egad, so was I; and I 'll tell you a comical accident; egad, I lost my understanding.

Miss. I 'm glad you had any to lose.

Lady Smart. Well, but what do you mean?

Neverout. Egad, I kick'd my foot against a stone, and tore off the heel of my shoe, and was forc'd to limp to a cobler in the Pall-mall to have it put on. He, he, he, he. [*All laugh.*

Col. O! 'twas a delicate night to run away with another man's wife.

Neverout sneezes.

Miss. God bless you! if you han't taken snuff.

Neverout. Why, what if I have, miss?

Miss. Why then, the deuse take you!

Neverout. Miss, I want that diamond ring of yours.

Miss. Why, then want's like to be your master.

Neverout looking at the ring.

Neverout. Ay, marry, this is not only, but also; where did you get it?

Miss. Why, where 'twas to be had; where the devil got the friar.

Neverout. Well; if I had such a fine diamond ring, I woudn't stay a day in England: but you know, far fetch'd and dear bought is fit for ladies. I warrant, this cost your father two-pence halfpenny.

Colonel stretching himself.

Lady Smart. Why, colonel, you break the king's laws; you stretch without a halter.

Lady

Lady Answ. Colonel, some ladies of your acquaintance have promis'd to breakfast with you, and I am to wait on them; what will you give us?

Col. Why, faith, madam, bachelors' fare; bread and cheese and kisses.

Lady Answ. Poh! what have you bachelors to do with your money, but to treat the ladies? you have nothing to keep, but your own four quarters.

Lady Smart. My lord, has captain Brag the honour to be related to your lordship?

Ld. Sparkish. Very nearly, madam; he's my cousin german quite removed.

Lady Answ. Pray, is he not rich?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, a rich rogue, two shirts and a rag.

Col. Well, however, they say he has a great estate, but only the right owner keeps him out of it.

Lady Smart. What religion is he of?

Ld. Sparkish. Why he is an Anythingarian.

Lady Answ. I believe he has his religion to choose, my lord.

Neverout scratches his head.

Miss. Fie, Mr. Neverout, ar'n't you asham'd! I beg pardon for the expression, but I'm afraid your bosom friends are become your backbiters.

Neverout. Well, miss, I saw a flea once in your pinner, and a louse is a man's companion, but a flea is a dog's companion: however, I wish you would scratch my neck with your pretty white hand.

Miss. And who would be fool then? I wou'dn't touch a man's flesh for the universe. You have the wrong

wrong sow by the ear, I assure you; that's meat for your master.

Neverout. Miss Notable, all quarrels laid aside, pray step hither for a moment.

Miss. I'll wash my hands and wait on you, sir; but pray come hither, and try to open this lock.

Neverout. We'll try what we can do.

Miss. We!——what have you pigs in your belly?

Neverout. Miss, I assure you, I am very handy at all things.

Miss. Marry, hang them that can't give themselves a good word: I believe you may have an even hand to throw a louse in the fire.

Col. Well, I must be plain; here's a very bad smell.

Miss. Perhaps, colonel, the fox is the finder.

Neverout. No, colonel; 'tis only your teeth against tain: but—

Miss. Colonel, I find you would make a very bad poor man's sow.

Colonel coughing.

Col. I have got a sad cold.

Lady Answ. Ay; 'tis well if one can get any thing these hard times.

Miss. [*To Col.*] Choke, chicken, there's more a hatching.

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, how did you get that cold?

Lady Sparkish. Why, madam, I suppose the colonel got it by lying abed barefoot.

Lady Answ. Why then, colonel, you must take it for better for worse, as a man takes his wife.

Col. Well, ladies, I apprehend you without a constable.

Miss. Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! come hither this moment.

Lady Smart. [*imitating her.*] Mr. Neverout! Mr. Neverout! I wish he were tied to your girdle.

Neverout. What's the matter! whose mare's dead now?

Miss. Take your labour for your pains, you may go back again, like a fool as you came.

Neverout. Well, miss, if you deceive me a second time, 'tis my fault.

Lady Smart. Colonel, methinks your coat is too short.

Col. It will be long enough before I get another, madam.

Miss. Come, come; the coat's a good coat, and come of good friends.

Neverout. Ladies, you are mistaken in the stuff; 'tis half silk.

Col. Tom Neverout, you are a fool, and that's your fault.

A great noise below.

Lady Smart. Hey! what a clattering is here! one would think Hell was broke loose.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I must take my leave, for I a'n't well.

Lady Smart. What! you are sick of the mulligrubs with eating chopt hay?

Miss. No, indeed, madam; I'm sick and hungry, more need of a cook than a doctor.

Lady Answ. Poor miss! she's sick as a cushion, she wants nothing but stuffing.

Col.

Col. If you are sick, you shall have a caudle of calf's eggs.

Neverout. I can't find my gloves.

Miss. I saw the dog running away with some dirty thing a while ago.

Col. Miss, you have got my handkerchief; pray, let me have it.

Lady Smart. No; keep it miss; for they say, possession is eleven points of the law.

Miss. Madam, he shall ne'er have it again; 'tis in hucksters hands.

Lady Answ. What! I see 'tis raining again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, then, madam, we must do as they do in Spain.

Miss. Pray, my lord, how is that?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, madam, we must let it rain.

Miss whispers Lady Smart.

Neverout. There's no whispering, but there's lying.

Miss. Lord! Mr. Neverout, you are as pert as a pearmonger this morning.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you are very handsome.

Miss. Poh! I know that already; tell me news.

Somebody knocks at the door.

Footman comes in.

Footman [*to Col.*] An' please your honour, there's a man below wants to speak to you.

Col. Ladies, your pardon for a minute.

Lady Smart. Miss, I sent yesterday to know how you did, but you were gone abroad early.

Miss. Why, indeed, madam, I was hunch'd up in a hackney coach with three country acquaintance, who called upon me to take the air as far as Highgate.

Lady Smart. And had you a pleasant airing?

Miss. No, madam; it rained all the time; I was jolted to death; and the road was so bad, that I scream'd every moment, and called to the coachman, Pray, friend, don't spill us.

Neverout. So, miss, you were afraid, that pride wou'd have a fall.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, when I want a fool, I 'll send for you.

Ld. Sparkish. Miss, did'n't your left ear burn last night?

Miss. Pray why, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because I was then in some company where you were extoll'd to the skies, I assure you.

Miss. My lord, that was more their goodness than my desert.

Ld. Sparkish. They said, that you were a complete beauty.

Miss. My lord, I am as God made me.

Lady Smart. The girl 's well enough, if she had but another nose.

Miss. O! madam, I know I shall always have your good word; you love to help a lame dog over the stile.

One knocks.

Lady Smart. Who's there? you 're on the wrong side of the door; come in, if you be fat.

Colonel

Colonel comes in again.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, you are a man of great business.

Col. Ay, ay, my lord, I 'm like my lord mayor's fool, full of business, and nothing to do.

Lady Smart. My lord, don't you think the colonel 's mightily fall'n away of late?

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, fall'n from a horseload to a cartload.

Col. Why, my lord, egad I am like a rabbit, fat and lean in four and twenty hours.

Lady Smart. I assure you, the colonel walks as straight as a pin.

Miss. Yes; he 's a handsome bodied man in the face.

Neverout. A handsome foot and leg: God-a-mercy shoe and stocking!

Col. What! three upon one! that 's foul play: this would make a parson swear.

Neverout. Why, miss, what 's the matter? you look as if you had neither won nor lost.

Col. Why, you must know, miss lives upon love.

Miss. Yes, upon love and lumps of the cupboard.

Lady Answ. Ay; they say love and pease porridge are two dangerous things; one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Miss [*imitating Lady Answerall's tone*] Very pretty! one breaks the heart, and the other the belly.

Lady Answ. Have a care; they say, mocking is catching.

Miss. I never heard that.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, you have a wrinkle —— more than ever you had before.

Miss. Well; live and learn.

Neverout. Ay; and be hang'd and forget all.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, take it as you please; but, I swear, you are a saucy Jack, to use such expressions.

Neverout. Why then, miss, if you go to that, I must tell you there 's ne'er a Jack but there 's a Gill.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, every body knows that you are the pink of courtesy.

Neverout And, miss, all the world allows, that you are the flower of civility.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear there was a great deal of company where you visited last night: pray, who were they?

Miss. Why, there was old lady Forward, miss To-and-again, sir John Ogle, my lady Clapper, and I, quoth the dog.

Col. Was your visit long, miss?

Miss Why, truly, they went all to the opera; and so poor Pilgarlick came home alone.

Neverout. Alackaday, poor miss! methinks it grieves me to pity you.

Miss. What! you think, you said a fine thing now; well, if I had a dog with no more wit, I would hang him.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if it is manners, may I ask which is oldest, you or lady Scuttle?

Miss. Why, my lord, when I die for age, she may quake for fear.

Lady Smart. She 's a very great gadder abroad.

Lady Answ. Lord! she made me follow her last week through all the shops like a Tantiny pig *.

Lady

* St. Anthony, having been originally a swineherd, was always painted with a pig following him. Hence, as St. Anthony was

Lady Smart. I remember, you told me, you had been with her from Dan to Beersheba?

Colonel spits.

Col. Lord! I shall die; I cannot spit from me.

Miss. O! Mr. Neverout, my little Countess has just litter'd; speak me fair, and I'll set you down for a puppy.

Neverout. Why, miss, if I speak you fair, perhaps I mayn't tell truth.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, but Tom, smoke that, she calls you puppy by craft.

Neverout. Well, miss, you ride the fore horse to day.

Miss. Ay, many a one says well, that thinks ill.

Neverout. Fie, miss; you said that once before; and, you know, too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Miss. Why, sure we can't say a good thing too often.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, so much for that, and butter for fish; let us call another cause. Pray, madam, does your ladyship know Mrs. Nice?

Lady Smart. Perfectly well, my lord; she's nice by name, and nice by nature.

Ld. Sparkish. Is it possible she could take that booby Tom Blunder for love;

Miss. She had good skill in horse flesh, that would choose a goose to ride on.

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, 'twas her fate; they say, marriage and hanging go by destiny.

was never seen without his pig, "To follow like a Tantiny pig," became a common saying, to express a person constantly attending at the heels of another.

Col. I believe she 'll never be burnt for a witch.

Ld. Sparkish. They say, marriages are made in Heaven; but I doubt, when she was married, she had no friend there.

Neverout. Well, she 's got out of God's blessing into the warm sun.

Col. The fellow's well enough, if he had any guts in his brains.

Lady Smart. They say, thereby hangs a tale.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, he 's a mere hobbledehoy, neither a man nor a boy.

Miss. Well, if I were to choose a husband, I would never be married to a little man.

Neverout. Pray, why so, miss? for they say, of all evils we ought to choose the least.

Miss. Because folks would say, when they saw us together, There goes the woman and her husband.

Col. [*to Lady Smart.*] Will your ladyship be on the Mall to morrow night?

Lady Smart. No, that won't be proper; you know to morrow 's Sunday.

Lord Sparkish. What then, madam! they say, the better day, the better deed.

Lady Answ. Pray, Mr. Neverout, how do you like lady Fruzz?

Neverout. Pox on her! she 's as old as Poles*.

Miss. So will you be, if you ben't hang'd when you 're young.

Neverout. Come, miss, let us be friends: will you go to the park this evening?

Miss. With all my heart, and a piece of my liver; but not with you.

* For St. Paul's church.

Lady

Lady Smart. I'll tell you one thing, and that's not two; I'm afraid I shall get a fit of the headach to day.

Col. O! madam, don't be afraid; it comes with a fright.

Miss. [*to Lady Answerall.*] Madam, one of your ladyship's lappets is longer than t'other.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter; they that ride on a trotting horse will ne'er perceive it.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, your lappets hang worse.

Miss. Well, I love a liar in my heart, and you fit me to a hair.

Miss rises up.

Neverout. Deuse take you, miss; you trod on my foot: I hope you don't intend to come to my bedside.

Miss. In troth, you are afraid of your friends, and none of them near you.

Ld. Sparkish. Well said, girl! [*giving her a chuck*] take that; they say, a chuck under the chin is worth two kisses.

Lady Answ. But, Mr. Neverout, I wonder why such a handsome, straight, young gentleman as you, don't get some rich widow.

Ld. Sparkish. Straight! ay, straight as my leg, and that's crooked at knee.

Neverout. Faith, madam, if it rain'd rich widows, none of them would fall upon me. Egad, I was born under a threepenny planet, never to be worth a groat.

Lady Answ. No, Mr. Neverout; I believe you were born with a caul on your head; you are such a favourite among the ladies: but what think you of widow Prim? she's immensely rich.

Neverout.

Neverout. Hang her! they say her father was a baker.

Lady Smart. Ay; but it is not, what is she, but what has she, nowadays.

Col. Tom, faith, put on a bold face for once, and have at the widow. I 'll speak a good word for you to her.

Lady Answ. Ay; I warrant, you 'll speak one word for him, and two for yourself.

Miss. Well; I had that at my tongue's end.

Lady Answ. Why, miss, they say, good wits jump.

Neverout. Faith, madam, I had rather marry a woman I lov'd, in her smock, than widow Prim, if she had her weight in gold.

Lady Smart. Come, come, Mr. Neverout, marriage is honourable, but housekeeping is a shrew.

Lady Answ. Consider, Mr. Neverout, four bare legs in a bed; and you are a younger brother.

Col. Well, madam; the younger brother is the better gentleman: however, Tom, I would advise you to look before you leap.

Ld. Sparkish. The colonel says true; besides, you can't expect to wive and thrive in the same year.

Miss. [*shuddering.*] Lord! there 's somebody walking over my grave.

Col. Pray, lady Answerall, where was you last Wednesday, when I did myself the honour to wait on you? I think your ladyship is one of the tribe of Gad.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, I was at church.

Col. Nay, then will I be hang'd, and my horse too.

Neverout. I believe her ladyship was at a church with a chimney in it.

Miss.

Miss. Lord, my petticoat! how it hangs by jommetry!

Neverout. Perhaps the fault may be in your shape.

Miss. [*looking gravely*] Come, Mr. Neverout, there's no jest like the true jest; but I suppose you think my back's broad enough to bear every thing.

Neverout. Madam, I humbly beg your pardon.

Miss. Well, sir, your pardon's granted.

Neverout. Well, all things have an end, and a pudden has two, up-up-on me-my-my word.

[*stutters.*

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, can't you speak without a spoon?

Ld. Sparkish. [*to lady Smart.*] Has your ladyship seen the duchess since your falling out?

Lady Smart. Never, my lord, but once at a visit; and she look'd at me as the devil look'd over Lincoln.

Neverout. Pray, miss, take a pinch of my snuff.

Miss. What! you break my head, and give me a plaster; well, with all my heart; once, and not use it.

Neverout. Well, miss; if you wanted me and your victuals, you'd want your two best friends.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Tom, miss and you must kiss and be friends.

Neverout salutes Miss.

Miss. Any thing for a quiet life: my nose itch'd, and I knew I should drink wine, or kiss a fool.

Col. Well, Tom, if that ben't fair, hang fair.

Neverout. I never said a rude thing to a lady in my life.

Miss.

Miss. Here's a pin for that lie; I'm sure liars had need have good memories. Pray, colonel, was not he very uncivil to me but just now?

Lady Answ. Mr. Neverout, if miss will be angry for nothing, take my counsel, and bid her turn the buckle of her girdle behind her.

Neverout. Come, lady Answerall, I know better things; miss and I are good friends; don't put tricks upon travellers.

Col. Tom, not a word of the pudden, I beg you.

Lady Smart. Ah, colonel! you 'll never be good, nor then neither.

Ld. Sparkish. Which of the goods d'ye mean? good for something, or good for nothing?

Miss. I have a blister on my tongue; yet I don't remember I told a lie.

Lady Answ. I thought you did just now.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, what did thought do?

Lady Answ. Well, for my life, I cannot conceive what your lordship means.

Ld. Sparkish. Indeed, madam, I meant no harm.

Lady Smart. No, to be sure, my lord! you are as innocent as a devil of two years old.

Neverout. Madam, they say, ill doers are ill deemers; but I don't apply it to your ladyship.

Miss mending a hole in her lace.

Miss. Well, you see, I 'm mending; I hope I shall be good in time; look, lady Answerall, is it not well mended?

Lady Answ. Ay, this is something like a tansy.

Neverout. Faith, miss, you have mended, as a tinker mends a kettle; stop one hole, and make two

Lady

Lady Smart. Pray, colonel, are you not very much tann'd?

Col. Yes, madam; but a cup of Christmas ale will soon wash it off.

Ld. Sparkish. Lady Smart, does not your ladyship think Mrs. Fade is mightily alter'd since her marriage?

Lady Answ. Why, my lord, she was handsome in her time; but she cannot eat her cake and have her cake: I hear she's grown a mere otomy.

Lady Smart. Poor creature! the black ox has set his foot upon her already.

Miss. Ay; she has quite lost the blue on the plum.

Lady Smart. And yet, they say, her husband is very fond of her still.

Lady Answ. O, madam, if she would eat gold, he would give it her.

Neverout. [*to lady Smart.*] Madam, have you heard that lady Queasy was lately at the playhouse *incog?*

Lady Smart. What! lady Queasy of all women in the world! Do you say it upon rep?

Neverout. Poz, I saw her with my own eyes; she sat among the mob in the gallery; her own ugly phiz: and she saw me look at her.

Col. Her ladyship was plaguily bamb'd; I warrant it put her into the hipps.

Neverout. I smoked her huge nose, and, egad, she put me in mind of the woodcock, that strives to hide his long bill, and then thinks nobody sees him.

Col. Tom, I advise you, hold your tongue; for you'll never say so good a thing again.

Lady

Lady Smart. Miss, what are you looking for?

Miss. O, madam, I have lost the finest needle —

Lady Answ. Why, seek till you find it, and then you won't lose your labour.

Neverout. The loop of my hat is broke; how shall I mend it? [*he fastens it with a pin*] Well, hang him, say I, that has no shift.

Miss. Ay, and hang him that has one too many.

Neverout. O, miss, I have heard a sad story of you.

Miss. I defy you, Mr. Neverout; nobody can say, black 's my eye.

Neverout. I believe, you wish they could.

Miss. Well; but who was your author? Come, tell truth, and shame the devil.

Neverout. Come then, miss; guess who it was that told me; come, put on your considering cap.

Miss. Well, who was it?

Neverout. Why, one that lives within a mile of an oak.

Miss. Well, go hang yourself in your own garters, for I'm sure the gallows groans for you.

Neverout. Pretty miss! I was but in jest.

Miss. Well, but don't let that stick in your gizzard.

Col. My lord, does your lordship know Mrs. Talkall?

Ld. Sparkish. Only by sight; but I hear she has a great deal of wit; and egad, as the saying is, mettle to the back.

Lady Smart. So I hear.

Col. Why Dick Lubber said to her t' other day, Madam, you can't cry bo to a goose: yes, but I can, said she; and, egad, cry'd bo full in his face.

We all thought we should break our hearts with laughing.

Ld. Sparkish. That was cutting with a vengeance: And prithee how did the fool look?

Col. Look! egad, he look'd for all the word like an owl in an ivy-bush.

A child comes in screaming.

Miss. Well, if that child was mine, I'd whip it till the blood came; peace, you little vixen! if I were near you, I would not be far from you.

Lady Smart. Ay, ay! bachelors wives and maids children are finely tutor'd.

Lady Answ. Come to me, master; and I'll give you a sugarplum. Why, miss, you forget that ever you was a child yourself. [*She gives the child a lump of sugar.*] I have heard 'em say, boys will long.

Col. My lord, I suppose you know that Mr. Buzzard has married again.

Lady Smart. This is his fourth wife; then he has been shod round.

Col. Why, you must know, she had a month's mind to Dick Frontless, and thought to run away with him; but her parents forced her to take the old fellow for a good settlement.

Ld. Sparkish. So the man got his mare again.

Lady Smart. I'm told he said a very good thing to Dick; said he, You think us old fellows are fools; but we old fellows know young fellows are fools.

Col. I know nothing of that; but I know, he's devilish old, and she's very young.

Lady Answ. Why, they call that a match of the world's making.

Miss.

Miss. What if he had been young, and she old?

Neverout. Why, miss, that would have been a match of the devil's making; but when both are young that's a match of God's making.

Miss searching her pockets for a thimble, brings out a nutmeg.

Neverout. O, miss, have a care; for if you carry a nutmeg in your pocket, you'll certainly be married to an old man.

Miss. Well, and if I ever be married, it shall be to an old man; they always make the best husbands; and it is better to be an old man's darling, than a young man's warling.

Neverout. Faith, miss, if you speak as you think, I'll give you my mother for a maid.

Lady Smart rings the bell.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Harkee, you fellow; run to my lady Match, and desire she will remember to be here at six, to play at quadrille: d'ye hear, if you fall by the way, don't stay to get up again.

Footman. Madam, I don't know the house.

Lady Smart. That's not for want of ignorance; follow your nose; go, inquire among the servants.

Footman goes out, and leaves the door open.

Lady Smart. Here, come back, you fellow; why did you leave the door open? Remember, that a good servant must always come when he's call'd, do what he's bid, and shut the door after him.

The

The Footman goes out again, and falls down stairs.

Lady Answ. Neck or nothing; come down, or I'll fetch you down: well, but I hope the poor fellow has not sav'd the hangman a labour.

Neverout. Pray, madam, smoke miss yonder, biting her lips, and playing with her fan.

Miss. Who's that takes my name in vain?

She runs up to them, and falls down.

Lady Smart. What, more falling! do you intend the frolick should go round?

Lady Answ. Why, miss, I wish you may not have broke her ladyship's floor.

Neverout. Miss, come to me, and I'll take you up.

Lady Sparkish. Well, but, without a jest, I hope, miss, you are not hurt.

Col. Nay, she must be hurt for certain; for you see her head is all of a lump.

Miss. Well, remember this, colonel, when I have money, and you have none.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, when do you design to get a house, and a wife, and a fire to put her in?

Miss. Lord! who would be married to a soldier, and carry his knapsack?

Neverout. O, madam: Mars and Venus, you know.

Col. Egad, madam, I'd marry to morrow, if I thought I could bury my wife just when the honey-moon is over; but they say, a woman has as many lives as a cat.

Lady Answ. I find, the colonel thinks, a dead wife under the table is the best goods in a man's house.

Lady Smart. O but, colonel, if you had a good wife, it would break your heart to part with her.

Col. Yes, madam; for they say, he that has lost his wife and sixpence, has lost a tester.

Lady Smart. But, colonel, they say, that every married man should believe there's but one good wife in the world, and that's his own.

Col. For all that, I doubt, a good wife must be bespoke; for there's none ready made.

Miss. I suppose, the gentleman's a womanhater; but, Sir, I think you ought to remember, that you had a mother: and pray, if it had not been for a woman, where would you have been, colonel?

Col. Nay, miss, you cried whore first, when you talk'd of the knapsack.

Lady Answ. But I hope you won't blame the whole sex, because some are bad.

Neverout. And they say, he that hates woman, suck'd a sow.

Col. O, madam; there's no general rule without an exception.

Lady Smart. Then, why don't you marry, and settle?

Col. Fgad, madam, there's nothing will settle me but a bullet.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, colonel, there's one comfort, that you need not fear a cannon-bullet.

Col. Why so, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because they say, he was curs'd in his mother's belly that was kill'd by a cannon-bullet.

Miss.

Miss. I suppose, the colonel was cross'd in his first love, which makes him so severe on all the sex.

Lady Answ. Yes; and I'll hold a hundred to one, that the colonel has been over head and ears in love with some lady that has made his heart ake.

Col. O, madam, we soldiers are admirers of all the fair sex.

Miss. I wish I could see the colonel in love till he was ready to die.

Lady Smart. Ay; but I doubt, few people die for love in these days.

Neverout. Well, I confess, I differ from the colonel; for I hope to have a rich and a handsome wife yet before I die.

Col. Ay, Tom; live, horse, and thou shalt have grass.

Miss. Well, colonel; but, whatever you say against women, they are better creatures than men; for men were made of clay, but woman was made of man.

Col. Miss, you may say what you please; but, faith, you'll never lead apes in Hell.

Neverout. No, no; I'll be sworn miss has not an inch of nun's flesh about her.

Miss. I understumble you, gentlemen.

Neverout. Madam, your humblecumdumble.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, miss, when did you see your old acquaintance Mrs. Cloudy? you and she are two, I hear.

Miss. See her! marry, I don't care whether I ever see her again; God bless my eyesight.

Lady Answ. Lord! why she and you were as great as two inkleweavers. I've seen her hug you as the devil hugg'd the witch.

Miss. That 's true; but I 'm told for certain, she 's no better than she should be.

Lady Smart. Well, God mend us all; but you must allow, the world is very censorious; I never heard that she was a naughty pack.

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Come, sir Thomas, when the king pleases, when do you intend to march?

Ld. Sparkish. Have patience. Tom, is your friend Ned Rattle married?

Neverout. Yes, faith, my lord; he has tied a knot with his tongue, that he can never untie with his teeth.

Lady Smart. Ah! marry in haste, and repent at leisure.

Lady Answ. Has he got a good fortune with his lady? for they say, something has some savour, but nothing has no flavour.

Neverout. Faith, madam, all he gets by her he may put into his eye and see never the worse.

Miss. Then, I believe, he heartily wishes her in Abraham's bosom.

Col. Pray, my lord, how does Charles Limber and his fine wife agree?

Ld. Sparkish. Why, they say, he 's the greatest cuckold in town.

Neverout. O, but my lord, you should always except my lord mayor.

Miss. Mr. Neverout.

Neverout. Hay, madam, did you call me?

Miss. Hay! why hay is for horses.

Neverout. Why, miss, then you may kiss —

Col. Pray, my lord, what 's o'clock by your oracle?

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, I can 't tell, I think my watch runs upon wheels.

Neverout.

Neverout. Miss, pray be so kind to call a servant to bring me a glass of small beer: I know you are at home here.

Miss. Every fool can do as they 're bid: make a page of your own age, and do it yourself.

Neverout. Choose, proud fool; I did but ask you.

Miss puts her hand upon her knee.

Neverout. What, miss, are you thinking of your sweetheart? is your garter slipping down?

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, keep your breath to cool your porridge; you measure my corn by your bushel.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you lie —

Miss. Did you ever hear any thing so rude!

Neverout. I mean, you lie — under a mistake.

Miss. If a thousand lies could choke you, you would have been choked many a day ago.

Miss strives to snatch Mr. Neverout's snuff box.

Neverout. Madam, you missed that, as you miss'd your mother's blessing.

She tries again, and misses.

Neverout. Snap short makes you look so lean, miss.

Miss. Poh! you are so robustious, you had like to put out my eye; I assure you, if you blind me, you must lead me.

Lady Smart. Dear miss, be quiet; and bring me a pincushion out of that closet.

Miss opens the closet door and squalls.

Lady Smart. Lord bless the girl! what 's the matter now?

Miss. I vow, Madam, I saw something in black; I thought it was a spirit.

Col. Why, miss, did you ever see a spirit?

Miss. No, sir; I thank God I never saw any thing worse than myself.

Neverout. Well, I did a very foolish thing yesterday, and was a great puppy for my pains.

Miss. Very likely; for they say, many a true word 's spoke in jest.

Footman returns.

Lady Smart. Well, did you deliver your message? you are fit to be sent for sorrow, you stay so long by the way.

Footman. Madam, my lady was not at home, so I did not leave the message.

Lady Smart. This it is to send a fool of an errand.

Ld. Sparkish. [*looking at his watch.*] 'Tis past twelve o'clock.

Lady Smart. Well, what is that among all us?

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, I muſt take my leave: come, gentlemen, are you for a march?

Lady Smart. Well, but your lordship and the colonel will dine with us to day; and, Mr. Neverout, I hope, we shall have your good company: there will be no soul else, beside my own lord and these ladies; for every body knows I hate a crowd; I would rather want vittles than elbow room: we dine punctually at three.

Ld. Sparkish. Madam, we 'll be sure to attend your ladyship.

Col. Madam, my stomach serves me instead of a clock.

Another

Another Footman comes back.

Lady Smart. O! you are the t'other fellow I sent: well, have you been with my lady Club? you are good to send of a dead man's errand.

Footman. Madam, my lady Club begs your ladyship's pardon; but she is engaged to night.

Miss. Well, Mr. Neverout, here's the back of my hand to you.

Neverout. Miss, I find you will have the last word. Ladies, I am more yours than my own.

DIALOGUE II.

Lord Smart and the former company at three o'clock coming to dine.

After salutations.

Lord Smart. I'M sorry I was not at home this morning, when you all did us the honour to call here: but I went to the levee to day.

Ld. Sparkish. O! my lord; I'm sure the loss was ours.

Lady Smart. Gentlemen and ladies, you are come to a sad dirty house; I am sorry for it, but we have had our hands in mortar.

Ld. Sparkish. O! madam; your ladyship is pleas'd to say so; but I never saw any thing so clean and so fine; I profess, it is a perfect paradise.

Lady Smart. My lord, your lordship is always very obliging.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, madam, whose picture is that?

Lady Smart. Why, my lord, it was drawn for me.

Ld. Sparkish. I'll swear the painter did not flatter your ladyship.

Col. My lord, the day is finely clear'd up.

Ld. Smart. Ay, colonel; 'tis a pity that fair weather should ever do any harm. [*To Neverout.*] Why, Tom, you are high in the mode.

Neverout. My lord, it is better to be out of the world than out of the fashion.

Ld. Smart.

Ld. Smart. But, Tom, I hear you and miss are always quarrelling: I fear, it is your fault; for I can assure you, she is very good humour'd.

Neverout. Ay, my lord; so is the devil when he 's pleas'd.

Ld. Smart. Miss, what do you think of my friend Tom?

Miss. My lord, I think he 's not the wisest man in the world; and truly, he 's sometimes very rude.

Ld. Sparkish. That may be true; but yet, he that hangs Tom for a fool, may find a knave in the halter.

Miss. Well, however, I wish he were hanged, if it were only to try.

Neverout. Well, miss, if I must be hang'd, I won't go far to choose my gallows; it shall be about your fair neck.

Miss. I 'll see your nose cheese first, and the dogs eating it: but, my lord, Mr. Neverout's wit begins to run low; for, I vow, he said this before; pray, colonel, give him a pinch, and I 'll do as much for you.

Ld. Sparkish. My lady Smart, your ladyship has a very fine scarf.

Lady Smart. Yes, my lord; it will make a flaming figure in a country church.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, dinner 's upon the table.

Col. Faith, I am glad of it; my belly began to cry cupboard.

Neverout. I wish I may never hear worse news.

Miss. What! Mr. Neverout, you are in great haste; I believe your belly thinks your throat is cut.

Neverout.

Neverout. No, faith, miss; three meals a day, and a good supper at night, will serve my turn.

Miss. To say the truth, I 'm hungry.

Neverout. And I 'm angry; so let us both go fight.

They go in to dinner, and, after the usual compliments, take their seats.

Lady Smart. Ladies and gentlemen, will you eat any oysters before dinner?

Col. With all my heart. [*takes an oyster.*] He was a bold man that first eat an oyster.

Lady Smart. They say, oysters are a cruel meat, because we eat them alive: then they are an uncharitable meat, for we leave nothing to the poor; and they are an ungodly meat, because we never say grace.

Neverout. Faith, that 's as well said as if I had said it myself.

Lady Smart. Well, we are well set if we be but as well serv'd: come, colonel, handle your arms; shall I help you to some beef?

Col. If your ladyship please; and, pray, don't cut like a mother-in-law, but send me a large slice: for I love to lay a good foundation. I vow, 'tis a noble sirloin.

Neverout. Ay; here 's cut and come again.

Miss. But pray, why is it call'd a sirloin?

Ld. Smart. Why you must know, that our king James the first, who lov'd good eating, being invited to dinner by one of his nobles, and seeing a large loin of beef at his table, he drew out his sword, and in a frolick knighted it. Few people know the secret of this.

Lady

Lady Sparkish. Beef is man's meat, my lord.

Ld. Smart. But, my lord, I say, beef is the king of meat.

Miss. Pray, what have I done, that I must not have a plate?

Lady Smart. [*to lady Answ.*] What will your ladyship please to eat?

Lady Answ. Pray, madam, help yourself.

Col. They say, eating and scratching wants but a beginning: if you 'll give me leave, I 'll help myself to a slice of this shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Colonel, you can't do a kinder thing: well, you are all heartily welcome, as I may say.

Col. They say there are thirty and two good bits in a shoulder of veal.

Lady Smart. Ay, colonel; thirty bad bits and two good ones; you see I understand you; but I hope you have got one of the two good ones.

Neverout. Colonel, I 'll be of your mess.

Col. Then pray, Tom, carve for yourself; they say, two hands in a dish, and one in a purse: Hah! said I well, Tom?

Neverout. Colonel, you spoke like an oracle.

Miss. [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship help me to some fish?

Ld. Smart. [*to Neverout.*] Tom, they say fish should swim thrice.

Neverout. How is that, my lord?

Ld. Smart. Why, Tom, first it should swim in the sea (do you mind me?) then it should swim in butter; and at last, sirrah, it should swim in good claret. I think I have made it out.

Footman.

Footman. [*to Ld. Smart.*] My lord, sir John Linger is coming up.

Ld. Smart. God so! I invited him to dine with me to day, and forgot it: well, desire him to walk in.

Sir John Linger comes in.

Sir John. What! are you at it? why, then, I'll be gone.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I beg you will sit down; come, the more the merrier.

Sir John. Ay; but the fewer the better cheer.

Lady Smart. Well, I am the worst in the world at making apologies; it was my lord's fault: I doubt you must kiss the hare's foot.

Sir John. I see you are fast by the teeth.

Col. Faith, sir John, we are killing that that would kill us.

Ld. Sparkish. You see, sir John, we are upon a business of life and death; come, will you do as we do? you are come in pudding-time.

Sir John. Ay; this would be doing if I were dead. What! you keep court hours I see: I'll be going, and get a bit of meat at my inn.

Lady Smart. Why, we won't eat you, sir John.

Sir John. It is my own fault; but I was kept by a fellow, who bought some Derbyshire oxen of me.

Neverout. You see, sir John, we staid for you as one horse does for another.

Lady Smart. My lord, will you help sir John to some beef? Lady Answerall, pray eat, you see your dinner: I am sure, if we had known we should have such good company, we should have been better provided;

provided; but you must take the will for the deed. I'm afraid you are invited to your loss.

Col. And pray, sir John, how do you like the town? you have been absent a long time.

Sir John. Why, I find little London stands just where it did when I left it last.

Neverout. What do you think of Hanover square? Why, sir John, London is gone out of town since you saw it.

Lady Smart. Sir John, I can only say, you are heartily welcome; and I wish I had something better for you.

Col. Here 's no salt; cuckolds will run away with the meat.

Ld. Smart. Pray edge a little, to make more room for sir John: sir John, fall to: you know, half an hour is soon lost at dinner.

Sir John. I protest I can't eat a bit, for I took share of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale with my chapman, beside a tankard of March beer, as soon as I got out of my bed.

Lady Answ. Not fresh and fasting, I hope?

Sir John. Yes, faith, madam; I always wash my kettle before I put the meat in it.

Lady Smart. Poh! sir John, you have seen nine houses since you eat last: come, you have kept a corner of your stomach for a piece of venison pasty.

Sir John. Well, I'll try what I can do when it comes up.

Lady Answ. Come, sir John, you may go farther, and fare worse.

Miss. [*to Neverout.*] Pray, Mr. Neverout, will you please to send me a piece of tongue?

Neverout

Neverout. By no means, madam; one tongue 's enough for a woman.

Col. Miss, here 's a tongue that never told a lie.

Miss. That was, because it could not speak. Why, colonel, I never told a lie in my life.

Neverout. I appeal to all the company, whether that be not the greatest lie that ever was told?

Col. [*to Neverout.*] Prithee, Tom, send me the two legs, and rump, and liver of that pigeon; for, you must know, I love what nobody else loves.

Neverout. But what if any of the ladies should long? Well, here take it, and the d—l do you good with it.

Lady Answ. Well; this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach.

Neverout. I am sure I have lost mine.

Miss. What! the bottom of it, I suppose.

Neverout. No, really, miss; I have quite lost it.

Miss. I should be very sorry a poor body had found it.

Lady Smart. But, sir John, we hear you are married since we saw you last: what! you have stolen a wedding, it seems?

Sir John. Well; one can't do a foolish thing once in one's life, but one must hear of it a hundred times.

Col. And, pray, sir John, how does your lady unknown?

Sir John. My wife 's well, colonel, and at your service in a civil way. Ha, ha! [*He laughs.*

Miss. Pray, sir John, is your lady tall or short?

Sir John. Why, miss, I thank God, she is a little evil.

Ld. Sparkish. Come, give me a glass of claret.

Footman.

Footman fills him a bumper.

Ld. Sparkish. Why do you fill so much?

Neverout. My lord, he fills as he loves you.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I send you some cucumber?

Miss. Madam, I dare not touch it: for they say, cucumbers are cold in the third degree.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, do you love pudding?

Neverout. Madam, I'm like all fools, I love every thing that is good; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Col. Sir John, I hear you are a great walker, when you are at home.

Sir John. No, faith, colonel; I always love to walk with a horse in my hand: but I have had devilish bad luck in horse flesh of late.

Ld. Smart. Why then, sir John, you must kiss a parson's wife.

Lady Smart. They say, sir John, that your lady has a great deal of wit.

Sir John. Madam, she can make a pudding; and has just wit enough to know her husband's breeches from another man's.

Ld. Smart. My lord Sparkish, I have some excellent cider; will you please to taste it?

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, I should like it well enough, if it were not treacherous.

Ld. Smart. Pray, my lord, how is it treacherous?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it smiles in my face, and cuts my throat. [*Here a loud laugh.*

Miss. Odd-so! madam; your knives are very sharp, for I have cut my finger.

Lady Smart. I am sorry for it; pray, which finger? (God bless the mark!)

Miss,

Miss. Why, this finger: no, 'tis this: I vow I can't find which it is.

Neverout. Ay; the fox had a wound, and he could not tell where, &c. Bring some water to throw in her face.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, did you ever draw a sword in anger? I warrant, you would faint at the sight of your own blood.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, shall I send you some veal?

Neverout. No, madam; I don't love it.

Miss. Then pray for them that do. I desire your ladyship will send me a bit.

Ld. Smart. Tom, my service to you.

Neverout. My lord, this moment I did myself the honour to drink to your lordship.

Ld. Smart. Why then that's Hertfordshire kindness.

Neverout. Faith, my lord, I pledged myself; for I drank twice together without thinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, colonel, my humble service to you.

Neverout. Pray, my lord, don't make a bridge of my nose.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, a glass of this wine is as comfortable as matrimony to an old woman.

Col. Sir John, I design one of these days to come and beat up your quarters in Derbyshire.

Sir John. Faith, colonel, come, and welcome: and stay away, and heartily welcome: but you were born within the sound of Bow bell, and don't care to stir so far from London.

Miss. Pray, colonel, send me some fritters.

Colonel

Colonel takes them out with his hand.

Col. Here, miss; they say fingers were made before forks, and hands before knives.

Lady Smart. Methinks this pudding is too much boil'd.

Lady Answ. O! madam, they say a pudding is poison, when it is too much boil'd.

Neverout. Miss, shall I help you to a pigeon? here 's a pigeon so finely roasted, it cries, Come eat me.

Miss. No, sir; I thank you.

Neverout. Why, then you may choose.

Miss. I have chosen already.

Neverout. Well, you may be worse offered, before you are twice married.

The Colonel fills a large plate of soup.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, you don't mean to eat all that soup.

Col. O, my lord, this is my sick dish; when I'm well, I'll have a bigger.

Miss. [*to Col.*] Sup, Simon; very good broth.]

Neverout. This seems to be a good pullet.

Miss. I warrant, Mr. Neverout knows what 's good for himself.

Ld. Sparkish. Tom, I sha'nt take your word for it; help me to a wing.

Neverout tries to cut off a wing.

Neverout. Egad, I can't hit the joint.

Ld. Sparkish. Why then, think of a cuckold.

Neverout. O! now I have nick'd it.

[*Gives it to Ld. Sparkish.*

Ld. Sparkish. Why, a man may eat this, though his wife lay a dying.

Col. Pray, friend, give me a glass of small beer, if it be good.

Ld. Smart. Why, colonel, they say, there is no such thing as good small beer, good brown bread, or a good old woman.

Lady Smart. [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, I beg your ladyship's pardon; I did not see you when I was cutting that bit.

Lady Answ. O! madam; after you is good manners.

Lady Smart. Lord! here 's a hair in the sauce.

Lady Sparkish. Then set the hounds after it.

Neverout. Pray, colonel, help me however to some of that same sauce.

Col. Come, I think you are more sauce than pig.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, cheer up: my service to you: well, what do you think of the world to come?

Sir John. Truly, my lord, I think of it as little as I can.

Lady Smart. [*putting a skewer on a plate.*] Here, take this skewer, and carry it down to the cook, to dress it for her own dinner.

Neverout. I beg your ladyship's pardon; but this small beer is dead.

Lady Smart. Why, then, let it be buried.

Col. This is admirable black pudding: miss, shall I carve you some? I can just carve pudding, and that 's all; I am the worst carver in the world; I should never make a good chaplain.

Miss. No, thank ye, colonel; for they say those that eat black pudding will dream of the devil.

Ld. Smart. O, here comes the venison pasty: here, take the soup away.

Ld. Smart. [*He cuts it up, and tastes the venison*] 'Sbuds, this venison is musty.

Neverout eats a piece, and it burns his mouth.

Ld. Smart. What's the matter, Tom? you have tears in your eyes, I think: what dost cry for, man?

Neverout. My lord, I was just thinking of my poor grandmother! she died just this very day seven years.

Miss takes a bit and burns her mouth.

Neverout. And pray, miss, why do you cry too?

Miss. Because you were not hang'd the day your grandmother died.

Ld. Smart. I'd have given forty pounds, miss, to have said that.

Col. Egad, I think the more I eat, the hungrier I am.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, colonel, they say, one shoulder of mutton drives down another.

Neverout. Egad, if I were to fast for my life, I would take a good breakfast in the morning, a good dinner at noon, and a good supper at night.

Ld. Sparkish. My lord, this venison is plaguily pepper'd; your cook has a heavy hand.

Ld. Smart. My lord, I hope you are pepper-proof: come, here's a health to the founders.

Lady Smart. Ay; and to the confounders too.

Ld. Smart. Lady Answerall, does not your ladyship love venison?

Lady Answ. No, my lord, I can't endure it in my sight; therefore please to send me a good piece of meat and crust.

Ld. Sparkish. [*drinks to Neverout.*] Come, Tom; not always to my friends, but once to you.

Neverout. [*drinks to Lady Smart*] Come, madam; here's a health to our friends, and hang the rest of our kin.

Lady Smart. [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship have any of this hare?

Lady Answ. No, madam; they say, 'tis melancholy meat.

Lady Smart. Then, madam, shall I send you the brains? I beg your ladyship's pardon; for they say, 'tis not good manners to offer brains.

Lady Answ. No, madam; for perhaps it will make me hairbrain'd.

Neverout. Miss, I must tell you one thing.

Miss. [*with a glass in her hand.*] Hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout; don't speak in my tip.

Col. Well, he was an ingenious man that first found out eating and drinking.

Ld. Sparkish. Of all vittles drink digests the quickest: give me a glass of wine.

Neverout. My lord, your wine is too strong.

Ld. Smart. Ay, Tom, as much as you're too good.

Miss. This almond pudding was pure good; but it is grown quite cold.

Neverout. So much the better, miss, cold pudding will settle your love.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, are you going to take a voyage?

Neverout. Why do you ask, miss?

Miss. Because you have laid in so much beef.

Sir John. You two have eat up the whole pudding between you.

Miss.

Miss. Sir John, here's a little bit left; will you please to have it?

Sir John. No, thankee; I don't love to make a fool of my mouth.

Col. [*calling to the butler*] John, is your small beer good?

Butler. An please your honour, my lord and lady like it; I think it is good.

Col. Why then, John, d'ye see, if you are sure your small beer is good, d'ye mark? then, give me a glass of wine. [*All laugh.*

Colonel tasting the wine.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, how does your neighbour Gatherall of the Peak? I hear he has lately made a purchase.

Sir John. O! Dick Gatherall knows how to butter his bread as well as any man in Derbyshire.

Ld. Smart. Why he us'd to go very fine, when he was here in town.

Sir John. Ay; and it became him, as a saddle becomes a sow.

Col. I know his lady, and I think she is a very good woman.

Sir John. Faith, she has more goodness in her little finger than he has in his whole body.

Ld. Smart. Well, colonel, how do you like that wine?

Col. This wine should be eaten; it is too good to be drunk.

Ld. Smart. I'm very glad you like it; and pray don't spare it.

Col. No, my lord; I'll never starve in a cook's shop.

Ld. Smart. And pray, sir John, what do you say to my wine?

Sir John. I'll take another glass first: second thoughts are best.

Ld. Sparkish. Pray, lady Smart, you sit near that ham; will you please to send me a bit?

Lady Smart. With all my heart. [*She sends him a piece*] Pray, my lord, how do you like it?

Ld Sparkish. I think it is a limb of Lot's wife. [*He eats it with mustard*] Egad, my lord, your mustard is very uncivil.

Lady Smart. Why uncivil, my lord?

Ld. Sparkish. Because it takes me by the nose, egad.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, I find you are a very good carver.

Col. O madam, that is no wonder; for you must know, Tom Neverout carves o' Sundays.

Neverout overturns the saltcellar.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, you have overturn'd the salt, and that's a sign of anger: I'm afraid miss and you will fall out.

Lady Answ. No, no; throw a little of it into the fire, and all will be well.

Neverout. O, madam, the falling out of lovers, you know.

Miss. Lovers! very fine! fall out with him! I wonder when we were in.

Sir John. For my part, I believe the young gentlewoman is his sweetheart, there's so much fooling and fiddling betwixt them: I'm sure, they say in our

our country, that shiddle-come sh — 's the beginning of love.

Miss. I own, I love Mr. Neverout as the devil loves holywater: I love him like pie, I'd rather the devil had him than I.

Neverout. Miss, I 'll tell you one thing.

Miss. Come, here 's t' ye, to stop your mouth.

Neverout. I 'd rather you would stop it with a kiss.

Miss. A kiss! marry come up, my dirty cousin; are you no sicker? Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing!

Neverout. Well, I 'm very dry.

Miss. Then you 're the better to burn, and the worse to fry.

Lady Answ. God bless you, colonel, you have a good stroke with you.

Col. O, madam, formerly I could eat all, but now I leave nothing; I eat but one meal a day.

Miss. What! I suppose, colonel, that is from morning till night.

Neverout. Faith, miss; and well was his wont.

Ld. Smart. Pray, lady Answerall, taste this bit of venison.

Lady Answ. I hope your lordship will set me a good example.

Ld. Smart. Here 's a glass of cider fill'd: miss, you must drink it.

Miss. Indeed, my lord, I can 't.

Neverout. Come, miss; better belly burst, than good liquor be lost.

Miss. Pish! well in life there was never any thing so teasing; I had rather shed it in my shoes: I wish it were in your guts, for my share.

Ld. Smart. Mr. Neverout, you ha 'nt tasted my cider yet.

Neverout. No, my lord; I have been just eating soup; and they say, if one drinks with one's porridge, one will cough in one's grave.

Ld. Smart. Come, take miss's glass, she wish'd it was in your guts; let her have her wish for once: ladies can 't abide to have their inclinations cross'd.

Lady Smart. [*to sir John*] I think, sir John, you have not tasted the venison yet.

Sir John. I seldom eat it, madam; however, please to send me a little of the crust.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, sir John, you had as good eat the devil as the broth he is boil'd in.

Col. Well, this eating and drinking takes away a body's stomach, as lady Answerall says.

Neverout. I have dined as well as my lord mayor.

Miss. I thought I could have eaten this wing of a chicken; but my eye's bigger than my belly.

Ld. Smart. Indeed, lady Answerall, you have eaten nothing.

Lady Answ. Pray, my lord, see all the bones on my plate: they say a carpenter 's known by his chips.

Neverout. Miss, will you reach me that glass of jelly?

Miss. [*giving it to him*] You see, 'tis but ask and have.

Neverout. Miss, I would have a bigger glass.

Miss. What? you don 't know your own mind; you are neither well, full nor fasting; I think that is enough.

Neverout. Ay, one of the enoughs; I am sure it is little enough.

Miss.

Miss. Yes; but you know, sweet things are bad for the teeth.

Neverout. [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, I don't like that part of the veal you sent me.

Lady Answ. Well, Mr. Neverout, I find you are a true Englishman; you never know when you are well.

Col. Well, I have made my whole dinner of beef.

Lady Answ. Why, colonel, a bellyfull's a bellyfull, if it be but of wheat straw.

Col. Well, after all, kitchen physick is the best physick.

Lady Smart. And the best doctors in the world are doctor diet, doctor quiet, and doctor merryman.

Ld. Sparkish. What do you think of a little house well fill'd?

Sir John. And a little land well till'd?

Col. Ay; and a little wife well will'd?

Neverout. My lady Smart, pray help me to some of the breast of that goose.

Ld. Smart. Tom, I have heard that goose upon goose is false heraldry.

Miss. What! will you never have done stuffing?

Ld. Smart. This goose is quite raw: well, God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks.

Neverout. Miss, can you tell which is the gander, the white goose or the gray goose?

Miss. They say, a fool will ask more questions than the wisest body can answer.

Col. Indeed, miss, Tom Neverout has posed you.

Miss. Why, colonel, every dog has his day; but I believe I shall never see a goose again without thinking of Mr. Neverout.

Ld.

Ld. Smart. Well said, miss; faith, girl, thou hast brought thyself off cleverly. Tom, what say you to that?

Col. Faith, Tom is nonpluss'd; he looks plaguily down in the mouth.

Miss. Why, my lord, you see he is the provokingest creature in life; I believe there is not such another in the varsal world.

Lady Answ. O, miss, the world 's a wide place.

Neverout. Well, miss, I'll give you leave to call me any thing, if you don 't call me spade.

Ld. Smart. Well, but after all, Tom, can you tell me what 's Latin for a goose?

Neverout. O, my lord, I know that; why brandy is Latin for a goose, and *tace* is Latin for a candle.

Miss. Is that manners, to show your learning before ladies? Methinks you are grown very brisk of a sudden; I think the man 's glad he 's alive.

Sir John. The devil take your wit, if this be wit; for it spoils company: pray, Mr. Butler, bring me a dram after my goose; 'tis very good for the wholesomes.

Ld. Smart. Come, bring me the loaf; I sometimes love to cut my own bread.

Miss. I suppose, my lord, you lay longest abed to day.

Ld. Smart. Miss, if I had said so, I should have told a fib; I warrant you lay abed till the cows came home: but, miss, shall I cut you a little crust now my hand is in?

Miss. If you please, my lord, a bit of undercrust.

Neverout.

Neverout. [*whispering miss.*] I find you love to lie under.

Miss. [*aloud, pushing him from her.*] What does the man mean! Sir, I don't understand you at all.

Neverout. Come, all quarrels laid aside: here, miss, may you live a thousand years.

[*He drinks to her.*

Miss. Pray, sir, don't stint me.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, will you taste my october? I think it is very good; but I believe not equal to yours in Derbyshire.

Sir John. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, the devil made askers.

Ld. Smart. [*to the butler.*] Here, bring up the great tankard full of October for sir John.

Col. [*drinking to miss.*] Miss, your health; may you live all the days of your life.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, you 'll certainly be soon married; here's two bachelors drinking to you at once.

Lady Smart. Indeed, miss, I believe you were wrapt in your mother's smock, you are so well beloved.

Miss. Where's my knife? sure I han't eaten it: O, here it is.

Sir John. No, miss; but your maidenhead hangs in your light.

Miss. Pray, sir John, is that a Derbyshire compliment? Here, Mr. Neverout, will you take this piece of rabbit that you bid me carve for you?

Neverout. I don't know.

Miss. Why, take it, or let it alone.

Neverout. I will.

Miss. What will you?

Neverout.

Neverout. Why, I'll take it, or let it alone.

Miss. You are a provoking creature.

Sir John. [*talking with a glass of wine in his hand.*] I remember a farmer in our country—

Ld. Smart. [*interrupting him.*] Pray, sir John, did you ever hear of parson Palmer?

Sir John. No, my lord; what of him?

Ld. Smart. Why, he used to preach over his liquor.

Sir John. I beg your lordship's pardon; here's your lordship's health; I'd drink it up, if it were a mile to the bottom.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, have you been at the new play?

Neverout. Yes, madam, I went the first night.

Lady Smart. Well, and how did it take?

Neverout. Why, madam, the poet is damn'd.

Sir John. God forgive you! that's very uncharitable: you ought not to judge so rashly of any Christian.

Neverout. [*whispers lady Smart.*] Was ever such a dunce? How well he knows the town! See how he stares like a stuck pig! Well, but, sir John, are you acquainted with any of our fine ladies yet?

Sir John. No; damn your fireships, I have a wife of my own.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lady Answerall, how do you like these preserved oranges?

Lady Answ. Indeed, madam, the only fault I find is, that they are too good.

Lady Smart. O madam; I have heard 'em say, that too good is stark naught.

Miss.

Miss drinking part of a glass of wine.

Neverout. Pray, let me drink your snuff.

Miss. No, indeed, you shan't drink after me; for you 'll know my thoughts.

Neverout. I know them already; you are thinking of a good husband. Besides, I can tell your meaning by your mumping.

Lady Smart. Pray, my lord, did not you order the butler to bring up a tankard of our october to sir John? I believe, they stay to brew it.

The butler brings up the tankard to sir John.

Sir John. Won't your ladyship please to drink first?

Lady Smart. No, sir John; 'tis in a very good hand; I 'll pledge you.

Col. [*to lady Smart.*] My lord, I love October as well as sir John; and I hope, you won't make fish of one, and flesh of another.

Ld. Smart. Colonel, you 're heartily welcome. Come, sir John, take it by word of mouth, and then give it the colonel.

Sir John drinks.

Ld. Smart. Well, sir John, how do you like it?

Sir John. Not as well as my own in Derbyshire; 'tis plaguy small.

Lady Smart. I never taste malt liquor; but they say 'tis well hopp'd.

Sir John. Hopp'd! why, if it had hopp'd a little farther, it would have hopp'd into the river. O my lord, my ale is meat, drink, and cloth; it will make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb.

Lady

Lady Smart. I was told ours was very strong.

Sir John. Ay, madam, strong of the water; I believe the brewer forgot the malt, or the river was too near him. Faith, it is mere whip-belly-vengeance; he that drinks most has the worst share.

Col. I believe, sir John, ale is as plenty as water at your house.

Sir John. Why, faith, at Christmas we have many comers and goers; and they must not be sent away without a cup of Christmas ale, for fear they should p—s behind the door.

Lady Smart. I hear, sir John has the nicest garden in England; they say, 'tis kept so clean, that you can't find a place where to spit.

Sir John. O madam; you are pleased to say so.

Lady Smart. But sir John, your ale is terrible strong and heady in Derbyshire, and will soon make one drunk and sick; what do you then?

Sir John. Why, indeed, it is apt to fox one; but our way is, to take a hair of the same dog next morning. I take a new laid egg for breakfast; and faith, one should drink as much after an egg as after an ox.

Ld. Smart. Tom Neverout, will you taste a glass of october?

Neverout. No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and I won't put a churl upon a gentleman; your honour's claret is good enough for me.

Lady Smart. What! is this pigeon left for manners? colonel, shall I send you the legs and rump?

Col. Madam, I could not eat a bit more, if the house was full.

Ld. Smart. [*carving a partridge*] Well; one may ride to Rumford upon this knife, it is so blunt.

Lady

Lady Answ. My lord, I beg your pardon; but they say, an ill workman never had good tools.

Ld. Smart. Will your lordship have a wing of it?

Ld. Sparkish. No, my lord; I love the wing of an ox a great deal better.

Ld. Smart. I'm always cold after eating.

Col. My lord, they say, that's a sign of long life.

Ld. Smart. Ay; I believe I shall live till all my friends are weary of me.

Col. Pray, does any body here hate cheese? I would be glad of a bit.

Ld. Smart. An odd kind of fellow dined with me t' other day; and when the cheese came upon the table, he pretended to faint; so somebody said, Pray take away the cheese: No, said I; pray, take away the fool: said I well?

Here a loud and large laugh.

Col. Faith, my lord, you served the coxcomb right enough; and therefore I wish we had a bit of your lordship's Oxfordshire cheese.

Ld. Smart. Come, hang saving; bring us up a halfp'orth of cheese.

Lady Answ. They say, cheese digests every thing but itself.

A Footman brings a great whole cheese.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay; this would look handsome, if any body should come in.

Sir John. Well; I'm weily brosten, as they sayn in Lancashire.

Lady Smart. O! sir John; I wou'd I had something to brost you withal.

Ld. Smart.

Ld. Smart. Come, they say, 'tis merry in the hall when beards wag all.

Lady Smart. Miss, shall I help you to some cheese, or will you carve for yourself?

Neverout. I'll hold fifty pounds, miss won't cut the cheese.

Miss. Pray, why so, Mr. Neverout?

Neverout. O, there is a reason, and you know it well enough.

Miss. I can't for my life understand what the gentleman means.

Ld. Smart. Pray, Tom, change the discourse: in troth you are too bad.

Col. [*whispers Neverout*] Smoke miss; faith, you have made her fret like gum taffeta.

Lady Smart. Well, but, miss, (hold your tongue, Mr. Neverout) shall I cut you a piece of cheese?

Miss. No, really, madam; I have dined this half hour.

Lady Smart. What! quick at meat, quick at work, they say.

Sir John nods.

Ld. Smart. What! are you sleepy, sir John? do you sleep after dinner?

Sir John. Yes, faith; I sometimes take a nap after my pipe; for when the belly is full, the bones would be at rest.

Lady Smart. Come, colonel; help yourself, and your friends will love you the better. [*To Lady Answ.*] Madam, your ladyship eats nothing.

Lady Answ. Lord, madam, I have fed like a farmer: I shall grow as fat as a porpoise; I swear, my jaws are weary of chewing.

Col.

Col. I have a mind to eat a piece of that sturgeon, but fear it will make me sick.

Neverout. A rare soldier indeed! let it alone, and I warrant it won't hurt you.

Col. Well; it would vex a dog to see a pudding creep.

Sir John rises.

Ld. Smart. Sir John, what are you doing?

Sir John. Swolks, I must be going, by'r lady; I have earnest business; I must do as the beggars do, go away when I have got enough.

Ld. Smart. Well; but stay till this bottle 's out; you know, the man was hang'd that left his liquor behind him: and besides, a cup in the pate is a mile in the gate; and a spur in the head is worth two in the heel.

Sir John. Come then; one brimmer to all your healths. [*The footman gives him a glass half full.*] Pray, friend, what was the rest of this glass made for? an inch at the top, friend, is worth two at the bottom. [*He gets a brimmer, and drinks it off.*] Well, there 's no deceit in a brimmer, and there 's no false Latin in this; your wine is excellent good, so I thank you for the next, for I am sure of this: madam, has your ladyship any commands in Derbyshire? I must go fifteen miles to night.

Lady Smart. None, sir John, but to take care of yourself; and my most humble service to your lady unknown.

Sir John. Well, madam, I can but love and thank you.

Lady Smart. Here, bring water to wash; tho'

really, you have all eaten so little, that you have not need to wash your mouths.

Ld. Smart. But, prithee, sir John, stay a while longer.

Sir John. No, my lord; I am to smoke a pipe with a friend before I leave the town.

Col. Why, sir John, had not you better set out to morrow?

Sir John. Colonel, you forget to morrow is Sunday.

Col. Now I always love to begin a journey on Sundays, because I shall have the prayers of the church, to preserve all that travel by land, or by water.

Sir John. Well, colonel; thou art a mad fellow to make a priest of.

Neverout. Fie, sir John, do you take tobacco? How can you make a chimney of your mouth?

Sir John. [*to Neverout.*] What! you don't smoke, I warrant you, but you smock. (Ladies, I beg your pardon.) Colonel, do you never smoke?

Col. No, sir John; but I take a pipe sometimes.

Sir John. I'faith, one of your finical London blades dined with me last year in Derbyshire: so, after dinner, I took a pipe; so my gentleman turn'd away his head: so, said I, what, sir, do you never smoke? so, he answered as you do, colonel; no, but I sometimes take a pipe: so he took a pipe in his hand, and fiddled with it till he broke it: so, said I, pray, sir, can you make a pipe? so, he said, no; so, said I, why then, sir, if you can't make a pipe, you should not break a pipe; so, we all laugh'd.

Ld.

Ld. Smart. Well; but, sir John, they say, that the corruption of pipes is the generation of stoppers.

Sir John. Colonel, I hear you go sometimes to Derbyshire; I wish you would come and foul a plate with me.

Col. I hope, you will give me a soldier's bottle.

Sir John. Come, and try. Mr. Neverout, you are a town wit; can you tell me what kind of herb is tobacco?

Neverout. Why, an Indian herb, sir John.

Sir John. No, 'tis a pot-herb; and so here's t' ye in a pot of my lord's october.

Lady Smart. I hear, sir John, since you are married, you have forswore the town.

Sir John. No, madam; I never forswore any thing but the building of churches.

Lady Smart. Well; but, sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

Sir John. Why, madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt, as the children say.

Neverout. Come, sir John: I foresee it will rain terribly.

Lady Smart. Come, sir John, do nothing rashly; let us drink first.

Ld. Sparkish. I know sir John will go, though he was sure it would rain cats and dogs: but pray stay, sir John; you'll be time enough to go to bed by candle-light.

Ld. Smart. Why, sir John, if you must needs go; while you stay, make use of your time: here's my service to you, a health to our friends in Derbyshire: come, sit down; let us put off the evil hour as long as we can.

Sir John. Faith, I could not drink a drop more if the house was full.

Col. Why, sir John, you used to love a glass of good wine in former times.

Sir John. Why, so I do still, colonel; but a man may love his house very well, without riding on the ridge: besides, I must be with my wife on Tuesday, or there will be the devil and all to pay.

Col. Well, if you go to day, I wish you may be wet to the skin.

Sir John. Ay; but they say the prayers of the wicked won't prevail.

Sir John takes leave, and goes away.

Ld. Smart. Well, miss, how do you like sir John?

Miss. Why, I think, he 's a little upon the silly, or so: I believe he has not all the wit in the world: but I don't pretend to be a judge.

Neverout. Faith, I believe, he was bred at Hog's Norton, where the pigs play upon the organs.

Ld. Sparkish. Why, Tom, I thought you and he were hand and glove.

Neverout. Faith, he shall have a clean threshold for me; I never darkened his door in my life, neither in town nor country; but he 's a queer old duke, by my conscience; and yet, after all, I take him to be more knave than fool.

Lady Smart. Well, come; a man 's a man, if he has but a nose on his face.

Col. I was once with him and some other company over a bottle; and, egad, he fell asleep, and snor'd so hard, that we thought he was driving his hogs to market.

Neverout.

Neverout. Why, what! you can have no more of a cat than her skin; you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Ld. Sparkish. Well, since he 's gone, the devil go with him and sixpence; and there 's money and company too.

Neverout. Faith, he 's a true country put. Pray, miss, let me ask you a question?

Miss. Well; but don't ask questions with a dirty face: I warrant, what you have to say will keep cold.

Col. Come, my lord, against you are disposed: here 's to all that love and honour you.

Ld. Sparkish. Ay, that was always Dick Nimble's health. I 'm sure you know he 's dead.

Col. Dead! well, my lord, you love to be a messenger of ill news: I 'm heartily sorry; but, my lord, we must all die.

Neverout. I knew him very well: but, pray, how came he to die?

Miss. There 's a question? you talk like a poticary: why, because he could live no longer.

Neverout. Well; rest his soul: we must live by the living, and not by the dead.

Ld. Sparkish. You know, his house was burnt down to the ground.

Col. Yes; it was in the news. Why, fire and water are good servants, but they are very bad masters.

Ld. Smart. Here, take away, and set down a bottle of burgundy. Ladies, you 'll stay and drink a glass of wine before you go to your tea.

All taken away, and the wife set down, &c.

Miss gives Neverout a smart pinch.

Neverout. Lord, miss, what d'ye mean? d'ye think I have no feeling?

Miss. I'm forc'd to pinch, for the times are hard.

Neverout. [*giving miss a pinch.*] Take that, miss; what 's sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander.

Miss. [*screaming.*] Well, Mr. Neverout, that shall neither go to Heaven nor Hell with you.

Neverout. [*takes miss by the hand.*] Come, miss, let us lay all quarrels aside, and be friends.

Miss. Don't be so teasing: you plague a body so! can't you keep your filthy hands to yourself?

Neverout. Pray, miss, where did you get that picktooth case?

Miss. I came honestly by it.

Neverout. I'm sure it was mine, for I lost just such a one; nay I don't tell you a lie.

Miss. No; if you lie, it is much.

Neverout. Well; I 'm sure 'tis mine.

Miss. What! you think every thing is yours, but a little the king has.

Neverout. Colonel, you have seen my fine picktooth case; don't you think this is the very same!

Col. Indeed, miss, it is very like it.

Miss. Ay; what he says, you 'll swear.

Neverout. Well; but I 'll prove it to be mine.

Miss. Ay; do if you can.

Neverout. Why, what 's yours is mine, and what 's mine is my own.

Miss.

Miss. Well, run on till you're weary; nobody holds you.

Neverout gapes.

Col. What, Mr. Neverout, do you gape for preferment?

Neverout. Faith, I may gape long enough, before it falls into my mouth.

Lady Smart. Mr. Neverout, my lord and I intend to beat up your quarters one of these days: I hear you live high.

Neverout. Yes, faith, madam; I live high, and lodge in a garret.

Col. But, miss, I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Neverout got the devilishest fall in the park today.

Miss. I hope he did not hurt the ground: but how was it, Mr. Neverout? I wish I had been there to laugh.

Neverout. Why, madam, it was a place where a cuckold had been buried, and one of his horns sticking out, I happened to stumble against it; that was all.

Lady Smart. Ladies, let us leave the gentlemen to themselves; I think it is time to go to our tea.

Lady Answ. and Miss. My lords and gentlemen, your most humble servant.

Ld. Smart. Well, ladies, we'll wait on you an hour hence.

The Gentlemen alone.

Ld. Smart. Come, John, bring us a fresh bottle.

Col. Ay, my lord; and pray, let him carry off the dead men, as we say in the army.

[*Meaning the empty bottles.*]

Ld. Sparkish. Mr. Neverout, pray, is not that bottle full?

Neverout. Yes, my lord; full of emptiness.

Ld. Smart. And, d' ye hear, John, bring clean glasses.

Col. I 'll keep mine; for I think, wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE III.

The Ladies at their tea.

Lady Smart.

WELL, ladies; now let us have a cup of discourse to ourselves.

Lady Answ. What do you think of your friend, sir John Spendall?

Lady Smart. Why, madam, 'tis happy for him that his father was born before him.

Miss. They say, he makes a very ill husband to my lady.

Lady Answ. But he must be allowed to be the fondest father in the world.

Lady Smart. Ay, madam, that's true; for they say, the devil is kind to his own.

Miss. I am told, my lady manages him to admiration.

Lady Smart. That I believe, for she's as cunning as a dead pig, but not half so honest.

Lady Answ. They say, she's quite a stranger to all his gallantries.

Lady Smart. Not at all; but you know, there's none so blind as they that won't see.

Miss. O, madam, I am told, she watches him as a cat would watch a mouse.

Lady Answ. Well, if she ben't foully belied, she pays him in his own coin.

Lady Smart. Madam, I fancy I know your thoughts, as well as if I were within you.

Lady

Lady Answ. Madam, I was t' other day in company with Mrs. Clatter; I find she gives herself airs of being acquainted with your ladyship.

Miss. O! the hideous creature! did you observe her nails? they were long enough to scratch her grannum out of her grave.

Lady Smart. Well, she and Tom Gosling were banging compliments backward and forward: it look'd like two asses scrubbing one another.

Miss. Ay, claw me, and I 'll claw you: but, pray, madam, who were the company?

Lady Smart. Why there was all the world, and his wife; there was Mrs. Clatter, lady Singular, the countess of Talkham (I should have named her first), Tom Gosling, and some others, whom I have forgot.

Lady Answ. I think the countess is very sickly.

Lady Smart. Yes madam; she 'll never scratch a gray head, I promise her.

Miss. And, pray, what was your conversation?

Lady Smart. Why, Mrs. Clatter had all the talk to herself, and was perpetually complaining of her misfortunes.

Lady Answ. She brought her husband ten thousand pounds: she has a town house and country house: would the woman have her a — hung with points?

Lady Smart. She would fain be at the top of the house before the stairs are built.

Miss. Well, comparisons are odious; but she 's as like her husband as if she were spit out of his mouth; as like as one egg is to another: pray, how was she drest?

Lady Smart. Why, she was as fine as fi' pence; but,

but, truly, I thought there was more cost than worship.

Lady Answ. I don't know her husband: pray what is he?

Lady Smart. Why, he's a counsellor of the law; you must know he came to us as drunk as David's sow.

Miss. What kind of creature is he?

Lady Smart. You must know, the man and his wife are coupled like rabbits, a fat and a lean; he's as fat as a porpus, and she's one of Pharaoh's lean kine: the ladies and Tom Gosling were proposing a party at quadrille; but he refus'd to make one: Damn your cards, said he, they are the devil's books.

Lady Answ. A dull, unmannerly brute! well, God send him more wit, and me more money.

Miss. Lord! madam, I would not keep such company for the world.

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing when you are used to it: besides, you know, for want of company, welcome trumpery.

Miss. Did your ladyship play?

Lady Smart. Yes, and won; so I came off with fiddlers fare, meat, drink, and money.

Lady Answ. Ay; what says Pluck?

Miss. Well, my elbow itches; I shall change bedfellows.

Lady Smart. And my right hand itches; I shall receive money.

Lady Answ. And my right eye itches; I shall cry.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear your friend mistress Giddy has discarded Dick Shuttle: pray, has she got another lover?

Miss.

Miss. I hear of none.

Lady Smart. Why, the fellow's rich, and I think she was a fool to throw out her dirty water before she got clean.

Lady Answ. Miss, that's a very handsome gown of yours, and finely made; very genteel.

Miss. I am glad your ladyship likes it.

Lady Answ. Your lover will be in raptures; it becomes you admirably.

Miss. Ay; I assure you I won't take it as I have done; if this won't fetch him, the devil fetch him, say I.

Lady Smart. [*To lady Answ.*] Pray, madam, when did you see sir Peter Muckworm?

Lady Answ. Not this fortnight; I hear he's laid up with the gout.

Lady Smart. What does he do for it?

Lady Answ. I hear he's weary of doctoring it, and now makes use of nothing but patience and flannel.

Miss. Pray how does he and my lady agree?

Lady Answ. You know he loves her as the devil loves holy water.

Miss. They say, she plays deep with sharpers, that cheat her of her money.

Lady Answ. Upon my word, they must rise early that would cheat her of her money; sharp's the word with her; diamonds cut diamonds.

Miss. Well, but I was assured from a good hand, that she lost at one sitting to the tune of a hundred guineas; make money of that.

Lady Smart. Well, but do you hear that Mrs. Plump is brought to bed at last?

Miss. And pray, what has God sent her?

Lady

Lady Smart. Why, guess if you can.

Miss. A boy, I suppose.

Lady Smart. No, you are out; guess again.

Miss. A girl then.

Lady Smart. You have hit it; I believe you are a witch.

Miss. O madam, the gentlemen say, all fine ladies are witches; but I pretend to no such thing.

Lady Answ. Well she had good luck to draw Tom Plump into wedlock; she ris' with her a— upwards.

Miss. Fie, madam; what do you mean?

Lady Smart. O miss, 'tis nothing what we say among ourselves.

Miss. Ay, madam; but they say, hedges have eyes, and walls have ears.

Lady Answ. Well, miss, I can 't help it; you know, I 'm old Telltruth; I love to call a spade a spade.

Lady Smart. [*mistakes the teatongs for the spoon.*] What! I think my wits are a wool-gathering to day.

Miss. Why, madam, there was but a right and a wrong.

Lady Smart. Miss, I hear that you and lady Coupler are as great as cup and can.

Lady Answ. Ay, miss, as great as the devil and the earl of Kent.

Lady Smart. Nay, I am told you meet together with as much love as there is between the old cow and the haystack.

Miss. I own I love her very well; but there 's difference between staring and stark mad.

Lady Smart. They say, she begins to grow fat.

Miss. Fat! ay, fat as a hen in the forehead.

Lady Smart. Indeed, lady Answerall (pray forgive me)

me) I think your ladyship looks thinner than when I saw you last.

Miss. Indeed, madam, I think not; but your ladyship is one of Job's comforters.

Lady Answ. Well, no matter how I look; I am bought and sold: but really, miss, you are so very obliging, that I wish I were a handsome young lord for your sake.

Miss. O madam, your love's a million.

Lady Smart [*to lady Answ.*] Madam, will your ladyship let me wait on you to the play to morrow?

Lady Answ. Madam, it becomes me to wait on your ladyship.

Miss. What, then, I'm turn'd out for a wrangler!

The gentlemen come in to the ladies to drink tea.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, we wanted you sadly; you are always out of the way when you should be hang'd.

Neverout. You wanted me! pray, miss, how do you look when you lie?

Miss. Better than you when you cry. Manners indeed! I find you mend like sour ale in summer.

Neverout. I beg your pardon, miss; I only meant, when you lie alone.

Miss. That's well turn'd; one turn more would have turn'd you down stairs.

Neverout. Come, miss, be kind for once, and order me a dish of coffee.

Miss. Pray, go yourself; let us wear out the oldest: besides, I can't go, for I have a bone in my leg.

Col. They say, a woman need but look on her apronstring to find an excuse.

Neverout. Why, miss, you are grown so peevish, a dog would not live with you.

Miss.

Miss. Mr. Neverout, I beg your diversion: no offence, I hope; but truly in a little time you intend to make the colonel as bad as yourself; and that's as bad as can be.

Neverout. My lord, don't you think miss improves wonderfully of late? why, miss, if I spoil the colonel, I hope you will use him as you do me; for you know, love me, love my dog.

Col. How's that, Tom? Say that again: why, if I am a dog, shake hands, brother.

Here a great, loud, long laugh.

Ld. Smart. But pray, gentlemen, why always so severe upon poor miss? on my conscience, colonel and Tom Neverout, one of you two are both knaves.

Col. My lady Answerall, I intend to do myself the honour of dining with your ladyship to morrow.

Lady Answ. Ay, colonel, do, if you can.

Miss. I'm sure you'll be glad to be welcome.

Col. Miss, I thank you; and to reward you, I'll come and drink tea with you in the morning.

Miss. Colonel, there's two words to that bargain.

Col. [*to lady Smart.*] Your ladyship has a very fine watch; well may you wear it.

Lady Smart. It is none of mine, colonel.

Col. Pray, whose is it then?

Lady Smart. Why, 'tis my lord's; for they say a married woman has nothing of her own, but her wedding-ring and her hair-lace: but if women had been the law makers it would have been better.

Col. This watch seems to be quite new.

Lady Smart. No, sir; it has been twenty years in my lord's family; but *Quare* put a new case and dial plate to it.

Neverout.

Neverout. Why, that's for all the world like the man, who swore he kept the same knife forty years, only he sometimes changed the haft, and sometimes the blade.

Ld. Smart. Well, Tom, to give the devil his due, thou art a right woman's man.

Col. Odd so! I have broke the hinge of my snuff box; I'm undone beside the loss.

Miss. Alack-a-day, colonel! I vow I had rather have found forty shillings.

Neverout. Why, colonel; all that I can say to comfort you, is, that you must mend it with a new one.

Miss laughs.

Col. What, miss! you can't laugh, but you must show your teeth.

Miss. I'm sure you show your teeth, when you can't bite: well, thus it must be, if we sell ale.

Neverout. Miss, you smell very sweet; I hope you don't carry perfumes.

Miss. Perfumes! No, sir; I'd have you to know, it is nothing but the grain of my skin.

Col. Tom, you have a good nose to make a poor man's sow.

Ld. Sparkish. So, ladies and gentlemen, methinks you are very witty upon one another: come, box it about; 't will come to my father at last.

Col. Why, my lord, you see miss has no mercy; I wish she were married; but I doubt the gray mare would prove the better horse.

Miss. Well, God forgive you for that wish.

Ld. Sparkish. Never fear him, miss.

Miss. What, my lord, do you think I was born in a wood, to be afraid of an owl?

Ld.

Ld. Smart. What have you to say to that, colonel?

Neverout. O my lord, my friend the colonel scorns to set his wit against a child.

Miss. Scornful dogs will eat dirty puddings.

Col. Well, miss; they say, a woman's tongue is the last thing about her that dies; therefore let 's kiss and be friends.

Miss. Hands off! that 's meat for your master.

Ld. Sparkish. Faith, colonel, you are for ale and cakes: but after all, miss, you are too severe; you would not meddle with your match.

Miss. All they can say, goes in at one ear and out at t' other for me, I can assure you: only I wish they would be quiet, and let me drink my tea.

Neverout. What! I warrant you think all is lost that goes beside your own mouth.

Miss. Pray, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue for once, if it be possible; one would think you were a woman in man's clothes by your prating.

Neverout. No, miss; it is not handsome to see one hold one's tongue: besides, I should slobber my fingers.

Col. Miss, did you never hear, that three women and a goose are enough to make a market?

Miss. I 'm sure, if Mr. Neverout or you were among them, it would make a fair.

Footman comes in.

Lady Smart. Here, take away the tea-table, and bring up candles.

Lady Answ. O madam, no candles yet, I beseech you; don 't let us burn daylight.

Neverout. I dare swear, miss for her part will never burn daylight, if she can help it.

Miss. Lord, Mr. Neverout, one can 't hear one's own ears for you.

Lady Smart. Indeed, madam, it is blindman's holiday; we shall soon be all of a colour.

Neverout. Why, then, miss, we may kiss where we like best.

Miss. Fogh! these men talk of nothing but kissing. [*She spits.*

Neverout. What, miss, does it make your mouth water?

Lady Smart. It is as good be in the dark as without light; therefore pray bring in candles: they say, women and linen show best by candlelight: come, gentlemen, are you for a party at quadrille?

Col. I 'll make one with you three ladies.

Lady Answ. I 'll sit down, and be a stander by.

Lady Smart. [*to Lady Answ.*] Madam, does your ladyship never play?

Col. Yes; I suppose her ladyship plays sometimes for an egg at Easter.

Neverout. Ay; and a kiss at Christmas.

Lady Answ. Come, Mr. Neverout, hold your tongue, and mind your knitting.

Neverout. With all my heart; kiss my wife, and welcome.

The Colonel, Mr. Neverout, Lady Smart, and Miss, go to quadrille, and sit there till three in the morning.

They rise from cards.

Lady Smart. Well, miss, you 'll have a sad husband, you have such good luck at cards.

Neverout. Indeed, miss, you dealt me sad cards; if you deal so ill by your friends, what will you do with your enemies?

Lady

Lady Answ. I 'm sure 'tis time for honest folks to be abed.

Miss. Indeed my eyes draw straws.

She 's almost asleep.

Neverout. Why, miss, if you fall asleep, somebody may get a pair of gloves.

Col. I 'm going to the land of Nod.

Neverout. Faith, I 'm for Bedfordshire.

Lady Smart. I 'm sure I shall sleep without rocking.

Neverout. Miss, I hope you 'll dream of your sweetheart.

Miss. O, no doubt of it: I believe I shan't be able to sleep for dreaming of him.

Col. [*to Miss.*] Madam, shall I have the honour to escort you?

Miss. No, colonel, I thank you; my mamma has sent her chair and footmen. Well, my lady Smart, I 'll give you revenge whenever you please.

Footman comes in.

Footman. Madam, the chairs are waiting.

They all take their chairs, and go off.

DECREE

FOR CONCLUDING THE TREATY BETWEEN

DR. SWIFT AND MRS. LONG.

WHEREAS it hath been signified to us, that there is now a treaty of acquaintance on foot, between Dr. Swift, of Leicester fields, of the one part, and Mrs. Long *, of Albemarle street, on the other part: And whereas the said Dr. Swift, upon the score of his merit and extraordinary qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted right, that all persons whatsoever shall make such advances to him as he pleases to demand †: any law, claim, custom, privilege

* This lady, sister to sir James Long, figured high in the fashionable world; and is distinguished among those of the first quality in "The British Court, a poem, 1707." Dr. Swift's acquaintance with her was but of short duration, having commenced, through the Vanhomrigh family, in 1709: and we find, in the Journal to Stella, Sept. 13, 1710, that she had then "broke up house, and gone into the country;" owing, as appears Sept. 16, to pecuniary distresses. She retired to Lynn, in Norfolk, where she maintained a correspondence with Dr. Swift; who acknowledges the receipt of letters from her, Oct. 30, Nov. 12, and Dec. 10, 1710. The last she wrote to him, dated Nov. 18, 1711, describing her situation in the country, where she assumed the name of Smyth, is printed in vol. XI. p. 198. She died Dec. 22, 1711: and is lamented, with marks of the truest friendship, by Dr. Swift, who has exhibited some traits of her character, in the Journal of Dec. 25. See also a letter by the dean to a friend, occasioned by her death, in the nineteenth volume of this collection.

† "When I lived in England," says the dean to miss Hoadly, June 4, 1734, "once every year I issued out an edict, commanding

privilege of sex, beauty, fortune, or quality, to the contrary notwithstanding: And whereas the said Mrs. Long, humbly acknowledging and allowing the right of the said doctor, doth yet insist upon certain privileges and exceptions, as a Lady of the Toast, which privileges, she doth allege, are excepted out of the doctor's general claim, and which she cannot betray without injuring the whole body whereof she is a member; by which impediment, the said treaty is not yet brought to a conclusion; to the great grievance and damage of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hessy: And whereas the decision of this weighty cause is referred to us, in our judicial capacity: We, out of our tender regard to truth and justice, having heard and duly considered the allegations of both parties, do declare, adjudge, decree, and determine, That the said Mrs. Long, notwithstanding any privileges she may claim as aforesaid as a Lady of the Toast, shall, without essoin or demur, in two hours after the publishing of this our decree, make all advances to the said doctor, that he shall demand; and that the said advances shall not be made to the said doctor as *un homme sans consequence*, but purely upon account of his great merit. And we do hereby strictly forbid the said Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and her fair daughter Hessy, to aid, abet, comfort, or encourage, her the said Mrs. Long in her disobedience for the future. And, in consideration of the said Mrs. Long's being a Toast, we think it just

manding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit, and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril."

and reasonable, that the said doctor should permit her, in all companies, to give herself the reputation of being one of his acquaintance; which no other lady shall presume * to do, upon any pretence whatsoever, without his especial leave and license first had and obtained.

By especial command, G. V. HOMRIGH †.

* The indignation he expresses against the countess of Bellamont, on her claiming acquaintance with him, is a striking instance of his peculiarity. See Journal to Stella, April 24, 1711.

† The signature of some relation of Vanessa; her sister's name was Mary.

A NEW

A NEW PROPOSAL

FOR THE BETTER REGULATION AND IMPROVEMENT OF QUADRILLE *.

——— Ridiculum acri
Fortius & melius, &c. HOR. Sat. I. x. 14.

WHEREAS the noble game of Quadrille hath been found, by experience, to be of great use and benefit to the commonwealth; particularly as it helps to kill *time*, that lies heavy upon our hands; and to pass away life, which seems too long while we have it, and too short when we come to part with it: as it suppresses all wit in conversation, which is apt to turn into scandal; all politicks, which are offensive to ministries and governments; and all reading, which is injurious to the eyes, especially by candle light: as it destroys pride effectually, by bringing

* Dr. Josiah Hort, the author of this Proposal, was made bishop of Kilmore, July 27, 1727; and translated to Tuam, Jan. 27, 1741. He published a volume of Sermons, 8vo, 1738; and died in 1752. That he was the author, and Dr. Swift the editor, of this little treatise, is plain from their respective letters, vol. XIII. pp. 250, 259. It having given umbrage to Serjeant Bettesworth, a member of parliament, he preferred a complaint to the House of Commons, then sitting, who voted Faulkner, the printer, into close confinement, for not discovering the author, then universally supposed to be Dr. Swift, against whom some sharp invectives were consequently thrown out by Bettesworth and other members; which provoked the Dean to retaliate, by "The Legion Club," and some other verses in this collection. See vol. VIII, p. 208.

the noble and ignoble, the learned and the ignorant, the prude and the coquet, wives, widows, and maids, to one common level; giving preference of the best place and warmest corner, not according to the fantastical distinctions of birth, quality, and station, but by equal lot: as it is a sovereign cure for animosities, making people good friends for the time being, who heartily hate one another: as it prevents the squabbles, so frequent among other dealers, about the weight of gold, and gives the lightest the same value and currency with the heaviest; which is no small advantage to the publick at this juncture, when change is grown so scarce: and, to name no more, as it enables the butler to go as fine as his master, without an increase of wages:

And whereas, for want of true taste and relish of the said noble game, divers ladies are tardy, and come late to the rendezvous, being detained by the paltry cares of a family, or a nap after dinner, or by hooking in a few street visits at doors where they expect to be denied, and are sometimes cruelly bit; while the true *profeſſors* and *adepts*, who consider the shortness of human life and the value of precious time, are impatiently waiting for such loiterers, and curse innocent clocks and watches that are forced to *lie* in justification of their tardiness:

Now, in order to cut off those frivolous pretences, and prevent those ill-bred and injurious practices for the future; and to the intent that every lady may have due notice of the appointed hour; it is hereby proposed, that a subscription be set on foot, for erecting a square tower in the middle of St. Stephen's Green; and that a bell be hung in the same, large enough

enough to be heard distinctly over the parishes of St. Anne, St. Andrew, and St. Peter; and, in calm evenings, as far as the parish of St. Mary, for the benefit of the graduates dwelling there: that the said bell, for greater solemnity, shall be christened*, according to the rites and ceremonies of the Roman church; and that the godfathers shall be K. C. and M. J. and the godmothers L. M. and R. E. who shall call it *The Great Tom of Quadrille:* that the said bell shall be tolled by the butlers of St. Stephen's Green and Dawson Street, in their turns, beginning exactly a quarter before six in the evening, and ending precisely at six. In the mean time, all the little church bells shall cease their babblings, to the end Tom may be more distinctly heard.

And if, upon such legal notice, any lady of the party shall not be ready on the spot, to draw for her place before the last stroke of Tom, she shall lay down five shillings on the table, by way of fine, for the use of the poor of the parish, being protestants; or, on failure thereof, she shall not handle a card that night, but *Dummy* shall be substituted in her room.

And, that parties may not be disappointed, by excuses of a cold or other slight indispositions, when it is too late to beat up for a new recruit; it is proposed, that no such excuse shall be admitted, unless the same be certified under the hand of some graduate physician, Dr. Richard T——— always excepted: and for want of such certificate, the defaultress to be amerced, as aforesaid, at the next meeting. And it is farther proposed, that the said

* The bells are christened by the papists.

great

great Tom shall be tolled a quarter before eleven precisely; after which, no pool shall be made, to the intent that the ladies may have a quarter of an hour for adjusting their play-purses, and saying their prayers: and, in the absence of the butler who is to be the bell-hour for the night, it may be lawful for a footman to snuff the candles over the ladies' shoulders; provided he be a handsome well-dressed young fellow, with a clean shirt and ruffles.

N. B. That Tom is not to toll on Sundays, without special license from the parish minister; and this not till divine service is over.

And whereas frequent disputes and altercations arise in play between ladies of distinction, insomuch that a by-stander may plainly perceive that they pull coifs *in their hearts*, and part with such animosity, that nothing but the sovereign reconciler *Quadrille* could bring them to meet again in one house; it is humbly proposed, for the benefit of trade, that, when a question cannot be decided by the company, the same shall be immediately set down in writing by the lady who can write the best English; and that the case, being thereby stated, and attested by both parties, shall, together with the fee of one fish *ad valorem*, be laid before the renowned Mr. sergeant Bettesworth, who shall be appointed arbitrator general in all disputes of this kind; and shall, moreover, have sufficient power and authority to give damages for all opprobrious languages; and especially for all hints, squints, innuendoes, leers, and shrugs, or other muscular motions of evil signification, by which the reputation of a lady may be affected, on account of any slip

slip or miscarriage that may have happened within twenty years last past.

And, if any lady should find herself aggrieved by the decision of the said Mr. Bettesworth, it shall be lawful for her to remove her cause, by appeal, before the Upright Man in Essex Street, who, having never given a corrupt judgment, may be called, next after his holiness at Rome, the only *infallible judge* upon earth; and the said Upright Man's determination shall be final and conclusive to all parties.

And forasmuch as it appears, by experience, that this beneficial branch of commerce cannot well be carried on without entries to be made in writing, which, by their great number, might occasion oversights and mistakes, without some prudent restriction; it is humbly proposed, that all appointments, made for any longer time than three months to come, shall be declared utterly null and void: and in case a lady should happen, upon the day prefixed within that term, to be in labour, or to be no longer than one week brought to bed; or if, for the unseasonable hours, her husband should withhold her pin-money, or chain her by the leg to the bed-post; she shall incur no penalty for her nonappearance, there being no doubt of her good inclination.

But no plea of a husband newly buried, or of weeds delayed by a mantua maker, or any other matter of mere fashion or ceremony, shall be in any wise admitted.

And, to the intent that no breach of faith may pass unpunished, it is proposed, that the lady making default shall, at the next party-meeting, take

take the chair nearest the door, or against a cracked pannel in the wainscot, and have no skreen at her back, unless she shall give her honour that her memorandum paper was casually left in her folio Common Prayer-book at church, and that she only perused it there during the collect: in which case her punishment shall be respited till the next meeting, where she shall produce the same, and vouch it to be the true original.

And lastly, because it sometimes happens that a party is broken, and a hand wanting, by *misnomer**, and other blunders of servants carrying messages; it is proposed, that the servant so offending, if it be a *valet de chambre*, shall wait in a common livery for the space of one month; and if he be a footman, the booby shall be tossed in a blanket in the middle of Stephen's Green.

* Wrong name.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT,

FOR THE

HONOUR OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

THIS is to inform the publick, that a gentleman of long study, observation, and experience, hath employed himself for several years in making collections of facts, relating to the conduct of divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, merchants, traders, and squires, containing an historical account of the most remarkable corruptions, frauds, oppressions, knaveries, and perjuries; wherein the names of the persons concerned shall be inserted at full length, with some account of their families and stations.

But whereas the said gentleman cannot complete his history without some assistance from the publick, he humbly desires, that all persons, who have any memoirs, or accounts, relating to themselves, their families, their friends, or acquaintance, which are well attested, and fit to enrich the work, will please to send them to the printer of this advertisement: and if any of the said persons, who are disposed to send materials, happen to live in the country, it is desired their letters may be either franked, or the post paid.

This collection is to commence with the year 1700, and be continued to the present year 1738. The work is to be entitled, "The Author's Critical History of his own Times."

It

It is intended to be printed by subscription, in a large octavo; each volume to contain five hundred facts, and to be sold for a British crown; the author proposeth that the whole work (which will take in the period of thirty-eight years) shall be contained in eighteen volumes.

Whoever shall send the author any accounts of persons, who have performed any acts of justice, charity, publick spirit, gratitude, fidelity, or the like, attested by indubitable witnesses within the same period; the said facts shall be printed by way of appendix at the end of each volume, and no addition to the price of the work demanded. But, lest such persons may apprehend that the relating of these facts may be injurious to their reputations, their names shall not be set down without particular direction.

N. B. There will be a small number printed on royal paper for the curious, at only two British crowns. There will also be the effigies of the most eminent persons mentioned in this work, prefixed to each volume, curiously engraved by Mr. Hogarth.

Subscriptions are taken in by the printer hereof, and by the booksellers of London and Dublin.

THE

THE BLUNDERS, DEFICIENCIES, DISTRESSES, AND MISFORTUNES OF QUILCA.

PROPOSED TO CONTAIN ONE AND TWENTY VOLUMES IN QUARTO. BEGUN APRIL 20, 1724.

TO BE CONTINUED WEEKLY,
IF DUE ENCOURAGEMENT BE GIVEN.

BUT one lock and a half in the whole house.

The key of the garden door lost.

The empty bottles all uncleanable.

The vessels for drink few and leaky.

The new house all going to ruin before it is finished.

One hinge of the street door broke off, and the people forced to go out and come in at the back door.

The door of the dean's bedchamber full of large chinks.

The beaufet letting in so much wind that it almost blows out the candles.

The dean's bed threatening every night to fall under him.

The little table loose and broke in the joints.

The passages open over head, by which the cats pass continually into the cellar and eat the victuals, for which one was tried, condemned, and executed by the sword.

The

The large table in a very tottering condition.

But one chair in the house fit for sitting on, and that in a very ill state of health.

The kitchen perpetually crowded with savages.

Not a bit of mutton to be had in the country.

Want of beds, and a mutiny thereupon among the servants, till supplied from Kells.

An egregious want of all the most common necessary utensils.

Not a bit of turf this cold weather; and Mrs. Johnson and the dean in person, with all their servants, forced to assist at the bog in gathering up the wet bottoms of old clamps.

The grate in the ladies bedchamber broke, and forced to be removed, by which they were compelled to be without fire, the chimney smoking intolerably; and the dean's great coat was employed to stop the wind from coming down the chimney, without which expedient they must have been starved to death.

A messenger sent a mile to borrow an old broken tun-dish.

Bottles stopped with bits of wood and tow, instead of corks.

Not one utensil for a fire, except an old pair of tongs, which travels through the house, and is likewise employed to take the meat out of the pot, for want of a flesh fork.

Every servant an arrant thief as to victuals and drink, and every comer and goer as errant a thief of every thing he or she can lay their hands on.

The spit blunted with poking into bogs for timber, and tears the meat to pieces.

Bellum

Bellum atque fœminam: or a kitchen war between nurse and a nasty crew of both sexes; she to preserve order and cleanliness, they to destroy both; and they generally are conquerors.

April 28. This morning the great foredoor quite open, dancing backward and forward with all its weight upon the lower hinge, which must have been broken if the dean had not accidentally come and relieved it.

A great hole in the floor of the ladies' chamber, every hour hazarding a broken leg.

Two damnable iron spikes erect on the dean's bedstead, by which he is in danger of a broken shin at rising and going to bed.

The ladies' and dean's servants growing fast into the manners and thieveries of the natives; the ladies themselves very much corrupted; the dean perpetually storming, and in danger of either losing all his flesh, or sinking into barbarity for the sake of peace.

Mrs. Dingley full of cares for herself, and blunders and negligence for her friends. Mrs. Johnson sick and helpless. The dean deaf and fretting; the lady's maid awkward and clumsy; Robert lazy and forgetful; William a pragmatical, ignorant, and conceited puppy; Robin and nurse the two great and only supports of the family.

Bellum lactæum: or the milky battle, fought between the dean and the crew of *Quilca*; the latter insisting on their privilege of not milking till eleven in the forenoon; whereas Mrs. Johnson wanted milk at eight for her health. In this battle the dean got the victory; but the crew of *Quilca* begin to re-

bel again; for it is this day almost ten o'clock, and Mrs. Johnson has not got her milk.

A proverb on the laziness and lodgings of the servants: *The worse their sty—the longer they lie.*

Two great holes in the wall of the ladies' bedchamber, just at the back of the bed, and one of them directly behind Mrs. Johnson's pillow, either of which would blow out a candle in the calmest day.

ARS PUN-ICA, SIVE FLOS LINGUARUM;

THE

ART OF PUNNING;

OR,

THE FLOWER OF LANGUAGES;

IN SEVENTY-NINE RULES:

FOR

THE FARTHER IMPROVEMENT OF CONVERSATION,

AND HELP OF MEMORY.

BY THE LABOUR AND INDUSTRY OF TOM PUN-SIBI.

" Ex ambigua dicta vel argutissima putantur; sed non semper
" in joco, sæpe etiam in gravitate versantur.—Ingeniosi enim
" videtur, vim verbi in aliud atque cæteri accipiant, posse
" ducere." Cicero, de Oratore, lib. ii, § 61, 2.

" The seeds of Punning are in the minds of all men."
Addison, Spect. N° 61.

This Treatise, first published at Dublin in 1719, was immediately reprinted at London; where it passed through five editions * at least, and was then pretty generally ascribed to Dr. Swift; and is called his in the Catalogue of the Library of Anthony Collins, esq. † It appears, however, that, in this instance, the Dean was only an assistant. The piece was written by Dr. Sheridan; and received several corrections and improvements from Dr. Swift ‡, Dr. Delany, and Mr. Rochfort. See the Second Preface to this Tract.

* In the fifth edition, the examples (xxxv—xxxvii) first appeared. They were added by Anthony Hammond, esq., a commissioner of the navy; a good speaker in parliament, and well known by the name of "silver tongued Hammond," given to him by lord Bolingbroke. He was a man of wit; but wanted conduct: and had, if we may credit lord Chesterfield, "all the "senses but common sense." He was the father of that elegant writer, whose "Love Elegies" breathe the true spirit of Tibullus.

† This Library was sold by auction, by T. Ballard, in 1730-31. Mr. Collins was particularly curious, in adding the name of the Author to every anonymous book in his collection: and when we add, that the Catalogue of his Library was drawn up by Dr. Sykes; whose skill and accuracy in those matters are well known; it will be deemed, in most cases, no inconsiderable voucher.

‡ The whole treatise is written, it must be acknowledged, in the strain of humour peculiar to Swift; yet, without being too fastidious, we cannot but lament such a misapplication of literary ingenuity.

To the Right Honourable Sir John Scrub, Bart. and Merchant, this Dedication is humbly presented by the Author.

YOUR Honour's character is too well known in the world to stand in need of a dedication; but I can tell you, that my fortune is not so well settled but I stand in need of a patron. And therefore, since I am to write a dedication, I must, for decency, proceed in the usual method.

First, I then proclaim to the world your high and illustrious birth: that you ar , by the father's side, descended from the most ancient and celebrated family of Rome, the Cascas; by the mother's, from earl Percy. Some indeed have been so malicious as to say, your grandmother *kill'd-her-kin:* But, I think, if the authors of the report were found out, they ought to be *hampered.* I will allow that the world exclaims deservedly against your *mother,* because she is *no friend to the bottle*; otherwise they would deserve a *firkin,* as having no *grounds* for what they say. However, I do not think it can sully your *fine* and *bright* reputation: for the *credit* you gained at the battle of *Hogshed,* against the duke of *Burgundy,* who felt no *sham-pain,* when you *forced* him to sink beneath your power, and gave his whole army a *brush,* may in time turn to your account; for, to my knowledge, it put his highness much upon the *fret.* This indeed was no less *racking* to the king his master, who found himself *gross-lee* mis-

taken, in catching a *tartar*. For the whole world allowed, that you brought him a *peg* lower, by giving him the *parting*-blow, and making all his *rogues in buckram* to *run*. Not to mention your great *a-gillity*, though you are past your *prim-age*; and may you never *lack-age*, with a *sparkling* wit, and *brisk* imagination! May your honour also *wear* long, beyond the common *scant-ling* of human life, and constantly proceed in your musical diversions of *pipe* and *sack-but*, hunting with *tarriers*, &c. and may your good humour in saying, "*I am-phor-a-bottle*," never be lost, to the joy of all them that drink your *wine* for nothing, and especially of,

Your moſt humble servant,

TOM PUN-SIBI!

A SPE-

A SPECIMEN; A SPICE I MEAN.

PREFACE.

Hæc nos, ab imis Pun-icorum annalibus
Prolata, longo tempore edidimus tibi. FEST.

I've rak'd the ashes of the dead, to show
PUNS were in vogue five thousand years ago.

THE great and singular advantages of PUNNING, and the lustre it gives to conversation, are commonly so little known in the world, that scarce one man of learning in fifty, to their shame be it spoken, appears to have the least tincture of it in his discourse. This I can impute to nothing, but that it has not been reduced to a *science*; and indeed Cicero seemed long ago to wish for it, as we may gather from his second book De Oratore *, where he has this remarkable passage: "Suavis autem est et vehementer "sæpe utilis jocus et facetiæ cum ambiguitate—in "quibus tu longè aliis meâ sententiâ, Cæsar, ex- "cellis: quo magis mihi etiam testis esse potes, aut "nullam esse artem salis, aut, si qua est, eam nos "tu potissimum docebis." "Punning is extremely "delightful, and oftentimes very profitable; in which, "as far as I can judge, Cæsar, you excel all mankind; "for which reason you may inform me, whether there "be any Art of Punning; or, if there be, I beseech

* Lib. ii, § liv.

"you, above all things, to instruct me in it." So much was this great man affected with the art, and such a noble idea did he conceive of it, that he gave Cæsar the preference to all mankind, only on account of that accomplishment!

Let criticks say what they will, I will venture to affirm, that Punning, of all arts and sciences, is the most extraordinary: for all others are circumscribed by certain bounds; but this alone is found to have no limits, because to excel therein requires a more extensive knowledge of all things. A punner must be a man of the greatest natural abilities, and of the best accomplishments: his wit must be poignant and fruitful, his understanding clear and distinct, his imagination delicate and cheerful; he must have an extraordinary elevation of soul, far above all mean and low conceptions: and these must be sustained with a vivacity fit to express his ideas, with that grace and beauty, that strength and sweetness, which become sentiments so truly noble and sublime.

And now, lest I should be suspected of imposing upon my reader, I must entreat him to consider how high Plato has carried his sentiments of this art (and Plato is allowed by all men to have seen farther into Heaven than any heathen either before or since). Does not he say positively, in his Cratylus, "Jocos et Dii amant," the gods themselves love punning? Which I am apt to believe, from Homer's ἄσβεστος γέλως, unextinguished laughter; because there is no other motive could cause such continued merriment among the gods.

As to the antiquity of this art, Buxtorf proves it to be very early among the Chaldeans; which any one may see at large, who will read what he says upon

upon the word פון Pun, "Vocula est Chaldæis familiarissima, &c." "It is a word that is most frequently in use among the Chaldæans; who were first instructed in the methods of punning by their magi, and gained such reputation, that Ptolemæus Philopunnæus sent for six of those learned priests, to propagate their doctrine of puns in six of his principal cities; which they did with such success, that his majesty ordered, by publick edict, to have a full collection of all the puns made within his dominions for three years past; and this collection filled one large apartment of his library, having this following remarkable inscription over the door Ἰατρεῖον ψυχῆς, 'The shop of the soul's physick *."

Some authors, but upon what grounds is uncertain, will have Pan, who in the Æolic dialect, is called Pun, to be the author of puns, because they say, Pan being the god of universal nature, and punning free of all languages, it is highly probable that it owes its first origin, as well as name, to this god: others again attribute it to Janus, and for this reason—Janus had two faces; and of consequence they conjectured every word he spoke had a double meaning. But, however, I give little credit to these opinions, which I am apt to believe were broached in the dark and fabulous ages of the world; for I doubt, before the first Olympiad, there can be no great dependance upon profane history.

I am much more inclined to give credit to Buxtorf; nor is it improbable that Pythagoras, who spent twenty-eight years at Ægypt in his studies, brought

* Vide Joseph. Bengor. Chronic. in Edit. Georg. Homedidæ. Seriem Godoliæ Tradit. Hebraic. Corpus Paradoseon Titulo Megill. c. i, § 8. Chronic. Samarit. Abulphetachi. Megillat. Taanit.

this

this art, together with some arcana of philosophy, into Greece; the reason for which might be, that philosophy and punning were a mutual assistance to each other: "for, says he, puns are like so many torch-lights in the head, that give the soul a very distinct view of those images, which she before seemed to grope after as if she had been imprisoned in a dungeon." From whence he looked upon puns to be so sacred, and had such a regard to them, that he left a precept to his disciples, forbidding them to eat beans, because they were called in Greek κύαμοι. "Let not," says he, "one grain of the seed of beans be lost; but preserve and scatter them over all Greece, that both our gardens and our fields may flourish with a vegetable, which, on account of its name, not only brings an honour to our country, but, as it disperses its effluvia in the air, may also by a secret impulse prepare the soul for punning, which I esteem the first and great felicity of life."

This art being so very well recommended by so great a man, it was not long before it spread through all Greece, and at last was looked upon to be such a necessary accomplishment, that no person was admitted to a feast who was not first examined; and if he were found ignorant of Punning he was dimissed with Ἐκὰς ἔστε, βέβηλοι, "Hence, ye prophane."

If any one doubts the truth of what I say, let him consult the apophthegms of Plutarch, who, after he had passed several encomiums upon this art, gives some account of persons eminent in it; among which (to shorten my preface), I choose one of the most illustrious examples, and will entertain the courteous reader with the following story: "King Philip had "his collar-bone broken in a battle; and his physician

sician expecting money of him every visit, the king reproved him with a pun, saying, he had the key in his own hands." For the word κλέεις, in the original, signifies both a key and collar-bone *.

We have also several puns recorded in Diogenes Laertius's "Lives of the Philosophers," and those made by the wisest and gravest men among them, even by Diogenes the cynick, who, although pretending to withstand the irresistible charms of punning, was cursed with the name of an Abhorrer, yet, in spight of all his ill-nature and affectation (for he was a tubpreacher), he made so excellent a pun, that Scaliger said, "he would rather have been author of it, than king of Navarre." The story is as follows: Didymus (not Didymus the commentator upon Homer, but a famous rake among the ladies at Athens) having taken in hand to cure a virgin's eye that was sore, had this caution given him by Diogenes, "Take care you do not corrupt your pupil." The word κόρα signifying both the pupil of the eye and a virgin †.

It would be endless to produce all the authorities that might be gathered, from Diodorus Siculus, Herodotus, Proconosius, Bergæus, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Lycophron, Pindar, Apollonius, Menander, Aristophanes, Corinthus Cous, Nonnus, Demosthenes, Euripides, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, &c.; from every one of which I should have produced some quotations, were it not that we are so unfortunate in this kingdom not to have Greek types

* Vide Plut. Apophth. p. 177. † See Laërtius.

sufficient

sufficient for such an undertaking *; for want of which I have been put to the neceſſity, in the word κόρα, of writing an *alpha* for an *eta*.

However, I believe it will not be amiss to bring some few testimonies, to show in what great esteem the art of punning was among the most refined wits at Rome, and that in the most polite ages, as will appear from the following quotations.

Quinctilian says †, "Urbanitas est virtus quædam, "in breve dictum, verum sensu duplici, coacta, et "apta ad delectandos homines, &c." Thus translated, "Punning is a virtue, comprised in a short "expression, with a double meaning, and fitted to "delight the ladies."

Lucretius also,

Quò magìs æternum da dictis, Diva, leporem.
Goddess, eternal puns on me bestow.

And elsewhere,

Omnia enim lepidi magis admirantur, amántque
Germanis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt:
Verbaque constituunt simili fucata sonore,
Nec simili sensu, sed quæ mentita placerent.

All men of mirth and sense admire and love
Those words which like twinbrothers doubtful prove;
When the same sounds a different sense disguise,
In being deceiv'd the greatest pleasure lies.

Thus Claudian,

Vocibus alternant sensus, fraudisque jocosæ,
Vim duplicem rident, lacrymosaque gaudia miscent.

From word to word th' ambiguous sense is play'd;
Laughing succeeds, and joyful tears are shed.

* Though it is no uncommon thing for a country printer to be without Greek types, this could scarcely be a serious complaint at Dublin in 1719.

† Institut. Orator. lib. vi. p. 265.

And

And Martial,

Sit mihi, Cinna, comes, salibus dictisque facetus,
Qui sapit ambiguos fundere ab ore sonos.

Cinna, give me the man, when all is done,
That wisely knows to crack a jest and pun.

Petronius likewise will tell you,

Dicta, sales, risus, urbana crepandia vocum,
Ingenii facilis quæ documenta dabunt.

Jokes, repartees, and laugh, and pun polite,
Are the true test to prove a man is right.

And Lucan:

Ille est imperium risus, qui fraude leporis
Ambigua fallens, humeros quatit usque solutis
Nexibus, ac tremuli trepidant curvamina dorsi,
Et jecur, et cordis fibras, et pandit anhelas
Pulmonis latebras—

He 's king of mirth, that slily cheats our sense
With pun ambiguous, pleasing in suspense;
The shoulders lax become, the bending back
Upheav'd with laughter, makes our ribs to crack:
Ev'n to the liver he can joys impart,
And play upon the fibres of the heart;
Upon the chambers of the lungs *, and there
Give longer life in laughing, than in air.

But to come nearer home, and our own times; we know that France, in the late reign, was the seat of learning and policy; and what made it so, but the great encouragement the king gave punners above any other men: for it is too notorious, to quote any author for it, that Lewis le Grand gave a hundred pistoles for one single pun-motto, made

* Potius lungs, as a Dutch commentator would observe.

upon an abbot, who died in a field, having a lily growing out of his a——;

Habe mortem præ oculis.
Abbé mort en prez au cu lis.

Nor was his bounty less to monsieur de Ferry de Lageltre the painter (though the pun and the picture turned against himself), who drew his majesty shooting, and at some distance from him another man aiming at the same fowl, who was withheld by a third person pointing at the king, with these words from his mouth,

Ne voyez vous le roy tirant?

Having now, from the best authorities, plainly proved the antiquity and excellence of the art of Punning, nothing remains but to give some general directions as to the manner how this science is to be taught.

1. Let the husband teach his wife to read it.

2. Let her be appointed to teach her children.

3. Let the head servant of the family instruct all the rest, and that every morning before the master and mistress are up.

4. The masters and misses are to repeat a rule every day, with the examples: and every visiting-day be brought up, to show the company what fine memories they have.

5. They must go ten times through the book before they be allowed to aim at a pun.

6. They must, every day of their lives, repeat six synonymous words, or words like in sound, before

before they be allowed to sit down to dinner. Such as,

Assent,	Ascent.	Alter,	Altar.
A lass,	Alass.	A peer,	Appear.
Bark,	Barque.	Barbery,	Barberrie.

They are all to be found in metre, most laboriously compiled by the learned author of "The English School Master," printed anno 1641, London edit. p. 52.

7. If any eldest son has not a capacity to attain to this science, let him be disinherited as *non compos*, and the estate given to the next hopeful child.

——— *Si quid novisti rectius istis*
Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum *.

If any man can better rules impart,
I'll give him leave to do 't with all my heart!

* Hor. Ep. I, i, 67.

A Para-

A Paragraph of the First Preface, that was omitted; which the Reader (according to his judgment or discretion) may insert where he pleases.

THERE is a remarkable passage in Petronius Arbiter, which plainly proves, by a royal example, that punning was a necessary ingredient to make an entertainment agreeable. The words are these, "Ingerebat nihilominus Trimalchio lentissima voce, "Carpe. Ego, suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem "toties iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum "qui supra me accumbebat hoc ipsum interrogare. "At ille, qui sæpius ejusmodi ludos spectaverat, "Vides, inquit, illum qui obsonium carpit, Car- "pus vocatur. Itaque quotiescunque dicit Carpe, "eodem verbo et vocat et imperat." And it is farther remarkable, that every day of his life he made the same pun at dinner and supper.

A SE-

A SECOND PREFACE.

LEST my modesty should be called in question, for venturing to appear in print, in an age so famous for politeness and ingenuity: I think I am bound to say this in my own defence, That these few sheets were not designed to be made publick, as being written for my own private use: but what will not the importunity of friends conquer? They were no sooner discovered in my study, but my merry friend George Rochfort, my learned acquaintance Patrick Delany, and my much honoured patron Jonathan Swift, all unanimously agreed, that I should do my own reputation and the world that justice, as to send "such a Treasure of Knowledge" (as they were pleased to express themselves) to the press. As for the work itself, I may venture to say, it is a work of time and experience, and entirely unattempted before. For which reason, I hope, the candid reader will be favourable in his judgment upon it, and consider, that all sciences in their infancy have been weak and feeble. The next age may supply where I have been defective; and the next perhaps may produce a sir Isaac in Punning. We know that logicians first spun out reason in catagories, predicaments, and enunciations; and at last they came to wind up their bottoms in syllogisms, which is the completing of that science.

The Chaldeans began the mathematicks; in which the Egyptians flourished. Then these, crossing the sea by the means of Thales the Milesian, came into Greece, where they were improved very much by Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, and Oenopides of Chios. These were followed by Briso, Antipho, Hippocrates, &c. But the excellence of the algebraic art was begun by Geber, an Arabian astronomer (whence, as is conceived, the word *algebra* took its rise) and was much since improved by Cardanus, Tartaglia, Clavius, Stevinus, Ghetaldus, Herigenius, Fran. Van Schooten, Florida de Beaune, &c.

But to return to the Art of Punning again; the progress and improvement of which, I hope, will be equal to the sciences I have mentioned; or to any superiour to them, if there be such: reader, I must trespass a little longer on your patience, and tell you an old maxim, *Bonum, quo communius, eo melius,* "Good, the more common, the better it is." You see, I have, in imitation of the industrious bee, gathered my honey from various flowers; but yet I cannot say, without some diminution and loss to the persons from whom I have taken the examples to my rules, who are likely never to use their puns again.

And here, to avoid the imputation of ingratitude, I must declare to the world, that my worthy friend Dr. R——, who is singularly remarkable for his unparallelled skill in punning, and a most industrious promoter of it, has been a very great instrument in bringing this work to light, as well by animating

me

me to proceed in it, as by endeavouring to procure a good letter for the impression.

The favourable acceptance that my puns have met with in some private companies makes me flatter myself, that my labours therein will be candidly accepted, as they have been cordially intended to serve my native country *.

TOM PUN-SIBI.

From my Study, up one Pair of Stairs, ill contrived Street-wards, August 9th, 1719.

* Dr. Sheridan (who is mentioned as author of "The Art of Punning," by Mrs. Pilkington, vol. I, p. 64,) had a large collection of *bons mots* and *conts à rire*; which dean Swift endeavoured, but without effect, to persuade him to publish. See his letter to Dr. Sheridan, March 27, 1733, vol. XIII, p. 44.—After the publication of "The Art of Punning," Dr. Sheridan was attacked, by an anonymous writer *, in a poem called, "Tom Pun-sibi metamorphosed, or the Giber gibed;" which he answered in a letter "To the Author of Tom Pun-sibi metamorphosed." And see the two poems here printed, pp. 427—429.

* Dr. Tisdell, called Black Tisdell.

THE

ART OF PUNNING.

"PUNNATA dicuntur, id ipsum quod sunt, aliorum esse dicuntur, aut alio quovis modo ad aliud referuntur."

Puns, in their very nature and constitution, have a relation to something else; or, if they have not, any other reason why will serve as well.

THE PHYSICAL DEFINITION OF PUNNING, ACCORDING TO CARDAN.

Punning is an art of harmonious jingling upon words, which, passing in at the ears, and falling upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary motion in those parts; and this, being conveyed by the animal spirits into the muscles of the face, raises the cockles of the heart.

THE MORAL DEFINITION OF PUNNING.

Punning is a virtue that most effectually promotes the end of good fellowship, which is laughing.

N. B. I design to make the most celebrated punners in these kingdoms examples to the following rules:

RULE 1. The Capital Rule. He that puns, must have a head for it; that is, he must be a man of letters, of a sprightly and fine imagination, whatever men may think of his judgment; like Dr. Swift,

Swift *, who said, when a lady threw down a Cremona fiddle with a frisk of her Mantua,

"Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"

Or, if you would have a more obvious reason, St. Dennis never made a pun after his head was cut off. Vid. Popish Legend, tom. lxxviii, p. 15000.

R. 2. The Rule of Forehead. He must have good assurance, like my lord ——, who puns in all companies.

R. 3. The Brazen Rule. He must have better assurance, like brigadier ——, who said, "That, as he was passing through a street, he made up to a country fellow who had a hare swinging on a stick over his shoulder, and, giving it a shake, asked him, Whether it was his own *hair*, or a periwig?" Whereas it is a notorious Oxford jest.

R. 4. The Rule of Impudence. He must have the best assurance, like Dr. ——, who, although I had in three fair combats worsted him, yet had the impudence to challenge me a fourth time.

R. 5. Any person may pun upon another man's puns about half an hour after he has made them; as Dr. —— and Mr. —— frequently do.

I remember one day I was in company with them, and, upon major —— saying, "That he would leave me the gout for a legacy;" I made answer, and told the company, "I should be sorry to have such a *leg as he*." They both snapped it up in

* He greatly excelled in punning; a talent which, he said, no man affected to despise, but those that were without it. He recorded the puns of several of his friends; wrote a ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster election (of which we have not been able to obtain a copy); and has given three humorous essays in that important science, vol. XVI, pp. 244, 249, 280.

their turns, and had as much applause for the pun as I had.

R. 6. The Rule of Pun upon Pun. All puns made upon the word *pun* are to be esteemed as so much old gold; *ex. gr.* Suppose two famous *punsters* should contend for the superiority, and a man should wittily say, "This is a *Carthaginian* war."

Q. How, Sir?

A. Why, sir, it is a *Pun-ick* war.

R. 7. The Socratick Rule is, to instruct others by way of question and answer.

Q. Who was the first drawer?

A. *Potifer.*

Q. Which is the seat of the spleen?

A. The *hips.*

Q. Who were the first bakers?

A. The *Crustumenians.* (Masters of the Rolls, quoth capt. Wolseley.)

Q. Where did the first hermaphrodites come from?

A. *Middle-sex.*

Q. What part of England has the most dogs?

A. *Bark-shire.*

Q. From whence came the first tumblers?

A. From *Somerset.*

Q. Who were the first mortgagers of land?

A. The people of *Cumber-land.*

Q. What men in the world are the best soldiers?

A. Your red-haired men, because they always carry their *firelocks* upon their shoulders.

Q. Why should a man in debt be called a diver?

A. Because he is *dipped* over head and ears.

Q. Why

Q. Why are ladies of late years well qualified for hunting?

A. Because they come with a *hoop* and a *hollow*.

Q. Why are presbyterians, independants, &c. said to be vermin?

A. Because they are *in-sects*.

Q. Where were the first breeches made?

A. At *Thy-atyira*.

Q. Who were the first gold-finders?

A. The *Turditani*.

Q. What part of the world is best to feed dogs in?

A. *Lap-land*.

Q. What prince in the world should have a boar for his arms?

A. The duke of *Tusc-any*.

Q. Where do the best corncutters live?

A. At *Leg-born*.

Q. Why are horses with grease in their heels the best racers?

A. Because their heels are given to *running*.

Q. What is the reason that rats and mice are so much afraid of bass violins and fiddles?

A. Because they are strung with *cat-gut*.

Q. If a lawyer is a whig, and pretends to be a tory, or *vice versa*, why should his gown be stripped off?

A. Because he is guilty of *sham-party*.

Q. How many animals are concerned in the formation of the English tongue?

A. According to *Buck*-anan, a great number; (viz.) *cat-egorical*, *dog-matical*, *crow-nological*, *flea-botomy*, *fish-ognomy*, *squirril-ity*, *rat-ification*, *mouse-olæum*, *pus-ilanimity*, *hare-editary*, *ass-tronomy*, *jay-ography*, *stag-yrite*, *duck-tility*.

Q. Where were the first hams made?

A. They were made in the temple of Jupiter *Hammon*, by the *Hamadryades* *; one of them (if we may depend upon Baker's Chronicle) was sent as a present to a gentleman in *Ham-shire*, of the family of the *Ham-iltons*, who immediately sent it to *Ham-pton court*, where it was hung up by a string in the hall, by way of rarity, whence we have the English phrase *ham-strung*.

Thus did great Socrates improve the mind,
By questions useful since to all mankind;
For, when the purblind soul no farther saw,
Than length of nose, into dark Nature's law,
His method clear'd up all, enlarg'd the sight,
And so he taught his pupils with day-light.

R. 8. The Rule of Interruption. Although the company be engaged in a discourse of the most serious consequence, it is, and may be lawful to interrupt them with a pun; *ex. gr*, Suppose them poring over a problem in the mathematicks; you may, without offence, ask them, "How go *squares* with them?" You may say too, "That, being too intent upon those figures, they are become *cycloeid*, *i. e.* sickly-eyed; for which they are a pack of *logarithms*, *i. e.* loggerheads." Vide R. 34.

R. 9. The Rule of Risibility. A man must be the first that laughs at his own pun; as Martial advises:

Qui studet alterius risum captare lepore,
Imprimis rictum contrahat ipse suum.

"He that would move another man to laughter
"Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after."

R. 10. The Rule of Retaliation obliges you, if a man makes fifty puns, to return all, or the most of them, in the same kind. As for instance: sir

* Women of Calabria, who dealt in bacon; not nymphs of the groves, as represented by mistaken Antiquity. See vol. XVI. p. 286.

W——

W—— sent me a catalogue of Mrs. Prudence's scholars, and desired my advice as to the management of them:

Miss-Chief, the ringleader.
Miss-Advice, that spoils her face with paint.
Miss-Rule, that does every thing she is forbid.
Miss-Application, who has not done one letter in her sampler
Miss-Belief, who cannot say the Creed yet.
Miss-Call, a perfect Billingsgate.
Miss-Fortune, that lost her grandmother's needle.
Miss-Chance, that broke her leg by romping.
Miss-Guide, that led the young misses into the dirt.
Miss-Laid, who left her porringer of flower and milk where the cat got it.
Miss-Management, that let all her stockings run out at heels for want of darning.

For which I sent the following Masters:

Master-Stroke, to whip them.
Master-Workman, to dress them.
Master-Ship, to rig them.
Master-Lie, to excuse them.
Master-Wort, to purge them.
Master-Piece, to patch them.
Master-Key, to lock them up.
Master-Pock, to mortify them.

If these can't keep your ladies quiet,
Pull down their courage with low diet.
Perhaps, dear sir, you 'll think it cruel,
To feed them on plain watergruel;
But, take my word, the best of breeding,
As it is plain, requires plain feeding.

Vide Roscommon.

R. 11. The Rule of Repetition: You must never let a pun be lost, but repeat and comment upon it, till every one in the company both hears and understands it; *ex. gr.* Sir, I have good wine to give you; excellent *pontack*, which I got '*pon-tick*; but, sir, we must have a little *pun-talk* over it; you take me, sir, you, and you, and you too, madam.—There is *pun-talk* upon *pontack*, and '*pon-tick* too, hay?

R. 12.

R. 12. The Elementary Rule. Keep to your elements, whether you have fish, fowl, or flesh, for dinner: As for instance, Is not this fish, which Mr. *Pool* sent me, *ex-stream* sweet? I think it is *main* good, what say you? O' my *soal*, I never tasted better, and I think it ought to take *plaice* of any that swims: though you may *carp* at me for saying so, I can assure you that both Dr. *Sprat* and Dr. *Whaley* are of my mind.—This is an excellent fowl, and a fit dish for high-fliers. Pray, sir, what is your *o-pinion* of this wing? As for the leg, the cook ought to be *clapper-clawed* for not roasting it enough. But now I think of it, why should this be called the bird of Bacchus? A. Because it was dressed by your drunken Cook. Not at all. You mistake the matter. Pray is it not a *grape-lover*; *i. e.* gray plover?—Are you for any of this mutton, sir? If not, I can tell you, that you ought to be *lamb-asted*; for you must know that I have the best in the country. My sheep bear away the *bell*, and I can assure you that, all *weathers*, I can treat my friends with as good mutton as this: he that cannot make a meal of it, ought to have it *ram-med* down his throat.

R. 13. The Rule of Retrospection. By this you may recall a discourse that has been past two hours, and introduce it thus: "Sir, As you were saying two hours ago—you bought those stockings in Wales; I believe it, for they seem to be *well-chose*, *i. e.* Welsh-hose."—"Sir, You were saying, if I mistake not, an hour or two ago, that Soldiers have the speediest Justice. I agree with you in that; for they are never without *red-dress*."

R. 14.

R. 14. The Rule of Transition; which will serve to introduce any thing that has the most remote relation to the subject you are upon; *ex. gr.* If a man puns upon a *stable*, you may pun upon a *corn field*, a *meadow*, a *horse-park*, a *smith's* or *sadler's shop*; *ex. gr.* One says, "his horses are gone to *rack*." Then you answer, "I would turn *oat* the rascal that looks after them. *Hay*, sir! don't you think I am right? I would *strike while the iron is hot*; and *pummel* the dog to some purpose."

R. 15. The Rule of Alienation; which obliges you, when people are disputing hotly upon a subject, to pitch upon that word which gives the greatest disturbance, and to make a pun upon it. This has not only occasioned peace in private companies, but has put a stop to hot wranglings in parliaments and convocations, which otherwise would not so soon come to a resolution: for, as Horace says, *Ridiculum acri*, &c.; and very often it is found so. Sir —— —— once, in parliament, brought in a bill which wanted some amendment; which being denied him by the house, he frequently repeated, "That he thirsted to mend his bill." Upon which a worthy member got up, and said, "Mr. speaker, I humbly move, since that member *thirsts* so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his *draught*." This put the house into such a good humour, that his petition was granted.

R. 16. The Rule of Analogy is, when two persons pun upon different subjects after the same manner. As, says one, "I went to my *shoemaker's* to-day for a pair of *shoes*, which I bespoke a month ago; and, when *all* came to *all*, the dog *bristles* up to me with a thousand excuses, that I thought there

there would never be an *end* of his discourse: but, upon my calling him a rascal, he began to *wax* warm, and had the impudence to bid me *vamp* off, for he had not leisure now to talk to me, because he was going to dinner: which vexed me indeed to the very *soal*. Upon this, I jumped out of his shop in a great rage, and wished that the next bit he eat might be his *last*." Says another, "I went to a *tanner's* that owed me some money; and (would you think it?) the *pitiful* fellow was *fleshed* at it, insomuch that forsooth he could not *hide* his resentment, but told me, that it was enough to set a man *horn* mad to be *dunned* so early in a morning: and as for his part, he would *curry* favour no longer with me, let me do my worst. Thus the unmannerly cur *barked* at me, &c."

R. 17. The Sophisticated Rule is, fixing upon a man a saying which he never spoke, and making a pun upon it, as, "Ay, sir, since you say he was born in *Bark-shire*, I say he is a *son of a bitch*."

R. 18. The Rule of Train, is a method of introducing puns which have been studied before; *ex. gr.* By talking of *Truelock* the *gun-smith*, his very name will provoke some person in the company to pun. Then you proceed: "Sir, I smell *powder*, but you are plaguy weak in your *main-spring* for punning; I would advise you to get a better *stock*, before you pretend to *let off*: though you may think yourself *prime* in this art, you are much mistaken, for a very young beginner may be a *match* for you. Ay, sir, you may *cock* and look big; but, *u-pan* my word, I take you to be no more than a *flash*; and Mrs. Skin-*flint*, my neighbour, shall

shall pun with you for a *pistole*, if I do not *lose my aim*, &c."

R. 19. The Rule of Challenge. As for instance, when you have conned over in your mind a chain of puns, you surprise the best punner in company, after this manner: "Say *Tan-pit*, if you dare."

R. 20. The Sanguine Rule allows you to swear a man out of his pun, and prove yourself the author of it, as Dr. —— served captain ——, who was told how a slater, working at his house, fell through all the rafters from top to bottom, and that upon this accident he said, "He loved to see a man go cleverly *through his work*."—"That is mine, by —," said the doctor.

R. 21. The Rule of Concatenation is making a string of puns as fast as you can, that nobody else can put in a word till you have exhausted the subject; *ex. gr.* There was one John *Appleby*, a *gardener*, fell in love with one Mrs. *Curran*, for her *cherry cheeks* and her *lily* white hand; and soon after he got her consent to *graft* upon her *stock*. Mr. *Link* the parson was sent for, who joined the loving *pair* together. Mr. *Rowintree* and Mr. *Holyoak* were bride-men. The company were, my lady *Joan Keel*, who *came-a-mile* a foot to compliment them; and her maid *Sally*, remarkable for her *carrots*, that rid upon a *chestnut*. There was Dr. *Burrage* too, a constant *medlar* in other people's affairs. He was lately *im-peach'd* for murdering Don *Quick-set*. Mrs. *Lettice Skirret* and Mrs. *Rose-merry* were the bride-maids; the latter sang a song to oblige the company, which an arch wag called a *funeral dirge*: but, notwithstanding this, our

our friend John began to thrive upon matrimony like a *twig* in a *bush*. I forgot to tell you that the tailor had so much *cabbage* out of the wedding suit, there was none at all for supper.

R. 22. The Rule of Inoculating is, when a person makes an excellent pun, and you immediately fix another upon it; as dean —— one day said to a gentleman, who had a very little bob wig, "Sir, the *dam* of your wig is a *whisker*;" upon which I came in very *à propos*, and said, "Sir, that cannot be, for it is but an *ear-wig*."

R. 23. The Rule of Desertion allows you to bring a man into a pun, and leave him to work it out: as, suppose you should hear a man say the word *incomparable*——Then you proceed, *in-com-in-com-par-par-rable-rable*——So let the other make his best of it.

R. 24. The Salick Rule is a pretence to a jumping of wits: that is, when a man has made a good pun, the other swears with a pun he was just coming out with it. One night, I remember, Mr. ——— served Dr. ——— so. The former saying over a bottle, "Will, I am for my mistress here." "How so?" says Tom. "Why, I am for *Wine-if-red*." "By this crooked stick *," said Tom, "I was coming out with it."

R. 25. The Etymological Rule is when a man hunts a pun through every letter and syllable of a word: as for example, I am asked, "What is the best word to spend an evening with?" I answer, "*Potatoes*; for there is *po—pot—pota—potat—potatoe*, and the reverse *sot-a-top*."

* *Cane-a-wry*; *i. e.* Canary.

R. 26.

R. 26. The Rule of Mortification is when a man having got the thanks and laugh of a company for a good pun, an enemy to the art swears he read it in "Cambridge Jests." This is such an inversion of it, that I think I may be allowed to make examples of these kind of people in verse:

Thus puppies, that adore the dark,
Against bright Cynthia howl and bark;
Although the Regent of the Night,
Like us, is gay with borrow'd light.

R. 27. The Professionary Rule * is, to frame a story, and swear you were present at an event where every

* An improvement on this Rule, which Dr. Swift has adopted in his "Full and true Account of Wood's Procession to the Gallows," attracted the following warm applause of the noble Author of the Remarks. "I have said so much in one of my former letters of the cause which gave rise to them [the Drapier's Letters], and of the effect which they had upon the nation, that I need say no more in this place, than to recommend them to your perusal, for the style and conduct of their manner: but, lest they may appear too grave to so young a man, and one who is so little interested in the present, and much less in the past affairs of Ireland, you will find a paper at the end of them that will excite your risibility, or I am mistaken.—The whole is a piece of ridicule too powerful for the strongest gravity to withstand." Orrery's Remarks, p. 126.—Yet what at last is this merry-making machine? Why the author describes the several artificers attending W. Wood (represented by a log of timber) to the gallows, and each of them expressing his resentment in the terms of his calling: the cook will baste him; the bookseller will turn over a new leaf with him; the tailor will sit on his skirts. His lordship then leads up the laugh, with *Risum teneatis, amici?* If he did not, we should want such a note as the prudent parson put to the pathetick part of his funeral sermon, *Here pull out your handkerchief, and weep.* Every apprentice, who has not sense enough to learn his art, is soon able to

every man talked in his own calling; *ex. gr.* Major ——— swears, he was present at the seizing of a pick-pocket by a great rabble in Smithfield; and that he heard

A Tailor say, "Send the dog to *Hell.*"
The Cook, "Let me be at him, I'll *baste* him."
The Joiner, "It is *plain* the dog was caught in the fact; I *saw* him."
The Blacksmith, "He is a fine *spark* indeed!"
The Butcher, "*Knock down* the *shambling* cur."
The Glazier, "Make the *light shine through him.*"
The Bookseller, "*Bind* him over."
The Sadler, "*Pummel* him."
The Farmer, "*Thrash* the dog."
A Popish Priest going by, "I'll make the *Devil fly out of him.*"

R. 28. The Brazen-head Rule is when a Punster stands his ground against a whole company, though there is not one to side with him, to the utter destruction of all conversation but his own. As for instance—says one, "I hate a *pun.*"—Then he, "When a *pun is meant*, is it a *punishment*?"—"*Deuce* take your quibbling!"—"Sir, I will not bate you an *ace*; *cinque* me if I do, and I'll make you know that I am a *sice* above you."—"This fellow cannot talk out of his *element.*"—"To divert you, was *all I meant.*"

R. 29. The Hypothetick Rule* is, when you suppose things hardly consistent to be united for the

to apply the terms of it to this kind of banter and ridicule. And though I blame not the Drapier for falling into it, as it was characteristick of the persons he describes, and suited to the taste of those for whom he wrote, yet I own I am too phlegmatick to shake my sides at it. BOWYER.

* Improved by Dr. Swift into "A Discourse to prove the Antiquity of the English Tongue." See vol. XVI, p. 280.

sake

sake of a pun: as for instance — suppose a person in the pillory had received a full discharge of eggs upon every part of his face but the handle of it; why would he make the longest verses in the world? Ans. *Versos Alexandrinos*, *i.e.* All-eggs-and-dry-nose.

R. 30. The Rule of Naturalization is, that punning is free of all languages: as, for the Latin *Romanos*, you may say "Roman nose"—*Temeraria*, "Tom, where are you?"—*Oxoniæ prospectus*, "Pox on you, pray speak to us." For the French, *quelque chose*, you may say in English "kick shoes." When one says of a thief, "I wish he was "transported;" answer, "he is already *fur* enough." Dr. Swift made an excellent advantage of this rule one night: when a certain peevish gentleman in his company had lost his *spectacles*, he bid him "have a good heart; for, if it continued *raining* all night, he would find them in the morning."—"Pray how so?"—"Why, sir,

"Nocte pluit tota, redeunt *spectacula* mane."

"R. 31. The Rule of Random. When a man speaks any thing that comes uppermost, and some good pun-finder discovers what he never meant in it; then he is to say, "You have hit it!" As major ——— did: complaining that he staid at home by reason of an issue in a leg, which was just beginning to *run*, he was answered by Mr. ——, "I wonder that you should be confined, who have such *running* legs." The Major replied, "You have hit it; for I meant *that*."

R. 32. The Rule of Scandal. Never to speak well of another Punster; *ex. gr.* "Who, he! Lord,

sir, he has not sense enough to play at crambo;" or, "He does not know the meaning of synonymous words;" or, "He never rose so high as a conundrum or a carrywhichit."

R. 33. The Rule of Catch is, when you hear a man conning a pun softly to himself, to whip it out of his mouth, and pass it upon the company for your own: as for instance; Mustard happened to be mentioned in company where I was; and a gentleman, with his eyes fixed upon the ceiling, was at *Mus—mus, sinapi—snap eye—bite nose*—One in company, overhearing him, *bit* him, and *snapped* it up; and said, "Mustard is the stoutest seed in the world, for it takes the greatest men by the *nose*."

R. 34. The Golden Rule allows you to change one syllable for another; by this, you may either lop off, insert, or add to a word; *ex. gr.*

For { Church,—*Kirk*, Bangor,—*Clangor*. Presbyter,—*Has-biter*, &c.

This Rule is of such consequence, that a man was once tried for his life by it. The case was thus: A certain man was brought before a judge of assize, for murder; his lordship asked his name, and, being answered *Spillman*, the judge said, "Take away *Sp*, and his name is *Ill-man*; put *K* to it, and it is *Kill-man*: away with him, gaoler; his very name has hanged him." This 34th Rule, on this occasion, became a rule of court, and was so well liked, that a justice of peace, who shall be nameless, applied every tittle of

of it to a man brought to him upon the same account, after this manner: "Come, sir, I conjure you, as I am one of his majesty's justices of the peace, to tell me your name."—"My name, an't please you, is *Watson*."—"O ho, sir! *Watson!* mighty well! Take away *Sp* from it, and it is *Ill-man*, and put *K* to it, and it is *Kill-man*: away with him, constable; his very name will hang him."

Let us now consider a new case; as for instance, "The Church of England as by Law established." Put a *T* before it, and it is *Test-ablished*; take away the *Test*, and put in *o*, and it is *A-bolished*.

How much was the late ingenious author of Parson Alberoni obliged to it, in that very natural story which he framed concerning the Preacher; where he tells you, one of the congregation called the Minister an *Humbassandor* for an Ambassador*.

Give

* The story here alluded to is told in a pamphlet, entitled, "A modest Apology for Parson Alberoni, Governor to King Philip, a Minor, and universal Curate of the whole Spanish Monarchy, &c. By Thomas Gordon, Esq. 1719;" and is as follows: "There is, in a certain diocese in this nation, a living worth about six hundred pounds a year. This, and two or three more preferments, maintain the doctor in becoming ease and corpulency. He keeps a chariot in town, and a journeyman in the country; and his curate and his coach-horses are his equal drudges, saving that the four-legged cattle are better fed, and have sleeker cassocks, than his spiritual drayhorse. The doctor goes down once a year, to sheer his flock, and fill his pockets, or, in other words, to receive the wages of his embassy; and then, sometimes in an afternoon, if his belly do not happen to be too full, he vouchsafes to mount the pulpit, and to instruct his people in the greatness of his character and dullness. This composes the whole parish to rest; but the doctor one day denouncing himself

Give me leave, courteous reader, to recommend to your perusal and practice this most excellent Rule, which is of such universal use and advantage to the learned world, that the most valuable discoveries, both as to antiquities and etymologies, are made by it; nay, farther, I will venture to say, that all words which are introduced to enrich and make a language copious, beautiful, and harmonious, arise chiefly from this Rule. Let any man but consult Bentley's Horace, and he will see what useful discoveries that very learned Gentleman has made by the help of this Rule; or indeed poor

the Lord's Ambassador with greater fire and loudness than could have been reasonably expected from him, it roused a clown of the congregation, who waked his next neighbour, with, 'Dost hear, Tom, dost hear?'—'Ay,' says Tom, yawning, 'what does he say?'—'Say?' answered the other; 'he says a plaguy lie, to be sure; he says as how he is my Lord's Humbassandor; but I think he is more rather the Lord's Receiver General, for he never comes but to take money.' Six hundred pounds a year is, modestly speaking, a competent fee for lulling the largest congregation in England asleep once in a twelvemonth. Such tithes are the price napping; and such mighty odds there are between a curtain lec and a cushion lecture." See the collection of Tracts by Gordon and Trenchard, vol. I, p. 130.—Mr. Gordon was a Scotchman, and came to London very young in order to seek his fortune. He was soon taken notice of by Mr. Trenchard, and, in conjunction with him, wrote Cato's Letters, and many political and other Pamphlets. On Mr. Trenchard's death, he married his widow; and some time after received a great addition to his fortune, by a very considerable bequest made to him by the will of a country physician, to whom he was only known by his writings. He was many years a writer in defence of the measures of sir Robert Walpole, afterward lord Orford. To this minister he dedicated his Translation of Tacitus, and was by him appointed one of the Commissioners of the Wine Licence Office, a place which he held at the time of his death, which happened July 28, 1750.

Horace

Horace would have lain under the eternal reproach of making "a *fox* eat *oats*," had not the learned doctor, with great judgment and penetration, found out *nitedula* to be a blunder of the librarians for *vulpecula*; which *nitedula*, the doctor says, signifies a *grass-mouse*, and this clears up the whole matter, because it makes the story hang well together: for all the world knows, that weazles have a most tender regard and affection to grass-mice, whereas they hate foxes as they do firebrands. In short, all various lections are to be attributed to this Rule: so are all the Greek dialects; or Homer would have wanted the sonorous beauty of his oio's. But the greatest and best masters of this Rule, without dispute, were the Dorians, who made nothing of saying *tin* for *soi*, *tenos* for *ekeinos*, *surisdomes* for *surizomen*, &c. From this too we have our *quasis* in Lexicons. Was it not by Rule the 34th, that the Samaritan, Chaldee, Æthiopick, Syriac, Arabick, and Persian languages were formed from the original Hebrew? for which I appeal to the Polyglott. And among our modern languages, are not the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French, derived and formed from the Latin by the same power? How much poets have been obliged to it, we need no farther proof than the figures *prothesis*, *epenthesis*, *apocope*, *paragoge*, and *ellipsis*, trimming and fitting of words to make them more agreeable to our ears, Dionysius Halicarnassensis has taken notice of, in his Book "De Compositione Vocum," where he pleasantly compares your polite reformers of words to masons with hammers, who break off rugged corners of stones, that they may become more even and firm in their places.

But, after all, give me leave to lament, that I cannot have the honour of being the sole inventor of this incomparable Rule: though I solemnly protest, upon the word of an author (if an author may have credit), that I never had the least hint toward it, any more than the ladies letters and young childrens pronunciation, till a year after I had proposed this Rule to Dr. ——, who was an excellent judge of the advantage it might be to the publick; when, to my great surprise, tumbling over the third tome of Alstedius, p. 71, right loth to believe my eyes, I met with the following passage: "Ambigua multum faciunt ad hanc rem, cujusmodi exempla plurima reperiuntur apud Plautum, qui in ambiguis crebro ludit. Joci captantur ex permutatione syllabarum & vocum, ut pro *De*cretum, *Dis*cretum; pro *Me*dicus, *Men*dicus & *Mer*dicus: pro Poly*carpus*, Poly*copros*. Item ex Syllabarum ellipsi, ut ait Althusius, cap. iii, civil. convers. pro Casimirus, *Jrus*.; pro Marcus, *Arcus*; pro Vinosus, *Osus*: pro Sacerdotium, *Otium*. Sic, additione literæ, pro Urbanus, *Turbanus*." Which exactly corresponded to every branch and circumstance of my Rule. Then, indeed, I could not avoid breaking out into the following exclamations, and that after a most pathetick manner: "Wretched Tom Pun-Sibi! Wretched indeed! Are all thy nocturnal lucubrations come to this? Must another, for being a hundred years before thee in the world, run away with the glory of thy own invention? It is true, he must. Happy Alstedius! who, I thought, would have stood me in *all-stead*, upon consulting thy method of joking! *All's tedious* to me now, since thou hast robbed me of that honour which would

would have set me above all writers of the present age. And why not happy Tom Pun-sibi? did we not jump together like true wits?- But, alas! thou art on the safest side of the bush; my credit being liable to the suspicion of the world, because you wrote before me. Ill-natured criticks, in spite of all my protestations, will condemn me, right or wrong, for a plagiary. Henceforward never write any thing of thy own; but pillage and trespass upon all that ever wrote before thee; search among dust and moths for things new to the learned. Farewell, Study; from this moment I abandon thee: for, wherever I can get a paragraph upon any subject whatsoever ready done to my hand, my head shall have no farther trouble than to see it fairly transcribed!"—And this method, I hope, will help me to swell out the Second Part of this work.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Second Part of this Work will be published, with all convenient expedition: to which will be added, A small Treatise of CONUNDRUMS, CARRIWHICHITS, and LONGE-PETITES; together with the WINTER-FIRE's Diversion: The Art of making REBUSES: The Antiquity of HOOP-PETTICOATS, proved from Adam's two Daughters, Calmana and Delbora, &c. &c. &c.

E. CURLL,

TO THE READER.

THERE has not, as yet, been any second part of this work published, nor do I believe was ever intended. But my friend Anthony Hammond, esq., upon reading it over, sent me examples to three more rules of his own making, viz.

Rule 35. The Rule of Blunder is, when any one under the notion of a mistake, makes a pun which he may take notice of himself if the company do not; *ex. gr.*

Captain J—— said to his kinsman, who was going to be married, "O, cousin, I hear you are about to *halter* your condition." The company not taking notice of it; the captain corrected himself, "alter," says he, "I should have said."

Rule 36. The Rule of Sound is when the pun consists in the sound of the words only, without any relation to the thing signified; *ex. gr.*

He who translated that ingenious posy of a wedding ring, "Qui dedit, se dedit;" when "he did it, she did it."

Or, like that of the country parson, whom a Roundhead colonel thought to puzzle by asking him whether he could rhyme to "hydrops, nocthycorax,

corax, thorax, et mascula vervex." He immediately answered, "land tax, and army tax, excise, and general Fairfax."

Rule 37. The Rule of Equivocation is the innocent use of this Jesuitical Art; *ex. gr.*

As the famous Daniel Purcell, a nonjuror, was dabbling along the streets in the dirt and rain, and a friend of his passing by asked him why he did not take a coach—"Alas," says he, "this is not a *reign* for me to take a coach in."

Another time, one of Daniel's friends telling him that when king George landed at Greenwich, he heard, he had a full view of him, for that he stood next to him at his coming ashore. Therefore, says he, you must know him. "Ay," replied Daniel, "though I know him very well, yet I can't *swear* to him."

Lastly, Daniel knocking on a 30th of January, at the Crown Tavern door in the Strand, was answered by the drawer, through the wicket, that he could not let him in, because it was Fast day, and his master and mistress were gone to church. "D——n your master and mistress," says he, "can't they be content to faſt themselves, but they "must make their doors *fast*?"

The learned Mr. Charles Barnard, sergeant surgeon to queen Anne, being very severe upon parsons having pluralities: A reverend and worthy divine heard him a good while with patience; but at length took him up with this question, "Why do you, Mr. sergeant Barnard, rail thus at pluralities, who have always so many *sine-cures* upon your own hands?"

Dr.

Dr. Lloyd *, bishop of Worcester, so eminent for his prophecies, when by his solicitation and compliance at court he got removed from a poor Welsh bishoprick to a rich English one, a reverend dean of the church said, "That he found his brother Lloyd spelt Prophet with an *f*."

* See the Journal to Stella, July 1, 1712.—Dr. William Lloyd, successively bishop of St. Asaph, of Coventry and Litchfield, and of Worcester, was born Aug. 18, 1627; and died Aug. 30, 1717, in the 91st year of his age, "without losing the use of his understanding," says the writer of his article in the "Biographia Britannica." Bishop Burnet tells us, "he was the most indefatigable in his industry, and the most judicious in his observations, of any he knew, and one of the greatest masters of style then living."

THE

THE ORIGINAL OF PUNNING, FROM PLATO'S SYMPOSIACKS.

BY DR. SHERIDAN*.

ONCE on a time, in merry mood,
Jove made a PUN of flesh and blood;
A double, *two-fac'd* living creature,
Androgynos, of twofold nature,
For back to back with single skin
He bound the male and female in;
So much alike, so near the same,
They stuck as closely as their name.
Whatever words the male exprest,
The female turn'd them to a jest;
Whatever words the female spoke,
The male converted to a joke:
So, in this form of man and wife,
They led a merry PUNNING life.
The Gods from Heaven descend to Earth,
Drawn down by their alluring mirth;
So well they seem'd to like the sport,
Jove could not get them back to court.
Th' infernal Gods ascend as well,
Drawn up by magick PUNS from Hell.
Judges and furies quit their post,
And not a soul to mind a ghost.
"Heyday!" says Jove;, says Pluto too,
"I think the Devil's here to do;

* This and the following poem were originally publiſhed with "The Art of Punning;" as were alſo the verſes by Dr. Swift in vol. VII, p. 231.

"Here's

" Here's Hell broke loose, and Heaven's quite
" empty,
" We scarce have left one God in twenty.
" Pray, what has set them all a running?"—
" Dear brother, nothing else but PUNNING.
" Behold that double creature yonder
" Delights them with a *double entendre*."
" Ods-fish," says Pluto, "where's your thunder?
" Let drive, and split this thing asunder."
" That's right;" quoth Jove; with that he threw
A bolt, and split it into two;
And when the thing was split in twain,
Why then it PUNN'D as much again.
" 'Tis thus the diamonds we refine,
" The more we cut, the more they shine:
" And ever since, your Men of Wit,
" Until they're *cut*, can't PUN a bit.
" So take a starling when 'tis young,
" And down the middle *slit the tongue*,
" With groat or sixpence, 'tis no matter,
" You'll find the bird will *doubly chatter*.
" Upon the whole, dear Pluto, you know,
" 'Tis well I did not split my Juno!
" For, had I done't, whene'er she'd scold me,
" She'd make the Heavens too hot to hold me."

The Gods, upon this application,
Return'd each to his habitation,
Extremely pleas'd with this new joke;
The best, they swore, he ever spoke.

FROM

FROM MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND AT HELDELVILLE, [DR. DELANY].

HAIL to the sage, who, from his native store,
Produc'd a science never known before,
Science of words, once jargon of the schools,
The plague of wise men, and the boast of fools,
Made easy now and useful in your rules!
Where wit and humour equally combine,
Our mirth at once to raise and to refine,
Till now not half the worth of sounds we knew,
Their virtual value was reserv'd for you.
To trace their various mazes, and set forth
Their hidden force, and multiply their worth;
For if t' express one sense our words we choose,
A double meaning is of double use.

Hail, sacred Art! by what mysterious name
Shall I adore thee, various, and the same?
The Muses' Proteus, skill'd with grateful change,
Through all the pleasing forms of wit to range
In quick succession, yet retain through all
Some faint resemblance of th' original.

Hail, fairest offspring of prodigious birth,
At once the parent and the child of Mirth!
With Chloe's charms thy airy form can vie,
And with thy smiles as many thousands die;
The pleasing pain through all their vitals thrills,
With subtle force, and tickles as it kills.
Thee too, like her, the dying swains pursue,
As gay, as careless, as inconstant too;
To raise yet more thy merit and thy fame,
The Cyprian Goddess glories in thy name,
Pleas'd to be thought the laughter-loving dame.
Nor less thy praise, nor less thy power to wound,
Thou lovely, fleeting, image of a sound.

THE

THE HISTORY OF POETRY.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND*.

SIR,

IN obedience to your commands, I here send you the following short essay toward a History of Poetry in England and Ireland. At first it was a science we only began to CHAW SIR. A hundred years after, we attempted to translate out of the Psalms, but could not our STERN-HOLD. In queen Elizabeth's reign, I think, there was but one DI-SPENSER of good verses; for his patron, though a great man, IS HID NIGH by the length of time. Yet, a little before her death, we attempted to deal in tragedy, and began to SHAKE SPEARS; which was pursued under king James the First by three great poets, in one of them many a line so strong, that you might make a BEAM ONT; the second, indeed, gives us sometimes but FLAT CHEER, and the third is BEN-ding a little to stiffness.

In the reign of king Charles the First, there was a new succession of poets; one of them, though seldom read, I am very fond of; he has so much salt in his compositions, that you would think he had been used to SUCK-LING: as to his friend the

* This has been printed as the Dean's, and is likely to be genuine. See the letters to lord Pembroke, &c. vol. XVI, p. 243—249.

author

author of Gondibert, I'D AVE AN AUNT write better. I say nothing against your favourite, though some censure him for writing too COOLY; but he had a rival whose happier genius made him stand like a WALL OR a pillar against censure.

During the usurpation, we fell into burlesque; and I think whoever reads Hudibras, cannot BUT LEER. I have COT ONE more, who travestied Virgil, though not equal to the former.

After the Restoration, poets became very numerous: the chief, whose fame is louder than a MILL-TONE, must never be forgot. And here I must observe, that poets in those days loved retirement so much, that sometimes they lived in dens. One of them in a DRY-DEN: another called his den his village, or DEN-HAM; and I am informed that the sorry fellow, who is now laureat, affects to USE-DENS still: but, to return from this digression, we were then famous for tragedy and comedy; the author of Venice Preserved is seldom o'T AWAY; yet he who wrote the Rival Queens, before he lost his senses, sometimes talked MAD-LEE. Another, who was of this kingdom, went into England, because it is more SOUTHERN; and he wrote tolerably well. I say nothing of the Satirist, with his OLD-DAM' verses. As for comedy, the Plain Dealer, W'ICH EARLY came into credit, is allowed on all hands an excellent piece: he had a dull contemporary, who sometimes showed humour; but his colouring was bad, and he could not SHADE WELL. Sir George, in my opinion, outdid them all, and was sharp at EITHER-EDGE. The duke is also excellent, who took a BOOK IN GAME, and turned into ridicule, under the name of The Rehearsal. It

is,

is, indeed, no wonder to find poetry thrive under the reign of that prince; when, by one of his great favourites, who was likewise an excellent poet, there was a DORE-SET open for all men of wit. Perhaps you WILL-MUTT'er, that I have left out the earl of Rochester; but I never was one of his admirers.

Upon the revolution, poetry seemed to decline; however, I shall PRY O'R as many poets as I can remember. Mr. Montague affected to be a patron of wit, and his house was the poets HALL-I-FAX for several years, which one of them used to STEP-NIGH every day. Another of them, who was my old acquaintance, succeeded well in comedy, but failed when he began to CON GRAVE subjects. The rest came in a ROW.

The author of the Dispensary had written nothing else valuable, and therefore is too small in the GARTH. But may not a man be allowed to ADD IS OWN friend to the number? I mean, the author of Cato.

To mention those who are now alive, would be endless; I will therefore only venture to lay down one maxim, that a good poet, if he designs to TICKLE the world, must be GAY and YOUNG; but, if he proposes to give us rational pleasure, he must be as grave as a POPE.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

AN

AN ESSAY

ON ENGLISH BUBBLES*.

By THOMAS HOPE, Esq.

To the Right Reverend, Right Honourable, and Right Worshipful, and to the Reverend, Honourable, and Worshipful, &c Company of Stockjobbers; whether Honest or Dishonest, Pious or Impious, Wise or Otherwise, Male or Female, Young or Old, One with Another, who have suffered Depredation by the late Bubbles: Greeting.

HAVING received the following scheme from Dublin, I give you the earliest notice how you may retrieve *decus et tutamen* †, which you have sacrificed by permits in bubbles. This project is founded on a parliamentary security; besides, the Devil is in it if it can fail, since a dignitary of the church ‡ is at the head of it. Therefore you who have subscribed to the stocking insurance, and are out at the heels, may soon appear tight about the leg; you who encouraged the hemp manufacture may leave the halter to rogues, and prevent the odium of *felo*

* Prefixed to an edition of "The Swearer's Bank," printed at London in 1720. The tract itself is printed in the ninth volume of this collection, p. 383.

† The motto round a crown piece, which was the usual price of permits.

‡ The dean of St. Patrick's.

de se. Medicinal virtues are to be had without the expense and hazard of a dispensary: you may sleep without dreaming of bottles at your tail, and a looking glass shall not affright you: and, since the glass bubble proved as brittle as its ware, and broke, together with itself, the hopes of its proprietors, they may make themselves whole by subscribing to our new fund.

Here indeed may be made three very grave objections, by incredulous interested priests, ambitious citizens, and scrupulous statesmen. 1. The stocking manufactory gentlemen do not know how swearing can bring them to any probability of covering their legs anew, unless it be by the means of a pair of stocks. 2. That the hemp-snared men apprehend, that such an encouragement for oaths can tend to no other advancement, promotion, and exaltation, of their persons, than that of the gallows; the late old ordinary Paul *, having grown gray in the habit of making this accurate observation in every month's Sessions paper, "That swearing had as great a hand in the suspension of every living soul under his cure, as sabbath-breaking itself." And, 3. That the glass-bubble-men cannot, for their lives, with the best pair of spectacles (which is the only thing left neat and whole out of all their ware), see how they shall make any thing out of this his oath-project, supposing he should even confirm by one its goodness; an oath being, as they say, as brittle as glass, and only made to be broken.

But those incredulous priests shall not go without an answer, that will, I am sure, induce them to

* Paul Lorraine, many years ordinary of Newgate. He died Oct. 7, 1719.

place

place a great confidence in the benefit arising from Christians, who damn themselves every hour of the day: for, while they speak of the vainness and fickleness of oaths, as an objection against our project, they little consider that this fickleness and vainness is the common practice among all the people of this sublunary world; and that, consequently, instead of being an objection against the project, is a concluding argument of the constancy and solidity of their sure gain by it; a never-failing argument, as he tells us, among the brethren of his cloth.

The ambitious citizens, who, from being plunged deep in the wealthy whirlpool of the South Sea, are in hopes of rising to such seats of fortune and dignity as would best suit with their mounting and aspiring hopes, may imagine that this new fund, in the sister nation, may prove a rival to theirs; and, by drawing off a multitude of subscribers, will, if it makes a flood in Ireland, cause an ebb in England. But it may be answered, That though our author avers "that this fund will vie with the South Sea," yet it will not clash with it. On the contrary, the subscribers to this must wish the increase of the South Sea (so far from being its rival), because the multitude of people raised by it, who were plain speakers, as they were plain dealers before, must learn to swear, in order to become their clothes, and to be gentlemen *à la mode*; while those who are ruined, I mean Jobed by it, will dismiss the patience of their old pattern, swear at their condition, and curse their Maker in their distress: and so the increase of that English fund will be demonstratively an ample augmentation of the Irish one, so far will it be from being rivalled by it; so

that each of them may subscribe to a fund they have their own security for augmenting.

The scrupulous Statesmen (for we know that Statesmen are usually very scrupulous) may object against having this project secured by votes in parliament; by reason, as they may deem it in their great wisdom, of its being an impious project, and that therefore so illustrious an assembly as the Irish Parliament ought by no means, according to the opinion of a Christian statesman, to be concerned in supporting any impious thing in the world. The way that some may take to prove it impious is, because it will tend highly to the interest of swearing. But this I take to be plain downright sophistry, and playing upon words: if this be called the Swearing project, or the Oath-act, the increase of Swearing will be very much for the benefit and interest of Swearing; *i. e.* to the subscribers in the fund to be raised by this fruitful Swearing-act, if it should be so called; but not to the Swearers themselves who are to pay for it: so that it will be, according to this distinction, piously indeed an act for a benefit to mankind from swearing, not impiously a benefit in swearing: so that I think that argument entirely answered and defeated. Far be it from the dean to have entered into so unchristian a project as this had been, so considered. But then these politicians (being generally, as the world knows, mighty tender of conscience) may raise these new doubts, fears, and scruples, *viz.* That it will, however, cause the subscribers to wish, in their minds, for many oaths to fly about, which is a heinous crime, and to lay stratagems to try the patience of men of all sorts,

to

to put them upon the swearing strain, in order to bring grist to their own mill, which is a crime still more enormous; and that therefore, for fear of these evil consequences, the passing of such an act is not consistent with the really extraordinary and tender conscience of a true modern politician. But, in answer to this, I think, I can plead the strongest plea in nature, and that is called precedent, I think; which I take thus from the South Sea: one man, by the very nature of that subscription, must naturally pray for the temporal damnation of another man in his fortune, in order for gaining his own salvation in it; yea, even though he knows the other man's temporal damnation would be the cause of his eternal, by his swearing and despairing. Neither do I think this in casuistry any sin, because the swearing undone man is a free agent, and can choose whether he will swear or no, any body's wishes whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding. And in politicks, I am sure, it is even a Machiavelian holy maxim, "That some men should be ruined for the good of others." Thus, I think, I have answered all the objections that can be brought against this project's coming to perfection; and proved it to be convenient for the state, of interest to the protestant church, and consonant with Christianity; nay, with the very scruples of modern squeamish statesmen.

To conclude: The laudable author of this project squares the measures of it so much according to the Scripture rule, that it may reasonably be presumed all good Christians in England will come as fast into the subscriptions for his encouragement, as they have already done throughout the kingdom of

of Ireland: for what greater proof could this author give of his Christianity, than, for bringing about this Swearing-act, charitably to part with his coat, and sit starving in a very thin waistcoat, in his garret *, to do the corporal virtues of feeding and clothing the poor, and raising them from the cottage to the palace, by punishing the vices of the rich? What more could have been done even in the primitive times?

THOMAS HOPE.

From my House in St. Faith's Parish, London, Aug. 10, 1720.

P.S. For the benefit of the author, application may be made to me at the Tilt Yard Coffeehouse, Whitehall.

* See vol. IX. p. 385.

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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